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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

Saint GEORGE of *England*, Saint DENIS of *France*, Saint JAMES of *Spain*, Saint ANTHONY of *Italy*, Saint ANDREW of *Scotland*, Saint PATRICK of *Ireland*, and Saint DAVID of *Wales*.

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land: their Tilts, Justs, Turnaments, for Ladies: their Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons: their Adventures in forraign Nations: their Enchantments in the *Holy Land*: their Knight-hoods, Prowesse, and Chivalry, in *Europe*, *Africa*, and *Asia*; with their Victories against the Enemies of *Christ*.

Whereunto is added by the first Author, the true manner of their Deaths, being seven Famous Tragedies: and how they came to be called the seven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.

The first Part.

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G.STEEVENS

To all Courteous Readers,

RICHARD JOHNSON wiſheth encreaſe of vertuous Knowledge.



GEntle Readers, in kindneſſe accept of my Labours, and be not like the chattering Cranes, nor *Momus* mates, that carp at every thing. What the ſimple ſay, I care not: what the ſpightfull ſpeak I paſſe not: onely the cenſure of the conceited I ſtand unto, that is the mark I aym at: whoſe good likings if I obtain, I have won my race: if not, I faint in the firſt attempt, and ſo loſe the quiet of my happy goale.

Yours in kindneſſe to command,

R. I.

The Authors Muse upon the History.

THe famous facts, O *Mars*, deriv'd from thee,
By weary pen, and painfull Authors toyle,
Enroll'd we finde ſuch feates of Chivalrie,
As hath been ſeldom ſeen in any ſoyle.

Thy Enſignes here we finde in field diſplaide,
The Trophies of thy victories erected:
Such deeds of Armes, as none could have aſſaide,
But Knights whoſe courage Feare hath ne're dejected.

Such Ladies ſav'd, ſuch Monſters made to fall,
Such Gyants ſlaine, ſuch helliſh furies queld:
That humane force, few or none at all,
In ſuch exploits their lives could ſafely ſhield.

But vertue ſtirring upon their noble mindes,
By valiant conqueſt to enlarge their fames:
Hath cauſ'd them ſeek adventures forth to finde,
Which regiſtreth their never dying names.
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,
That Honours gaine, the greateſt Glory is.

The Honourable HISTORIE OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderfull and ſtrange birth of Saint *George* of *England*: how he was cut out of his Mothers womb, and after ſtoln from his Nurſes by *Kalyb*[illegible] Lady of the Woods: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he incloſed her in a Rock of ſtone, and redeemed ſix Chriſtian Knights out of priſon.

AFter the angry Græk had ruinated the chief Citie in Phrigia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a waſt and deſolate wilderneſſe, Duke Æneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his diſtreſſed Countreymen (like Pilgrims) wandred the world to find ſome happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their ſubverſed Troy: but before that labour could bee accompliſhed, Æneas ended his dayes in the confines of Italy, and left his ſon Askanius to govern in his ſtead: Askanius dying, left Silvius to rule:

Silvius deceasing, left the noble and adventrous Brute: which Brute (being the fourth descent from Eneas:) first made conquest of this Land of Britaine, then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild people without government, but by policie, he overcame them, and established good Lawes: where hee founded the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by processe of time called London. Thus beganne the Ile of Britaine to flourish, not onely with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous Knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in Chivalry, Fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscuritie. After this the Land was replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires, & Counties: Dukedomes, Earledomes, and Lordships, were the patrimonie of high and noble mindes: wherin they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosomes, but merited renowne by martiall discipline: For the famous Citty of Coventrey was the place wherein the first Christian Champion of England was borne, and the first that ever sought for forraigne adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous deedes at armes, gave him this Title, The valiant Knight Saint George of England, whose golden Garter is not onely worne by Nobles, but by Kings: and in memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope, thou Sacred sister of the Muses, guide so my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true Consanguinity had created him in his Mothers womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should bee the cause of her death: which dreame shee long concealed and kept secret, untill her painefull burden grew so heavie that her womb was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunity to reveale it to her Lord and Husband, being then Lord high Steward of England, she revealed her dreame after this manner. My honourable Lord,

you

you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawfull wife, yet never was in any hope of child till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the deare and naturall love you bear to the Infant conceived in my womb, that either by Art, wisdome, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troublesome Dreames, and tell what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindred by grievous Dreames: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession of my sences, but me thought I was conceived with a dreadfull Dragon, which would bee the cause of his Parents death: even as Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy, when Paris was in her womb, dreamed to be conceived with a fire-brand, which indeed was truely verified: for Paris having ravished the Parragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in revenge thereof the Grecians turned the towers of Illium into blazes of fire. Therefore most dear and well-beloved Lord, prevent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a viperous Sonne. These words struck such terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechlesse, but having recovered his lost senses, he answered her in this manner:

My most deare and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can performe, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublesome dreames. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholy sadnesse, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wise Lady of the woods, without any company except another Knight that bore under his arme a white Lamb which they intended to offer to the Inchantresse. Travailing for the space of two dayes they came to a thicket beset about with old, withered, and hollow Trees, wherein they were entertained with

such

such dismall croking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Buls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a wilderness of Furies then a worldly habitation: by which they knew it to be the Inchanted vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the woods. So pacing to the middle of the thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Sorceresse. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the postern of the Cave, then exempting all fear, they winded the Brazen Horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the Earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voyce that uttered these words following:

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Sonne most strangly born:
A Dragon that shall split in twain,
Thy Ladies womb with extream pain:
A Champion bold from thence shall spring,
And practise many a wondrous thing.
Return therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.

This dark Riddle, or rather mysticall Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to wind the Brazen Horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answer.

Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extream pain and bitter anguish of her labour some womb, was forced either to the spoyle of her Infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Country, then her own safety, and for

the

the preservation of her childe, shee most willingly committed her tender womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chirurgions, this most noble and magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleep, her womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the Infant taken from the bed of his creation. Upon his brest nature had pictured the lively form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Crosse, and on his left leg a golden Garter; they named him George, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many dayes after his nativity, the fell Enchantresse Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by charmes and witchcrafts, stole this Infant from his careless Nurses: At which time (though all too late) her noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to heare a joyfull delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a sonne: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her womb, but his young sonne wanting, without any newes of his abode, which woefull spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senseless, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O heavens! why cover you not the earth, with everlasting night? why doe these accursed eyes behold the Sunne? O that the waves of Oedipus might end my dayes, or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrowes to the whispering Woods, that senseless Trees may record my losse, and untamed Beasts grieve at my want. What Monster hath bereaved me of my child? or what Tyrant hath bin glutted with his Tragedy? O that the wind would be a Messenger, and bring me happy Newes of his abode: if hee bee drencht in the deepest Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if hee bee hidden in the Caverns of the Earth, thither will I digge to see my sonne: or if he, like a feathered Foule, lie hovering in the Ayre, yet thither will I flie, and embrace him that never yet my eyes beheld. But why doe I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vaine, when neither Earth, nor Seas, nor any thing in Earth, nor Seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complayned hee many Monthes, for the losse of his Sonne, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tydings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himselfe with iewels, and so intended to travell the wide world, either to spéed in his iourney, or to leave his bones in some forraign Region. Thus leaving his native Countrey, wandred from place to place, till the haires of his head were grown as white as silver, and his beard like to the thistle down, but at last he ended his travell in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruinated Monastery wall, and dyed: the Commons of that Countrey having knowledge of his name (by a Jewell he wore in his bosome) engraved it in Marble stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leave him sléeping in peace, and turn to his Sonne remayning with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the inchanted Cave.

Now twice seven yéeres were fully finished since Kalyb first had in kéeping the noble Knight Saint George of England, whose minde many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but the fell Inchantresse tending him, as the apple of her eye, appoynted twelve sturdy Satyres to attend his person, so that neither force, nor policy could further his intent: shée kept him, not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his dayes in slavery, but féeding his fancy with all delights and pleasures that Art and Nature could afford: For in him shee fired her chiefe felicity, and lusted after his beauty: But hée séeking to advance himself by Martiall discipline and Knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtesies, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a creature. Shée séeing her love bestowed in vaine, upon a time being in a secret corner of her Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my deare George) how worthily I have deserved thy love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Virginity unstained, yet thou more cruell than the Tygers bred in Lybia, reiectest me, Dear Knight, fulfill my desires, and at thy pleasure my charms shall practise wonderous things, as to move Heaven, to raine showers of Stones upon thy Enemies,

Enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moone to blood, or make a desolation of the whole world.

The noble Knight Saint George considered in his minde that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her faire promises he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most wise and learned Kalyb, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may bee sole Protector and Governour of this Inchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my birth, my name, and parentage: thereto shee willingly consented, and began her Discourse in this manner: Thou art by birth said shée, Sonne to the Lord Albert High Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thée as my child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, shée led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the bravest Knights in the World. These are, said shée, six worthy Champions of Christendom; the first, is Saint Dennis of France; the second, Saint James of Spaine; the third, Saint Anthony of Italy; the fourth, Saint Andrew of Scotland, the fifth, Saint Patrick of Ireland; the sixth, Saint David of Wales; and thou art borne to bée the seventh; thy name being Saint George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little further, she brought him into a large faire roome, where stood seven of the goodliest Stéeds that ever eye beheld, six of these (said shée) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow on thée, whose name is Bayard: likewise shée led him to another roome, where hung the richest Armour in the World: so chosing out the strongest Corslet from her Armory, she with her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Capatison: then fetching forth a mighty Fauchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said shee) art thou armed in richer Furniture than was Ninus the first Monarch of the World: thy Stéed is of such force and invincible power, that whilest thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to conquer thée: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian Stéele, that neither weapon can pierce, nor Battle-axe bruise: thy Sword which is called Ascalon, is made of the Cyclops that

it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in sunder the strongest Steele: for in the pummell lies such precious vertue, that neither Treason, Witchcrafts, nor any other violence can be offered thée, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustfull Kalyb was so blinded in her own conceit, that shée not only bestowed the riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a Silver Wand which shée put in his hand, to work her own destruction: for comming by a huge great Rock of Stone, this valiant Knight strook his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparantly before his eyes a number of sucking Babes, which the Enchantresse had murthered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. O said shée, this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but scréeks and rufull groans of dead mens soules: but if thy eares can endure to heare them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead the way. So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of Saint George, was deceived in her own practises: for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he stroke his Silver Wand thereon, and immediatly it closed, where shée bellowed forth Exclamations to the senseleslle Stones, without all hope of delivery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, and set the other six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendred him all Knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe delivery. So storing themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeyes from their enchanted Grove, whose procéedings, fortunes, and heroicall Adventures shall bee shewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Teſtament, and how ſhe was torn in peeces by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.

BUt after the departure of the ſeven worthy Champions, Kalyb ſeeing her ſelfe faſt cloſed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the Engliſh Knight, grew into ſuch extreame paſſion of minde, that ſhe curſed the hour of her creation, and bitterly banned all motions of Conturation, the earth ſhe wearied with her cryes, whereby the very ſtones ſeemed to relent, and as it were, wept pearled tears, and ſweat with anguiſh of her grieſe: the blaſted Oakes that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewiſe ſeemed to rue at her Exclamations; the bluſtring winds were ſilent: the murmuring of Birds ſtill, and ſolitary dumbneſſe took poſſeſſion of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Woods, to hear her woefull lamentations, which ſhe uttered in this manner.

O miſerable Kalyb! accurſed bee thy deſtiny: for now thou art incloſed within a deſolate and a darkſome Den where neither Sunne can lend thee comfort with his bright beames, nor Ayre extend breathing coleneſſe to thy woefull body, for in the deep foundations of the Earth thou art for evermore incloſed that haſt been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by Art have made my tourney to the deepeſt dungeons of Hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearefull Spirits have trembled at my Charms: I that have bound the Furies up in beds of Steele, and cauſed them to attend my pleaſure like ſwarms of Hornets, that over-ſpred the Mountaines in Egypt, or the Flies upon the parched Hils, where the

salvny tanned Mores do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternall darknesse: Woe to my soul, woe to my Charms, and woe to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightnesse of the cléer Sunne, and cover the Earth with everlasting darknesse: Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming Fire, roze Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh at Kalybs woefull and pitifull Exclamations.

Thus wearied shée the time away, one while accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and trechery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled haire, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby shée séemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hope of recovery, began afresh to thunder forth these terms of Coniuration: Come, come you Princes, of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in péeces, and let me not bee inclosed in this eternall languishment: appear you shadowes of black milky night, Magoll, Cumoth, Helveza, Zontomo: Come, when I call, venite, festinate, inquam. At which words, the Earth began to quake, and the very Elements trembled, and all the Spirits both of Ayze, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call: some from the Fire, in the likenesse of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearfull Nostrils, Sulphure and flaming Brimstone; some from the water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed Creatures, that have their abidings in the Seas; some from the Ayze, the purest of the Elements, in the likenesse of Spirits and other bright shadowes; and other some from the grosse Earth, most ugly, black, and dreadfull to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had incompast the wicked Enchantresse, Hell began to roze such an infernall and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twaine, and then Kalybs Charms lost their effect, her Magick no longer endured than the term of an hundred yéere, the which as then were fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation which

shee

shée subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, was brought as a witnesse against her, by which she knew, and fully perswaded her selfe, that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearfull manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said shée) my said Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Toomb, for you have digg'd it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and contemned soule, is a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone, and the wormes that should consume my Carkasse, are the fiery Forks which tosse burning fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kalybs woefull Testament, and engrave the Legacies shée gives in brasse Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron. First, these eyes, that now too late wéep helpelesse teares, I give unto the watry Spirits, for they have rakt the Treasures hidden in déepest Seas, to satisfie their most insatiate lusts: next, I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody Obligation of my perpetuall banishment from joy unto those spirits that hover in the Ayre: my tongue that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart, I bequeath to those grosse Demons that dwell in the dungeons of the Earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deserbings. Which strange and fearfull Testament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Enchantresse, and dismembred her body to a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements; one member to the Ayre, another to the water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which was carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a horror, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds, and all créeping Wormes which remained within the compasse of those enchanted Woods: the Trées which before were wont to flourish with gréen Leaves, withered away and dyed, the blades of Grasse perished for want of naturall moysture, which the watry clouds denied to nourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the Heavens, senselesse things perished

rished for the wickednesse of Kalyb, whom we leave to her endlesse torments, and return to the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, whose laudable Adventures fame hath inrolled in the books of Memory.

CHAP. III.

How Saint George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and Redeemed Sabrah the Kings Daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Almidor the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Souldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven years in prison.

AFter the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry, for the space of nine Months, In which time they erected a costly Monument, over the Herse of Saint George's Mother, and so in that time of the year, when the spring had over-spred the Earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandring Knights, and took their iourney to seek for forraign adventures, accounting no dishonour so great, as to spend their dayes in idlenesse, atchieving no memorable accident. So travelling for the space of thirty dayes without any adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plaine, whereon stood a brazen Pillar, where seven severall wayes met, which caused the seven Knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way: where wee leave six of the Champions to their contented travels and wholly discourse upon the fortunate successe of our worthy English Knight, who after some few Months travell, happily arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which Countrey as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had iourneyed fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary stilnesse took possession of all living things: at last he espied an old poore Hermitage, wherein hee purposed to rest his horse, and to take some repast

repast after his weary iourny, till the Sunne had renewed his mornings light, that hee might fall to his travell againe: but entring the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit over-worn with yeeres, and almost consumed with griefe, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father, (said he) for so you seem by your Gravity, may a Traveller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himselfe but his Horse: or is there some City neare at hand, whereto I may take my iourney without danger? The old man starting at the sudden approach of Saint George, Replyed unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth hee) of thy Countrey I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of England,) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Countrey of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distresse of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon now ranging up and downe the Countrey, which if hee be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which hee devoureth downe his venemous bowels, that day so neglected, will hee breath such a stinch from his Nostrils, whereof growes a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which use hath beene observed for these foure and twenty yeers, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings only Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damosell to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventerous as to combate with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, hee shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that hee vowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable Enterprise. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans Hermitage till the chearefull Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Sunnes up-rise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habilliments of Warre, the which being done, he took his iourney, guided only by the old Hermit to the Valley where the

Kings Daughter should bee offered up in sacrifice; But when he approached the sight of the Valley, hee espied a farre off a most faire and beautifull Damsell, attyred in pure Arabian Silk, going to Sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by Sage and modest Matrons: which woefull sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardnesse, that hee thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsell from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of delivery, and returned her back to her Fathers Pallace againe.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventerous Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but hee gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundred in the Elements: The bignesse of the Dragon was fearfull to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his taile were fifty foot in distance, his Scales glistered as bright as Silver, but far more harder than Brasse, his Belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger than a Tun. Thus weltred hee from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assayled the sturdy Champion with his burning Wings; that at the first Encounter hee had almost felled him to the Ground: but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his Speare, that it shivered in a thousand peeces. Whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smot him with his venemous Tayle, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of Saint George's Ribs were sore bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orenge Tree, which Tree had such precious vertue, that no venemous Worme durst come within the compasse of the Branches: nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, untill he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner feeling his Spirits revived, but with an eager courage smot the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht Belly, with his trusty Sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venome, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediatly through the impoysonned strength of the venome, his Armour burst in twaine and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swound, that for a time he lay breathlesse: but yet having that

good

good memory remaining that hee tumbled under the branches of the Orenge Tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, would presently be cured of all manner of Diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the Tree, and to espy an Orenge which a little before had dropped downe, wherewith he so refreshed himselfe, that he was in short time as sound as when hee began the Encounter. Then kneeled hee downe, and made his divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his deare Sonnes sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious, and terrible Monster: which being done with a bold and couragious heart, he smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilts through both the Dragons heart, liver, bone, and blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the Grasse, which grew in the Valley, into a crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning stinch of the Dragon, was now drenched with over-much moysture proceeding from his venemous bowels, where at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yeelded his vitall spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the noble Knight Saint George of Enland, first yeelding due honour to Almighty God, for the Victory, then with his good Sword Ascalon cut off the dead Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the trunchion of a Speare, which at the beginning of the battell he shivered against the Dragons scaly-back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoun without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juyce of an Orenge into his cold mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venemous poyson, and recovered his former strength again.

There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of marriage) the love of Sabra the

Kings Daughter, but neither, by policy, meanes, nor manhood, could bee accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to expresse his treacherous minde intended to robbe and spoyle Saint George of his Victory, whereby hee thought to attaine the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistresse, who lothed his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolfe, though all in vaine barkes at the Moon, so this fantasticall and colwardly Almidor, through many rich gifts and faire promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where Saint George slew the burning Dragon, and by force to bereave him of his conquest, and so when this magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have beene entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells of Egypt King a joyfull sound of Victory, or to have seene the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, hee was met with Troupes of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falshood and treachery to dispoyle him of his life and honour: for no sooner had hee ridden past the entry of the Valley, but he espyed how the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons, and divided themselves, to intercept him in his tourney to the Court: by which he knew them to bee no trusty Friends, but vowed Enemies. So tying his Horse to a Hathorn-tree, hee intended to try his fortune on foot, for feare of disadvantage, they being twelve to one: in this Skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himselfe with his trusty Sword Ascalon, that at one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the golden diamond of Heaven had wandred the Zodiack the compasse of an houre, some hee dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twaine, and some their intrals trayling down; so that not one was left alive to carry newes to Almidor the black King, which stood (during all the time of Skirmish) a far off upon a Mountaine top, to behold the Successe of his hired Champions. But when hee saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had wonne the honour of the day, he accursed his destiny, and accused

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the Queene of Chance with cruelty, for disappointing his pretended enterprise: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly vowed in his soule, to practise by some other treachery Saint George's utter confusion. So runnes before to the Court of King Ptolomie, not revealing what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying in every place as he went, Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slaine. Then Ptolomy immediatly commanded every Street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and imbroydered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheeles and other timber work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, crossebard with staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the Noblest Peeres of Egypt attyred in Crimson Velvet, mounted on milk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons, attended the comming of Saint George. Thus were all things appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemne order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when hee first entred the Gates of the City, hee heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpasse the sweetnesse of all the Musick that ever hee had heard before. Then they most royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly Ball of Gold, and after invested him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein hee was conducted to the Pallace of King Ptolomy, where this noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendred up his Conquest and Victory to the Ivory hands of the beauteous Sabra: where shee with like courtesie and more humility requited his bounty: For at the first sight of the English Knight, shee was so ravished with his Princely countenance, that for a time shee was not able to speak: yet at last taking him by the hand, shee led him to a rich Pavilion, where she unarmes him and with most precious salves imbalmed his wounds, and with her teares washed away the blood: which being done, shee furnished a Table with all manner of delicates for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Countrey, Parentage, and Name: after the Banquet was ended he enstalled him with the honour of Knight-hood, and put upon his feet a paire of golden Spurres. But Sabra who fed

upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battell. No sooner did Auroraes radiant blush distance the beauty of the East, and the Sunne shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entred his Lodging, was the treacherous Almidor the black King of Morocco, having in his hand a boule of Grecklish Wine which he offered to the noble Champion Saint George of England: but at the receit thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood, whereat hee started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret poyson compounded in the Wine, and thereupon so vehemently screaked, that a suddaine uproare presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the proffered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so deare was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Morocco, that no beleefe of treachery could enter into his minde.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in minde he grew more enraged than a chafed Boare; yet thinking the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to work his wicked purpose which hee brought to passe in this manner:

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes revelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts, and Turnaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extream was the love that beautious Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his eares were witnesses of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the gorgeous Sunne lay levell with the ground, it was his fortune to walk under a Garden Wall, to take the coolenesse of the Eveninges Ayre, where unseene

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of the two Lovers, hee heard their amorous Discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

My soules delight, my hearts chiefe comfort, sweet George of England, said the Love-sick Sabra: Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the teares of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighes have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crown of Egypt, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World. O therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sunne shall lose his brightnesse, the Moone her splendant beames, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heaven grow contrary to kinde, before Sabra the Heyre of Egypt prove unconstant to sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that hee was almost intangled in the snares of love, which before-time only affected Martiall Discipline: hee yet to try her patience a little more, made her this Answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to set thee from death, but that I should linke my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, Sabra, George of England is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworn to search the World, so farre as ever the lamp of Heaven doth lend his light, before hee tie himselfe to the troublesome state of Marriage, therefore attempt mee no more that am a Stranger and a Wanderer from place to place: but seek to aym at higher States, as the King of Morocco, who will attempt to clime to Heaven to gaine thy love and good liking: at which speeches shee suddenly Replyed in this manner:

The King of Morocco is as bloody minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lamb, his tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owle, but thine more sweeter than the morning Lark: his kinde imbracings like the stinging

stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the crèeping Vine. What if thou bèest a Knight of a strange Countrey: thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdomes to my heart. There stay (Replyed the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan: I honour God in Heaven, thou earthly shadowes here below: therefore if thou wilt obtaine my love and liking, thou must forsake thy Mahomet, and bée christned in our Christian Faith. With all my soule, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithall shée burst a Ring in twaine, the one half shée gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other half her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded Almidor stood listning to their spèeches, and fretted inwardly to the very gall, to heare the Mistresse of his heart reiect his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted band, went in all haste to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth nèerely the safe-guard of your Countrey. It was my chance this Evening at shutting up of Titans golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing Ayre under your private Garden-walk, where I heard (though unseen) a dèep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for shée hath vowed to forsake her Gods, and belèeve as Christians doe, and likewise shée intends to flie from this her native Countrey, and to goe with this wandring Traveller, which hath bèen so highly honoured in your Court.

Now by Mahomet and all our Countrey Gods wée Egyptians commonly adore (said the King) this damned Christian shall not gaine the conquest of my Daughters love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence elsewhere. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin the Persian Souldan, from whence hee shall never return to Egypt again, except his Ghost bring newes of his b d successe unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter:

The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

PTolomy King of Egypt, and the Easterne Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is to request upon the League of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the Bearer hereof, thy Servant, Death, for hee is an utter Enemy to all Asia and Affrica, and a proud Contemner of our Religion. Therefore faile not in my request, as thou wilt Answer on thy Oath, and so in haste farewell.

Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt.

WHich Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the Great Seale of Egypt, but Saint George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction: to the true delivery whereof he was sworn by the honour of his Knight-hood, and for his pawne he left behinde him his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Ascalon in the keeping of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his purbay and easie travell one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lambe betrayed by the wily Fore, was sent to the hunger starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistresse understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wilderneſſe, without any adventure worthy the memory, only hearing the dismall cry of Night-Ravens thundring in his eares, and the fearefull sound of Schrich-Owles in the crevices of the Earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatall accident to bee at hand: yet no fears could daunt his noble minde, nor danger hinder his intended travell, till he had a sight of the Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other earthly Habitation; for as the History reports, the Wals and Towers of the Pallace were of the pureſt Marble Stone, the Windowes of carved silver Work,

1768

enamelled with Indian Pearle, beset with latten and chrystall Glasse, the outward walls and buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brasse; about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver Bels were hung by Art, so that no creature might passe into the Pallace but they gave warning to the Souldans Guard; at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower, whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the richest pretious Stones, the brightnesse whereof glistered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entred the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly Sacrificed to their Gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that hee took the Ensignes and Streamers whereon the Persian Gods were pictured, and trampled them under his feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Hereupon hee sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of that suddaine uprore, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the miry Streets, and the Channels overflowed with streams of their blood: the Pavements of the Pallace were over-spread with slaughtred men, and the Walls be-sprinkled with purple gore: so victoriously hee behaved himselfe against the Enemies of Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the West, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, and enforced the rest like frighted sheep, to flie to the Souldan for ayd and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uprore furnished his Souldiers with Habiliments of War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendome had beene come to invade the Territory of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of Saint George, that hee encountred

with

with them all, and made such a Massacre in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murthered Pagans. At the last, the larum Bels were caused to bee rung, and the Beacons set on Fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarmes of Bees: where at last through his long Encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yeeld, and his restlesse arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus hee whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acharon, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharp edged Fauchions enbtroned him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey man soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbeleeving Christian, look for a Sentence of severe Punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: First, thy Skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next, thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones: and lastly, thy cursed Limbes drawne in pieces, joynt from joynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody judgement pronounced by the Souldan, moved Saint George to Reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and Law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Countrey is of Royall Blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Embassadour I am from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be proffered me: Lastly, the Lawes of Asia grant me safe Conduct back to Egypt: therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must Answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter sealed with the great Seale of Egypt, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Souldans eyes sparkled like Fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the Report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great Contemner of our Gods, and a Despiser of our Lawes: Therefore his Pleasure is, that I should end thy dayes by

ſome inhumane death: the which I ſweare by Mahomet, and all my Countrey Gods to accompliſh: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janniſaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty dayes following. Hereupon they diſrobed him of his apparell, and attyred him in ſimple and baſe Array: his Armes that late were employed to weld the mighty Target, and toſſe the waighty Battell-Axe, they ſtrongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and thoſe hands, which were wont to be garniſhed with Stéely Gantlets, they bound up in hempen bands, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and ſo being diſpoyled of all Knightly Dignity, they conbaid him to a déep, dark, and deſolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sunne did never ſhew his ſpendent Beames, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be ſéen: betwirt the day and night, no difference could bee make; the Summers parching heat, and Winters fréezing cold, were both alike; his chiefeſt comforts were to number the Perſians hee had ſlaine in the conflict, one while pondering in his reſtleſſe thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembring his Love, his Vow and déep affection that hee bare to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly ſhée took his departure, carving her Picture with the nayles of his fingers upon the Wals of the Dungeon: to which ſenſeleſſe ſubſtance hée many times would thus complaine:

O cruell Deſtinies! why is this grievous puniſhment allotted to my Pennance? Have I conſpired againſt the Majeſty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head? ſhall I never recover my former Liberty, that I may bée revenged upon the Cauſers of my impriſonment? frown angry Heavens, upon theſe bloody minded Pagans, theſe daring Miſcreants, and profeſſed Enemies of Chriſt, and may the Plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the miſery of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be eye-witneſſes of their Daughters Ravitſhment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the loſſe of his Liberty, accurſing his birth-day, and houre of his creation, wiſhing that it never might be numbred in the year, but counted ominous to all

enſuing

ensuing Ages: his sighes excéded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrow was his companion, and despaire his chefe sollicitor, till Hyperion with his golden Coach had thirty times rested in Thetis purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Chrystall waves: which was the very time when as his moanes should end, according to the severe and cruell iudgement of the Souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary meanes hee knew not. So expecting every minute to entertaine the wished messenger of death, hee heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger starved Lyons, which for the space of fourténe dayes had béne restrained from their food and naturall sustenance, only to devoure and staunch their hunger-starved bowels with the body of this thrice renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his minde, that the hayre of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soule, so extreamly hee feared the remorseleese stroke of death, that by violence he burst the Chaines in sunder wherewith hee was bound, and rent the curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which hee wrapped about his Armes against the assault of the Lyons, for hee greatly suspected them to be the Messengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the Dungeon, being brought thither by the Guard of Janisaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life. But such was the invincible fortitude of Saint George, and so politick his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open Jawes, hee valiantly thrust his sinewed Armes into their throats (being wrapped about with the hayre of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so hee pulled out their hearts.

Which Spectacle the Souldans Janisaries beholding, were so amazed with feare, that they ranne in all haste to the Pallace, and certified the Souldan what had hapned, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly Guarded with Armed Souldiers, supposing the English Knight rather to be some Monster, ascended from the deepe, then any Creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with

some Divine Inspiration, that by the force of Armes had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terrour assailed the Souldans heart, seeing hee had slaine two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to bee closed up with Barres of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, and so endanger the whole Countrey of Persia: where hee remained in want, penury, and great necessity, for the term of seven Winters, feeding only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon.

During which time hee never tasted the bread of Corn but of Bran, and Channell water, which daily was served him thorow the Iron Gates, where now we leave Saint George languishing in great misery, and return againe into Egypt, where we left Sabra the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer than any Knight in the world.

Sabra that was the fairest Maid that ever mortall eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being straighter than the stately Cedar, and her Beauty purer than the Paphian Queenes: the one with over-burthened griefe was quite altered, and the other stained with flouds of brackish teares, that daily trickled down her faire Cheeks: whereupon sate the very image of discontent, the map of woe, and the only mirror of sorrow: shee accounted all company lothsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her selfe to a solitary Cabinet, where she sate sowing many a woefull story upon a crimson coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes shee bathing wounded hearts with lukewarme teares: that fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayre which dangled down her Ivory neck, she dried up the moysture of her sorrowfull teares: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions and pittifull complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharp than the pricking bryar, with what unequality dost thou torment my wounded heart,

heart, not linking my deare Lord in the like affection of minde? O Venus if thou be imperious in thy Deity, to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to returne againe, or grant that my soule may flie into the Clouds, that by the Winds it may bee blowne into his sweet bosome, where now lives my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am, he hath reiected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had hee not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the World to seek another Love. No,no, it cannot be: he bears no such unconstant minde, and I greatly fear, some treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from mee. If it be so, sweete Morpheus; thou God of golden Dreames, reveale to mée my Loves abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appeare, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soule shee committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet Sleep, which being no sooner closed, but there appeared, as she thought, the shadow & very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steele, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a Crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in ouer worn and simple Attyre, with pale looks and lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and wofull passions:

Sabra I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see,
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright.
Remaine thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtaine,
What here is lost by Treasons cursed guile:
False Egypts scourge I surely will remaine,
And turn to streaming bloud Moroccoes smile,
That damned dogge of Barbary shall rue,
The balefull stratagems that will ensue.

The

The Perſian Towers ſhall ſmoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled downe:
The Croſſe of Chriſtendome ſhall then aſpire,
To weare the proud Egyptian triple crowne,
Ieruſalem and Iuda ſhall behold,
The fall of Kings by Chriſtian Champions bold.

Thou Maide of Egypt, ſtill continue chaſte,
A Tyger ſeekes thy Virgins name to ſpill:
Whilſt George of England is in priſon plac't,
Thou ſhalt be forc't to wed againſt thy will.
But after this ſhall happen wondrous things,
For from thy wombe ſhall ſpring three mighty Kings.

This ſtrange and wofull Spéech was no ſooner ended but ſhe awaked from her ſléep, and preſently reached forth her white hands, thinking to imbrace him, but ſhe catched nothing but brittle Ayre, which cauſed her to renew her former complaints O wherefore died I not in this my troubleſome dreame (ſaid the ſorrowfull Lady) that my Ghoſt might have haunted thoſe inhumane Monſters which have thus fally betrayed the braveſt Champion under the Cope of Heaven? For his ſake will I exclaime againſt the ingratitude of Egypt, and like the ravicht Philomell, fill every corner of the Land with Ecchoes of his wrong: my woes ſhall exceéd the ſorrowes of Dido Quéen of Carthage, mourning for Æneas. With ſuch like paſſions wearied ſhe the time away, till twelve Months were fully finiſhed: at laſt her Father underſtanding what fervent affection ſhe bore to the Engliſh Champion, began in this manner to dilate.

Daughter (ſaid the Egyptian King,) I charge thée by the band of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughteſt to beare my age, to banith and exclude all fond affections from thy mind and not thus to ſettle thy love upon a wandring Knight that is unconſtant, and without habitation: thou ſéeſt he hath forſaken thée, and returned into his own Countrey, where he hath wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thée upon my diſpleaſure to affect and love the black King of Morocco, that rightfully hath deſerved thée in marriage, which ſhall be ſhortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and ſo departed

departed without any Answer at all: By which Sabra knew he would not be crost in his will and pleasure: therefore shee sighed out these Lamentable words:

O unkinde Father, to crosse the affection of his Child, and to force love where no liking is: Yet shall my minde continue true unto my deare betrothed Lord; although my body be forced against nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage Bed, English George shall enioy my true Virginity, if ever hee return againe to Egypt; and thereupon shee pulled forth a Chaine of Gold, and wrapt it seven times about her Ivory Neck. This (said she) hath seven dayes been steept in Tygers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I weare it about my Neck, no man on Earth can enioy my Virginity: though I bee forced to the state of Marriage, and lie seven years in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the vertue of this Chaine I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner ended, but Almidor entred her sorrowfull Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the purest Median Silk, imbost with Pearle and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet Syrian Powders: it was of the colour of the Lillie, when Flora hath bedeckt the Fields in May with Natures ornaments: glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so stately were her Nuptiall Rights Solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding: which for seven dayes, was holden in the Court of King Ptolomie, and then removed to Tripolie, the chiefe City in Babary, where Almidors forced Bride was crowned Queene of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Grecian Wines, and the Streetes of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants and delightfull Shewes. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony as though Apollo with his Silver Harpe had descended from the Heavens: such Tilts and Turnaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptialls of Hecuba the beauteous Queene of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion

of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of Christendome, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his severall way, whose Knightly and noble Adventures, if the Muses grant mee the bounty of fair Castalians springs, I will most amply discover, to the honour of all Christendome.

CHAP. IIII.

How S. Denis the Champion of France lived seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings Daughter of Thessalie, was transformed into a Mulberie Tree, and how they both recovered their former shapes by meanes of Saint Denis his horse.



Calling now to memory the long and weary Travels Saint Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandred through many a desolate Grove and Wilderresse, without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Thessaine, (being a Land as then inhabited only with wild Beasts:) wherein he endured such a penury and scarcity of victuals, that hee was forced the space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruits of Trees, till the haires of his Head were like to Eagles feathers, and the nailes of his fingers to birds clawes: his drink the dew of Heaven, the which hee licked from the Flowers in the Meddowes, the Attyre hee clothed his body withall, bay leaves and broad Docks, that grew in the Wood, his Shoes the barks of Trees, whereon he travelled through many a thorny breke: But at last it was his fortune or cruell destiny, (being over-pressed with the extremity of hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an Enchanted Mulberry Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his

his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape and likenesse of a wilde Hart: Which strange and suddain Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted till hée espied his mishapen forme in a cléere Fountaine, which Nature had erected in a coole and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of Stéele, now dishonoured with a payre of Silvane hornes: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was late charactred, now covered with a beastlike similitude, and his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now over-spread with a hayry hide, in colour like to the fallow Fields: which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the minde of S. Denis, that it caused him with all spéed (having the naturall reason of man still remaining) to repaire back to the Mulbery Trée again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which Trée the distressed Knight laid his deformed limmes upon the bare ground, and thus woefully began to complaine:

What magick Charmes (said hee) or other bewitching Spels, remaine within this accursed Trée? whose wicked Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted mée to a miserable estate: O thou Celestiall Directer of the World, and all you pittifull Powers of Heaven, lok down with kindly countenance upon my hapless Transformation, and bend your browes to beare my wofull Lamentation: I was of late a Man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glistering Armour is exchanged into a Hide of Haire; my brave Array, more baser then the lowly Earth: henceforth in stead of Princely Pallaces, these shady Woods must serve to shrowd mée in: wherein my Bed of Downe must bée a heap of Sunne-burn'd Mosse: my sweet recording Musick the blustring of the Winds, that with tempestuous Gusts doe make the Wildernesse to tremble: the Company I daily kéep unto bee the Silvane Satyres, Driades, and fairy Nymphes, which never appeare to worldly eyes, but in twi-lights, or at the prime of the Moon: the Stars that beautifie the Christall Vayl of Heaven shall henceforth serve as Torches to light mée to my wofull Bed: the scowling Clowdes shall bée my Canopy: my

clock to count how time runnes stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toades.

Thus described hee his owne misery till the watry teares of calamity gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his scorching sighes so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they seemed as it were to constraine the untamed Beares, and mercilesse Tygers to relent at his moanes, and like to harmlesse Lambs sit bleating in the Woods to heare his wofull exclamations.

Long and many dayes continued this Champion of France in the Shape of a Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his former likenesse, and humane substance. So upon a time, as hee lamented the losse of Natures Ornaments, under the Branches of that Enchanted Mulbery Tree, which was the cause of his Transformation, hee heard a most grievous and terrible groane, which hee supposed to bee the induction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking truce for a time with sorrowes, hee heard a hollow voyce breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry Tree, these words following.

The Voyce in the Mulbery Tree.

Cease to lament, thou famous man of France,
With gentle eares come listen to my moane:
In former times it was my fatall chance
To be the proudest Maid that ere was known:
By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathlesse Tree and senceless thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddesse in mine own conceit I was:
What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deem'd my selfe all earthly things to passe:
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet,

My Pride contemned still the bread of Wheat,
But purer Food I daily sought to finde,

Refined

Refined Gold was boyled in my meat,
Such selfe conceit my Fancies fond did blinde:
For which the Gods above Transformed mee,
From humane substance to this senceleſſe Tree,

Seven yeares in shape of Hart thou must remaine,
And then the purple Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape againe,
And end at last thy wofull misery:
When this is done be sure thou cut in twaine,
This fatall Tree wherein I doe remaine.

After the voyce had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry Tree, hee stood so much amazed at the strangenesse of the words, that for a time his sorrowes bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their naturall understanding: But yet at last recovering his sences, though not his humane likenesse, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

O unhappy creature (said the wofull Champion) more miserable then Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed then Acteon was, whose perfect picture I am made: His misery continued but a short season, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces, and buried his Transformed Carkasse in their hungry bowels: mine is appointed by the angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sunne hath yearly replenisht his radient brightnesse, and seven times the Winters Raine hath washt me with the showres of Heaven. Such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembring his former fortunes, how hee had spent his dayes in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurse and Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry Tree had repeated, and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Tenne thousand sighes hee daily breathed from his breast, and still when the black and pitchy mantles of dark night had over-spread the Azure Firmaments, and drawne her Sable Curtains before the bright-

some

some windowes of the Heavens, all Creatures took their swéet reposed rest, and committed their tyred eyes to quiet slépes: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running Waters, whose sounding Musick was the chiefest comfort this distressed Champion enioyed: the glistering Quéene of Night, clad in her chrystall Robes thrée hundred times a yéere, was witnesse of his nightly Lamentations: the wandring Howlet, that never sings but in the Night, sate yelling over his Head: the rufull wéeping Nightingale with mournfull melody, chéerefully attended on his Person: for during the limitation of his seven years misery, his trusty Stéed never forsook him, but with all diligence and true love attended upon him day and night, never wandring away, but ever kéeping him company: If the extream heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horse would be a shelter to defend him.

At last, when the tearme of seven yeares was fully finished, and that hee should recover his former Substance, and humane Shape, his good Horse which hee tendred as the apple of his eye, clambered a high and stéep Mountaine, which nature had beautified with all kinde of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Garden of Hesperides: from whence hee pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his téeth to his distressed Master, being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry Trée: The which the Champion of France no sooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Rose he should recover his former similitude; and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed: then casting his eyes up to the Celestiall Throne of Heaven, hee conveied these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomack.

After which hée laid him down upon the bosome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound slépe that all his Senses and vitall Spirits were without moving for the space of foure and twenty houres. In which time the Windowes and the Dores of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a showre of Raine, that it washed away his hayry Form and beast-like Shape: his horned Head and long Visage were turned againe into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Armes, Legs, Hands, Féet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Natures Gifts, received their former Shape.

But

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sléep, and perceived the wonderfull workmanship of the Heavens, in Transforming him to his humane likenesse: First, hée gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon hée had lived so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoyled with rust: his Burgonet and kéene edged Curtle-Axe besmeared over with dust: Then lastly, pondring in his minde, of the faithfull service his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hung frizling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be pleated curiously with artificiall knots, and his forehead which was wont to bee beautified with a tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown hayre: whereat the good Champion Saint Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroked down his Jetty back, till the hayre of his body lay as smooth as Arabian Silk: then pulled hee out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous Combats, had beene bathed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of time idle, was almost consumed with cankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious paines, he recovered the former beauty and brightnesse again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his martiall Furniture, and all other Habiliments of War being brought to their first and proper qualities, the noble Champion intended to persevere and goe forward in the adventure, in cutting downe the unhappy Mulberry Tree: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Steele, gave such a stroke at the root thereof, that at one blow hee cut it quite in sunder, whereout presently flashed such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane from his Horse Neck was burned, and likewise the hayre of his own Head had bèen fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: for no sooner was the Flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in Shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay Tree) fairer than Pigmalions Ivory Image, or the Northen driven snow, her Eyes more cléere than the Icie Mountaines, her Cheeks like Roses dipt in Milk, her Lips more lovelier than the Turkish Rubies, her Alablaster Teeth like Indian Pearles, her Neck séemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where milk white

Doves

Doves sate and sung: the rest of Natures lineaments a staine to Iuno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired than at her wonderfull Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these tearms began to utter his minde.

Thou most divine and singular ornament of Nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the silver Swans that swim upon Mæanders Chrystall Streams, and far more beautifull than Auroraes morning countenance, to thée the faireſt of all faires, most humbly and only to thy beauty doe I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight-hood: and by the love of my Countrey France (which vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, nor the golden Mines of higher India) whether thou bée't an Angel descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou bée't some Fairy or Silvane Nimph, which inhabits in these fatall Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins Transformed into this Mulberry Trée, I am not iudge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the boldlier presume upon thy Courteſies. At which demand, this new born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modeſt gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be commanded, and by whom my humane Shape and naturall Form is recovered: First, know thou magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of Theſſalies Daughter, and my Name was called for my Beauty, proud Egiantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was Transformed into this Mulberry Trée, in which greene substance I have continued fourtéene year. As for my love, thou hast deserved it, before all other Knights in the World, and to thée doe I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sunne shall ceaſe to shine by day, and the Moone by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the courteſie of his Countrey, and sealed her promises with a loving kisse.

After

After which, the beautifull Eglantine being ashamed of her nakednesse, weaved her selfe a Garment of grene Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Maidens curious Webs: her crisped Locks of hayre continued still of the colour of the Mulberry Tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the Fields were bedecked with Natures Tapistry.

After which shee washed her Lilly Hands, and Rose coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven: which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in her Grèn Vestiments, she intends in company of her true Love (the valiant Knight of France) to take her iourney to her Fathers Court, being as then the King of that Countrey: where after some few dayes Travell, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were to their owne wishes, and their entertainments most honorable: for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell into such a deadly swoun, through the exceeding ioy of her presence, that for a time his senses were without all vitall moving, and his heart imbraced so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all Courtesie, and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiffe and weary Limbs were bathed in new Milk and white wine, he was conveyed to a sweet smelling fire made of Iuniper, and the fair Eglantine conducted by the Maidens of Honor to a private Chamber where she was disrobed of her Silvare Attyre, and apparelled in a Pall of purple Silk: In which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and goe forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures happed to them during the time of seven yeares: But first how Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine fell in love with a faire Iew, and how for her sake he continued seven yeares dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my Muse the gift of Scholerisme, and dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand, till I have explained the honorable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spaine, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

CHAP. V.

How Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, continued ſeven years dumb for the love of a faire Iew, and how he ſhould have beene ſhot to death by the Maidens of Ieruſalem, with other things which chanced in his Travels.

NOw muſt my Muſe ſpeak of the ſtrange Adventures of Saint Iames of Spaine, the third Champion and renowned Knight of Chriſtendom, and what hapned unto him in his ſeven years Travels through many a ſtrange Countrey, both by Sea and Land, where his honourable Acts were ſo dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expreſſe, and Art to deſcribe: alſo I am forced for brevities ſake, to paſſe over his fearfull and dangerous battell with the burning Drake upon the flaming Mount in Sicill, which terrible combat continued for the ſpace of ſeven dayes and ſeven nights. Likewiſe I omit his Travell in Capadocia, through a Wilderneſſe of Monſters: with his paſſage over the red Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Marriners drowned, and Himſelfe, his Horſe and Furniture ſafely brought to Land by the Sea Nimphs and Mermaids: where after his long Travels, paſſed Perils, and dangerous Tempeſts, amongſt the boyſterous billowes of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of Iuda, unhappy by reaſon of the long and troubleſome miſery he endured for the love of a faire Iew. For, comming to the beautifull City Ieruſalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, Princely Pallaces, gorgeous Mountains, and time-wondring Temples) hee ſo admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richeſt place that ever his eyes beheld) that he ſtood before the Wals of Ieruſalem, one while gazing upon her golden Gates glittering againſt the Sunnes bright countenance, another while beholding her ſtately Pinnacles whoſe lofty peering tops ſeemed to touch the Clouds; another while wondring at her Towers

of

of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified Wals three times doubled about the City, the glittring Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Piramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Battlements were covered with steele, the Wals burnisht with Silver, and the ground paved with Tinne. Thus as this enobled and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of Ierusalem, there suddenly thundred such a peale of Ordinance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the Vayl of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that hee leapt ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this he heard the sound of Drums, and the cheerefull Echoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the valiant Champion expected some honourable Pastime, or some great Turnament to bee at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no sooner did he cast his vigilant eyes toward the East side of the City, but hee beheld a Troop of well appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Courlers, bearing in their hands twelve blood red Streamers whereon was wrought in Silk the Picture of Adonis wounded with a Bore: after them the King drawne in a Chariot by Spanish Jennets, (which being a certaine kinde of Steeds engendred by the Wind,) The Kings Guard were a hundred naked Moores, with Turkish Bowes and Darts, feathered with Ravens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Ierusalems faire Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn, in her hand a Javelin of Silver, and Armed with a Breast-plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames clad in greene Silk: after them followed a number of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palfreys, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deere, and more swifter than the tamelesse Hart upon the Mountaines of Thessaly.

Thus Nabuzaradan great King of Ierusalem (for so was hee called,) solemnly hunted in the Wildernesse of Iuda, being a Countrey very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Bore, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was Proclaimed by his chiefe

Harrold at Armes, (the which hee heard repeated by a Shepheard in the Field,) that whoſoever ſlew the firſt wild Beaſt in the Foreſt, ſhould have in reward a Coller of Steele, ſo richly engraved, that it ſhould be worth a thouſand ſickles of Silver. Of which honourable enterpriſe when the Champion had underſtanding, and with what liberall bounty the adventurous Knights would bee rewarded, his heart was fraughted with invincible courage, thirſting after glorious attempts, not onely for hope of gaine, but for the deſire of honour, at which his illuſtrious and undaunted minde aymed at, to eternize his Deeds in the memorable Records of Fame, and to ſhine as a Chryſtall Mirror to all enſuing Times. So cloſing downe his Bever, and locking on his Furniture, ſcoured over the Plaines before the Hunters of Ieruſalem, in pace more ſwifter than the winged Winds, till he approached an old ſolitary and unfrequented Foreſt, wherein hee eſpied a huge and mighty wild Boare lying before his Molly Den, gnawing upon the mangled ioynts of ſome Paſſenger, which hee had murthered as he travelled through the Foreſt.

This Boare was of wonderfull length and bigneſſe, and ſo terrible to behold, that at the firſt ſight he almoſt daunted the courage of the Spaniſh Knight: for his monſtrous head ſeemed ugly and deformed, his eyes ſparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tuskes more ſharpe than pikes of Steele, and from his Noſtrils fumed ſuch a violent breath, that it ſeemed like a tempeſtuous Whirle-wind, his Briſtles were more harder than ſeven times melted Braſſe, and his Taile more loathſome than a wreath of Snakes: near whom when Saint Iames approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane Creatures, and deboured their fleſh, he blew his Silver Horne, which as then hung at the Pummell of his Saddle in a Scarfe of greene Silk: whereat the furious Monſter rouzed himſelfe, and moſt fiercely aſſailed the Noble Champion, which moſt nimbly leaped from his Horſe, and with his Speare ſtroke ſuch a violent blow againſt the breaſt of the Boare, that it ſhivered into twenty pieces. Then drawing his good Fauchion from his ſide, hee gave him a ſecond encounter: but all in vaine, for hee ſtroke as it were on a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Beaſt: but at laſt with ſtaring eyes (which ſparkled like burning

ning Steele,) and with open Jawes, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon pollicy than to fortitude, and so for advantage skipped from place to place, till on a sudden hee thrust his keene edged Curtle-Axe downe his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his owne desire, hee cut off the Bores Head, and so presented the honour of his Combat to the King of Ierusalem, who as then with his mighty Traine of Knights, were but now entred the Forrest: who having graciously accepted the gift, and bountifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Countrey, his Religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that hee was a Christian Knight, and borne in the Territories of Spaine, but presently his patience exchanged into extream fury, and by these words hee expressed his cankered stomack towards the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Ierusalem) that it is the Law of Iuda to habour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the land, or end his dayes by some untimely death: Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou die: not all thy Countrey Treasures, the wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Alpes, which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spaine, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawfull Heritage, they should not redeeme thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Iuda, I grant thee this favour, by the Law of Armes to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe iudgement so amazed the Champion, that desperatly hee would have killed himselfe upon his owne sword, but that hee thought it a more honour to his Countrey to die in the defence of Christendome. So like a true enobled Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Jewes, nor the impartiall stroak of the fatall Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First hee requested to be bound to a Pine-Tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sunne: then to have an houres respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to bee shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine-Tree, and laid

laid his breast open, ready to entertaine the bloudy stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pitty, meeknesse, mercy, and kinde lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or bee the bloudy Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the Tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strickt commandment upon paine of death that Lots should bee cast among the Maidens of Iuda that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, shee should be the fatall Executioner of the condemned Christian. But by fortune the Chance fell to Celestine the Kings own Daughter, being the Paragon of beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in Ierusalem, in whose breast no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloudy Weapon could bee entertained. In stead of deaths fatall instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep strained sigh the true Messenger of love, and afterwards to Heaven, she thus made her humble Supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestiall mooving Powers, convert the cruell motions of my Fathers minde, into a spring of pittifull teares, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soule. O Iuda and Ierusalem, within whose bosomes lives a Wilderneſse of Tygers, degenerate from natures kinde, more cruell then the hungry Canibals, and more obdurate then untamed Lyons: what mercilesse Tyger can unzip that breast, where lives the image of true Nobility, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the map of a noble minde? No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like Scilla, against all nature, sell my Countreys safety, or like Medea wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beauteous Celestine the Kings Daughter of Ierusalem, till her sighes stopped the passage of her Speech, and her teares stained the naturall beauty of her Rose cheeks: her hayres which glistered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her selfe from her costly Gazments, and then with a Traine of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long suit, shee not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithall his perpetuall Banishment from Ierusalem, and from all the Borders of Iuda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, then the losse of her own life. So this noble

and

and praise-worthy Celestine returned to the Christian Champion, that expected every minute to entertaine the sentence of death, but his expectation fell out contrary: for the good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale Lips, being changed through the fear of death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many pieces, and then with a flood of salt teares, the motions of true love, shee thus revealed her minde.

Most noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewithall thy banishment from Iuda, which is a hell of horror to my soule: for in thy bosome have I built my happinesse, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish mee, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfrey, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore deare Knight, in reward of my love, bee thou my Champion, and for my sake weare this Ring, with this Poesie engraven in it, Ardeo affectione: and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithall a kisse from her mouth, shee departed with a sorrowfull sigh, in company of her Father, and the rest of his honourable Traine, back to the City of Ierusalem, being as then neare the setting of the Sunne. But now Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine having escaped the danger of death, and at full liberty, to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Countrey, but looking back to the Towers of Ierusalem, his minde suddenly altered, for thither hee purposed to goe, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistresse, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence and bee her Loves true Champion against all Commers. So gathering certaine black Berries from the Trees, hee coloured his body all over like a Blackamoore: but yet considering that his Countrey speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Ierusalum.

So all things ordered according to his desire, hee took his iourney to the City, where with signes and other motions of dumbnesse, hee declared his intent, which was to

be

bee entertained in the Court, and to ſpend his time in the ſervice of the King. Whoſe countenance when the King beheld which ſeemed of the naturall colour of the Moores, bee little miſtrusted him to bee the Chriſtian Champion whom before hee greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eyes beheld: therefore hee enſtalled him with the honour of Knight-hood, and appointed him to bee one of his Guard, and likewiſe his Daughters onely Champion. Thus when Saint Iames of Spaine ſaw himſelfe inveſted in that honoured place, his ſoule was ravished with ſuch exceeding ioy, that hee thought no pleaſure comparable to his, no place of Eliſium but the Court of Ieruſalem, and no goodneſſe but his beloved Celeſtine.

Long continued hee dumbe caſting forth many a loving ſigh in the preſence of his Lady and Miſtreſſe, not knowing how to reveale the ſecrets of his minde.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admirall of Babylon, both preſuming upon the love of Celeſtine, and craving her in the way of marriage, but ſhe exempted all their motions of love from her chaſte minde, onely building her thoughts upon the Spaniſh Knight, which ſhee ſuppoſed to bee in his own Countrey.

At whoſe melancholy paſſions her importunate Sutors, the King of Arabia, and the Admirall of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to preſent her with ſome rare deviſed maske. So chooſing out fit Conſorts for their courtly paſtimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chief and firſt Leader of the Traine, the great Admirall of Babylon was the ſecond, and her own Champion Saint Iames the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the dumb Knight, in this manner the maske was performed.

Firſt, entred a moſt excellent Conſort of Muſick, after them the aforeſaid Maskers in cloaths of gold, moſt curiouſly imbroidered, and danced a courſe about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia preſented Celeſtine with a coſtly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a ſilver Globe, and upon the point was erected a golden Crowne: then the Muſick ſounded another courſe, of which the Admirall of Babylon was Leader, who preſented her with a Veſture of pure

ſilk

Silk, of the colour of the Rain-Bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Iuno: which being done, the Musick sounded the third time, in which course Saint Iames (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof likewise presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three Graces, and put upon her head. Afterward the Christian Champion intending to discover himselfe unto his Lady and Mistresse, took her by the lilly hand, and led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which shee gave him at his departure, in the Woods, the which shee presently knew by the Poesie, and shortly after had intelligence, of his long continued dumbnes, his counterfait colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger that he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed shee could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a chamber which shee had hard by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithfull Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude, they made such agréement betwixt them, that the same night, unknown to any in the Court, shee bade Ierusalem adue, and by the light of Cynthia's glittering beames stole from her Fathers Pallace, where in company of none but Saint Iames, shee took her iourney toward the Countrey of Spaine. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were milled in the Court, they might bee followed the contrary way.

By this meanes escaped the two Lovers from the fury of the Iewes, and arrived safely in Spaine, in the City of Sivill, wherein the brave Champion Saint Iames was born: where now wee leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Ierusalem for the losse of Celestine, the vaine pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh Horses to follow them, and the mustering of Souldiers to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moanes of the Admirall of Babylon for his Mistresse, and the wofull lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and Love: wee will returne to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battell betwixt Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon; and afterward of his ſtrange entertainment in the Gyants Caſtle, by a Thracian Lady; and what hapned to him in the ſame Caſtle.

IT was at that time of the year, when the Earth was newly deckt with her Summers livery, when the Noble and Heroicall minded Champion Saint Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where hee ſpent his ſeven years Travels to the honour of his Countrey, the glory of God, and to his owne ſtill lasting memory: For after he had wandred through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hils and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages; he arrived at last upon the top of an high and ſteepy Mountaine, whereon ſtood a wonderfull huge and ſtrong Caſtle, which was kept by the moſt mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whoſe puiſſant force all Thracia could not overcome; nor once attempt to withſtand, but with the danger of their whole Countrey. The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Caſtle of the pureſt Marble Stone, his Gates of yellow Braſſe, and over the principall Gate was Graven in Letters of Gold, theſe Verſes following.

Within this Caſtle lives the ſcourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whoſe unconquered power,
The Thracian Monarch in ſubiection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Priſoners in his Tower:
Seaven Damſels faire the monſtrous Gyants keeps,
That ſing him Muſick while he nightly ſleeps.

His Bars of Steele a thouſand Knights have felt,
Which for theſe Virgins ſakes have loſt their lives:
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This moſt inteſtine Gyant ſtill ſurvives:

Let

Let simple Passengers take heed in time,
When up this steepy Mountaine they doe clime.

But Knights of worth, and men of Noble minde,
If any chance to travell by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sakes will be so kinde,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successefull fight.

After hee had read what was written over the Gate, desire of fame so incouraged him, and the thirst of honour so imboldened his valiant minde, that he either vowed to redéeme these Ladies from their servitude, or die with honour by the fury of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he strook so vehemently thereon, with the Pummell of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: Whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asléep close by a Fountaines side, and came pacing forth at the Gate with an Oke Tréé upon his neck: which at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Curtle-Axe, and with these Words gave the noble Champion entertainment.

What Fury hath incenst thy over-boldned minde (proud princock) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong Arms: I tell thée: hadst thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountaine Atlas on his shoulders, or the policie of Vlysses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes whole Multitudes drunk up Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weak, and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon: thy force I esteem like a blast of winde, and thy strokes as light as a few drops of water: Therefore betake thée to thy weapon, which I compare unto a But-rush, for on this ground will I measure out thy Grave, and after cast thy feeble Palfrey with one of my hands, headlong down this steepy Mountaine.

Thus boasted the vaine-glorious Gyant, upon his own strength. During which time, the valorous and hardy Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after hee had made his humble Supplication to the Heavens for his good speed, and com-

committed his Fortune to the impartiall Queene of Destiny, hee approached within the compasse of the Gyants reach, who with his great Oke so nimbly beskird him, with such vehement blowes, that they seemed to shake the Earth, and to rattle against the Walls of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps; and had not the politick Knight continually skipped from the fury of his blowes, he had beene bruised as small as flesh unto the Pot, for every stroke that the Gyant gave, the roote of his Oke entred at the least two or three inches deep into the ground. But such was the wisedome and policy of the worthy Champion not to withstand the force of his Weapon, till the Gyant grew breathlesse, and not able through his long labour to lift the Make above his head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extreame heighth of the Mountaine, and the mighty waight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Gyants Browes ran into his eyes, and by the reason that he was so ext. eame fat, hee grew so blind, that hee could not see to endure Combat with him any longer, and as farre as he could perceive would have retyred or runne back againe into his owne Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that hee was forced to let his Oke fall, and stand gasping for breath: which when this Noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so courragiously, that they battered on the Gyants Armour like a storme of winters Haile, whereby at last, Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, and to crave at his hands some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vaine, for the valiant Knight supposed, now or never to obtaine the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Gyant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashed wounds, was forced to give the World a farewell, and to yeeld the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conquerour S. Anthony, the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Gyant Blanderons Head dissevered from his body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extream hot and sultry, whereby the Champions Armour so extreamly scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Collet, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast

his

his body on the cold Earth, onely to mitigate his over burthened heat. But such was the unnaturall coleneſſe of the Earth, and ſo unkindly to his over-laboured body, that the melted greaſe of his inward parts was, colde ſuddenly, whereby his body received ſuch unnaturall diſtemperature, that the vapors of the Earth ſtroke preſently to his heart, by which his vitall ayre of life was excluded, and his body without ſenſe or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death, hee lay bereaved of feeling for the ſpace of an houre.

During which time faire Roſſalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King, being as then Priſoner in the Caſtle) by chance loked over the Wals, and eſpyed the body of the Gyant headleſſe, under whoſe ſubiection ſhee had continued in great ſervitute, for the time of ſeven Moneths, likewiſe by him a Knight unarmed, as ſhee thought panting for breath, the which the Lady iudged to be the Knight that had ſlaine the Gyant Blanderon, and the man by whom her delivery ſhould bee recovered, ſhee preſently deſcended the Wals of the Caſtle, and ran with all ſpeed to the adventurous Champion, whom ſhee found dead. But yet being nothing diſcouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warme blood in every member, retired back with all ſpeed to the Caſtle, and fecht a Bore of precious Balme, the which the Gyant was wont to poure into his wounds after his Encounter with any Knight: with which Balme this curteous Lady chafed every part of the breathleſſe Champions body, one while waſhing his ſtiffe Limbs with her ſalt teares, the which like pearles fell from her eyes, another while dryying them with the Treſſes of her golden hayre, which hung dangling in the Wind, then chafing his lifeleſſe body againe with a Balme of a contrary nature, but yet no ſigne of life could ſhee eſpie in the dead Knight: which cauſed her to grow deſperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving, meeke, and kinde Lady, conſidering hee had loſt his life for her ſake, ſhee intended to beare him company in death, and with her owne hands to finiſh up her dayes, and to die upon his Breaſt, as Thisbe died upon the Breaſt of her true Pyramus: therefore as the Swanne ſings awhile before her

death, ſo this ſorrowfull Lady warbled forth this Swan-like ſong ouer the body of the noble Champion.

Muſes come mourn with dolfull melody,
Kinde Silvane Nymphes that ſit in roſie bowers,
With brackiſh teares commix your harmony,
To waile with me both minutes, dayes, and houres.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die,

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight, which for my ſake is ſlaine:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded ſoule, for ever ſhall complaine,
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Ile lay my breaſt upon a ſilver ſtreame,
And ſwim into Eliſiums Lilly fields:
There in Ambroſian trees Ile write a theame,
Of all the wofull ſighes my ſorrow yeelds.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die,

Farewell faire Woods, where ſing the Nightingales,
Farewell faire Fields, where feed the light-foot Does,
Farewell you Groves, you Hils, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill, the cauſe of all my woes:
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die,

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of ſtone,
Both Birds and Beaſts, with all things on the ground:
You ſenſeleſſe Trees, b'aſſiſtant to my mone,
That up to Heaven my ſorrowes may reſound:
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Let all the Townes of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Braſſe what I have ſaid:

That

That after Ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid:
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

This woefull ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champions Sword, which as yet was all besprinkled with the Gyants blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp edged weapon directly against her Ivory Breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a grievous and terrible groan: whereat she stopped her remorseless hand, and with more discretion tendered her owne safety: for by this time the Balme wherewith she annointed his body, by wonderfull operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and heavie sighes, hee raised up his stiffe Limbes from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a Trance, for a time he gazed up and downe the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost Senses, espied the Thracian Damsell stand by not able to speak one word, her joy so abounded: But after some continuance of time, he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successefull victory; and she the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kinde salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night hee lodged his weary Limbes in an easie Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest Thistle Downe: the Chamber where he lay, had as many Windowes as there were Monthes in the year, and as many doores, as there were Quarters in a yeare, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificiall workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a worke without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous battell, without mistrust of Treason, or rebellious cogitations, till golden Phœbus bade him awe-more see. Then rising out of his fleabefull Bed, he Attyred himselfe, not in his wonted Habiliments of War, but in purple Garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to over-view the rarities of the Castle: But the Lady Rosalinde all the morning was busied in looking to his Horse, preparing delicates

for

for his repast, and in making a fire against his up-rising, where after hee had refresht his weary spirits with a dainty Banket, and carouled down two mighty Bowles of Grecklish wine, he after by the counsell of Rossalinde, stripped the Gyant from his Iron Furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured of hungry Ravens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the secrets of the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First, she led him to a leaden Tower: where hung a hundred well approved Crollets, with other martiall Furniture, which were the spoyles of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh: Against it was directly placed the Gyants own lodging, his Bed was of Iron, Corded with mighty Bars of Steele, the Testern and Covering of Carved Brasse, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderfull substance of the colour of the Element: after this, shee led him to a broad Pond of water more clear than quick silver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Chrystall, whereon swam six milk-white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their necks.

Here, said the Thracian Lady, begins the hell of all my griefe. At which words a pearled showre of teares ran from the conduits of her eyes, that for a time they staid the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few sorrowfull sighes, shee began in this manner to tell her forepassed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Rossalinde) be my naturall Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governor of this unhappy Countrey, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemne hunting to bee holden through the Land, in which honourable Pastime, my selfe in company of my six Sisters was present. So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in Chase after a mighty thée Lyon, the Heavens suddenly beganne to lowre, the Firmaments over-cast, and a generall darknesse over-spread the Face of the whole Earth:

Earth: then presently rose such a Stoorme of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly Troop of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poore Ladies forced by misfortune to seek for shelter under the bottome of this high and steepy Mountaine: where, when this cruell Gyant Blanderon espyed us, as hee walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountaine, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where ever since wee have lived in great servitude: and for the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, thus it came to passe as followeth:

Upon a time the Gyant being over-charged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasures of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of Nature so enflamed his minde with Lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfie his sinfull desires: but hee took my Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflowre them, their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderfull Miracle, and turned their comely Bodies into the Shape of milk white Swans, even in the same Forme as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Gyant saw that his intent was crost, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate selfe, hee restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any staine of infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure Virgin, only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, whose losse to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word shee made an end of her Tragicall Discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like sorrow, imbraced her about the slender waste, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

My most deare and kinde Lady, within whose countenance I see how Vertue is enthronized, and in whose minde lives true magnanimity, let these few Words suffice to comfort thy sorrowfull Cogitations. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficiall unto thee, in preserving thy

chastity from the Gyants insatiate desires: then for thy delivery by my meanes from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy naturall shape and likenesse, mayest live to bee the meanes of thy Sisters Transformations: Therefore dry up these Chrystall pearled teares, and bid thy long continued sorrowes adue: for griefe is companion with despaire, and despaire a procurer of infamous death.

Thus the wofull Thracian Lady was comforted by the noble Christian Champion: where, after a few kinde greetings, they intended to Travell to her Fathers Court, there to relate what had hapned to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Gyants confusion, and her owne safe delivery, by the illustrious Prowesse of the Christian Knight. So taking the keyes of the Castle, which were of a wonderfull waight, they locked up the Gates, and paced hand in hand downe the steepy Mountaine, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by that time they had a sight of the Pallace, the Sunne was wandred to the under World, and the light of Heaven sate muffled up in Clouds of pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travellers: but at last comming to her Fathers Gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bels, ringing the funerall knell of some Noble State: the cause of which solemne ringing they demanded of the Porter, whom in this manner expressed the truth of the matter unto them.

Faire Lady, and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seeme, both by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this ringing is, for the losse of the Kings seven Daughters, the number of which Bels bee seven, called after the names of the seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their dolefull melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, untill joyfull newes be heard of their safe return.

Then now their taskes be ended, (said the noble minded Rossalinde) for we bring happy newes of the seven Princesses abidings. At which words the Porter being ravished with joy, in all haste ranne to the Steeple, and caused the Bels to cease. Whereat the King of Thrace being at his Royall Supper, and hearing the Bels to cease their wonted

melody,

melody, suddenly started up from his Princely Seat, and like a man amazed ranne to the Pallace Gate, whereas hee found his Daughter Rosalinde in company of a strange Knight: which when hee beheld, his joy so exceeded, that hee swouned in his Daughters bosome, but being recovered to his former sense he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their entertainments were so honourable, and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and over-long to describe: but their joy continued but a short season; for it was presently dasht with Rosalindes Tragicall Discourse: for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters Transformations, and how they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his Locks of silver hayre, which time had dyed with the pledge of wisdome: his rich Imbroydered Garments hee tore in many pieces, and clad his Aged Limbes in a dismall black, and sable Mantle, as discontented then as the woefull King of Troy, when hee beheld his [illegible] Donne dragged by the hayre of his head u[illegible] downe the Streets: also hee commanded, that his Knights and adventurous Champions, in stead of glittering Armour, should weare the Weeds of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkest nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, in stead of silken Vestiments, hee commanded to weare both heavie, sad, and malancholy Ornaments, and even as unto a solemne funerall, to attend him to the Gyants Castle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry Destinies, many a bitter sigh and teare, in remembrance of his Transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowfull Thracian King was performed with all convenient speed: for the next morning no sooner had Phœbus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but hee apparailed himselfe in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholy Traine, set forward to his woefull Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the noble Lady Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behinde, and not so suddenly to begin new Travels: whereunto the King quickly condiscended, considering their late journey the evening before: so taking the Castle Keyes from the Champion, hee bade his Pallace adue, and committed his Fortune

to his sorrowfull iourney, where wee leave him in a world of discontented passions, and awhile Discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sunne had thrice measured the World with his restlesse steedes, and thrice his sister Luna wandred to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great dishonour and a scandall to his valiant minde, to remaine where nought but Chamber Sports were resident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the doefull murmuring of Tragedies, or where the ioyfull sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dum, for the want of her father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret intent:

My most devoted Lady and Mistresse (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy Love, a staine to Venus for thy Beauty, Penelopes compare for constancie, and for chastity the wonder of all Maids: the faithfull love that hitherto I have found since my arrivall, for ever shall be shrined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope Heaven, thou shalt live and die my Loves true Goddesse: and for thy sake Ile stand as Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impare the honour of my Knight-hood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the Laps of Ladies I will not: though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarum in the Field, Honour calls mee forth, deare Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the idle Court of Thrace: Therefore I am constrained (though most unwilling) to leave the comfortable sight of thy Beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer Travell; but I protest, whersoever I become, or in what Region soever I bee harboured, there will I maintaine to the losse of my life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty, and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: and with this promise, my most divine Rosalinde, I bid thee fare-well. But before the honourable minded Champion could finish what hee had purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extream griefe, not able to indure to keep silent any longer, but with teares falling from her eyes, brake of his Speech in this manner:

Sir Knight (said shée) by whom my Liberty hath been obtained: the name of Lady and Mistresse wherewith you entitle mee, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call mee Hand-maid, or thy servile Slave, for on thy Noble Person will I evermore attend: It is not Thrace can harbour mée when thou art absent, and before I doe forsake thy company and kinde Fellowship, Heaven shall bée no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth: but if thou provest inconstant, as Ninus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers purple Hat, whereon depended the safety of his Countrey, or like wandring Æneas forsake the Quéene of Carthage: these tender and soft hands of mine shall never bée unclapsed but hang upon thy Horse Bridle, till my body like Thesius Sonne bée dasht in sunder against hard Flinty Stones: Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight of Christendome. If ever Camina proved true to her Sinatus, or Alsione to her Ceyx, Rosalinde will bée as true to thée: so with this plighted promise shée caught him fast about his Neck, from whence shée would not unclose her hands, till he had vowed by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole Companion, and only Partner in his Travels: and so in this order it was accomplished.

They being both agréed, shée was most trimly Attyred like a Page, in gréene Sarcenet, her Hayre bound up most cunningly with a Silk List, artificially wrought with curious Knots, that shée might travell without suspition or blemish of Honour; her Rapier was a Turkish Blade, and her Poyniard of the finest fashion, which shée wore at her back tyed with an Orenge tawnie coloured Scarfe, beautified with Tassels of unwoven Silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kids Skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steele. In which when the Noble and Beautifull Lady was Attyred, shée seemed in Stature like the God of Love, when he sate dandled upon Didoes Lap, or rather Ganimede, Ioves Minion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white Skin, to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to bée briefe, all things being in readinesse for their departure from Thrace, this Famous Worthy Knight mounted upon his eager Steed, and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfray, in pace more easie then the winged Winds, or a Cock-Boat floating upon Chrystall Streames, they both bade adue

to the Countrey of Thracia, and committed their iourney to the Queene of Chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Starre, untill they arrive where their soules doe most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the most lovelyest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whose Travels my Muse must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracian Mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their Ceremonious teares, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

How Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how hee was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his iourney into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their naturall Shapes, that had lived seven years in the likenesse of milk white Swans, with other accidents that befell the most Noble Champion.

NOw of the honourable Adventures of S. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I Discourse, whose seven years Travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the History, hee travelled through many a strange and unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the yeare hee shewes his wightsome Beames, but continually darknesse over-spreads the Countrey, and there lives a kinde of people that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger doe devoure one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delivered, where after he had wandred some certaine dayes, neither seeing the gladsome brightnesse of the Sunne, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moone, but only

ly guided by dusky Planets of the Elements, he happed to a Vale of walking Spirits: which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of burning Acheron: there hee heard the blowing of unseen fires, broyling of Furnaces, ratling of Armour, trampling of Horses, gingling of Chaines, hamering of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrible noyses, that it made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end: But yet having an undaunted courage, exempting all feare, hee humbly made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terror: and so presently as the Champion kneeled upon the barren ground (whereon grew neither hearb, flower, grasse, nor any other green thing) hee beheld a certaine flame of Fire, walking up and down before him, whereat hee grew into such an extasie of feare, that hee stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to goe forward, or to stand still: But yet recalling his senses, hee remembred himselfe, how he had read in former times of a going Fire called Ignis fatuus, the Fire of Destiny, by some, Will with the Wispe, or Will with the Lanthorn; and likewise, by some simple Countrey people, The faire maid of Irland, which commonly used to lead wandring Travellers out of their wayes: The like imaginations entred the Champions minde. So encouraging himselfe with his owne conceits, and cheering up his dull sences, late oppressed with extream fear, hee directly followed the going Fire, which so luckily went before him, that by the time the Guider of the night had climed twelve Degrees in the Zodiack, hee was safely delivered from the Vale of walking Spirits, by the direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sunne to dance about the Firmament, which he had not seene in many Moneths before: whereat his dull sences much reioyced, being long covered before with darkenesse, that every step hee trode was as pleasurable, as though hee had walked in a Garden bedecked with all kinde of fragrant Flowers.

At last, without any further molestation, hee arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a Countrey as you heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many faire Woods and Forests, through which hee travelled with small rest, and little sleep, till hee came to the foot of the Mountaine, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the wofull King

14683

King of Thracia in company of his sorrowfull Subiects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his sir Daughters, turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their neckes; When the valiant Champion Saint Andrew beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to bee of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle: So preparing his Sword in readinesse, and buckling close his Armour, which was a shirt of silver Maile, for lightnesse in Travell, he climed the Mountaine, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with Limbs and Members all rent and torne, by the fury of hunger-starved Fowles: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty Stature and bignesse of the Gyant: where leaving his putrified body to the Winds, he approached the Gates: where after he had read the Superscription over the same, without any interruption entred the Castle, where he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same: but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange novelty and hidden secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their Ceremonious Mournings, which in this order was daily performed, first upon Sundayes, which in that Countrey is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians Attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sunne, as chiefe Governour of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and so recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes: upon Mondayes clad in Garments after the manner of Silvanes, a colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their wofull teares to the Moone, being the Guider and Mistresse of that day: upon Tuesdayes like Souldiers trailing their Banners in the dust, and Drums sounding sad and dolefull melody, in signe of discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasure of Mars, being Ruler and Guider of that day: upon Wednesday like Scholars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday, like Potentates, to Iove: upon Friday like Lovers, with sweet sounding Musick to Venus: and upon Saturday like manuall Professors, to the angry & discontented Saturn.

Thus

Thus the wofull Thracian King, with his sorrowfull subiects, consumed seven Moneths away, one while accusing Fortune of despight, another while the Heavens of iniustice: the one for his Childrens Transformations, the other for their long-limited punishments. But at last, when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter moane the Thracian made about the River, hee demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such vaine Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of Iehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vaine Gods; to whom the King after a few sad tears straynd from the conduits of his aged eyes, Replyed in this manner.

Most noble Knight, for so you seeme by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continuall grieke, prepare your eares to heare a tragick and wofull Tale, whereat me thinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their Azurde countenance with sable Clouds. These milk-white Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden Crownes, are my six naturall Daughters, Transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruell Gyant named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their Chastities, prevented his lustfull desires, and Transformed their Beautifull Bodies to these milk-white Swannes: And now seven times the chearfull Spring hath renewed the Earth with a Summers Liberte: and seven times the nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of leafe and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgins Shapes: Seven Summers have they swumme upon this Chrystall Streame: where, in stead of rich attyre, and imbroydered Vestments, their smooth silver coloured Feathers adornes their comely Bodies: Princely Pallaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-Nymphes, to dance their measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold streames of water: wherein their chiefest melodie, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their ioyfullest pleasure, to heare the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the rufull Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the

remnant of my dayes heavily, complayning of their long appointed punishments, about the Banks of this unhappy River. Which sad Discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a minde furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue washt in the Fountaine of Eloquence) thus Replyed, to the comfort and great reioycing of the Company.

Most noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavie and dolorous Discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderfull passion, and compelled my very soule to rue your Daughters miseries: But yet a greater griefe and deeper sorrow then that hath taken possession in my Breast, whereof my eyes have beene witnesse, and my eares unhappy hearers of your misbeliefe, I mean your unchristian Faith: For I have seene since my first arrivall into this same Castle, your prophane and vaine Worshipping of strange and false gods, as of Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poeticall Names, which the Majesty of High Iehovah utterly contemns. But magnificent Governour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters happinesse by humble Prayers, and to obtaine your soules content by true teares, you must abandon all such vaine Ceremonies, and with true humility Beleeve in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, and chiefe Commander of the rouling Elements, in whose quarrell this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted Heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by Birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Countreys Armes upon my Breast (for indeed thereon hee bore a Silver Crosse set in blue Silk) and therefore in the Honour of Christendome, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at Armes, against whom I will maintaine that our God is the true God, and the rest fantasticall and vaine Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropt from the Clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their Country, and utter scandall of all Knightly Dignity: they, with a generall consent craved leave of the King that the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded. So both time and

place

place was appointed, which was the next morning following, by the Kings commandement, upon a large and plaine Pendolw close by the River's side, whereon the six Swans were swimming: whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his steely Gauntlet, and the Thracian Knights accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the Challenger to the East side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day were wakened by a Herald at Arms: but all the passed night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but busied himselfe in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the Mornings beauty chased away the darknesse of the Night: and no sooner were the windowes of the day fully opened, but the valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendome entred the List, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the combate: and so after Saint Andrew had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Launce, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Poesie was thus written in silver Letters, This day a Martyr, or a Conquerour: Then entred a Knight, in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northren Snow, whose Caparison was of the colour of the Elements; betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the foyle, and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entred another Knight in Armour, varnished with green Varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron Gray; who likewise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly, entred a Knight in a black Corslet, mounted upon a big boned Palfray, covered with a vale of sable Silk, in his hand he bore a Launce nayled round about with Plates of Steele: which Knight amongst the Thacians was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Gyants that descended from a monstrous Linage: But no sooner encountred these hardy Champions, but their Launces shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Ayre, that it much amazed the Beholders: then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keene edged Fauchions, that the fiery sparkles

flew so fiercely from these Noble Champions stæly Helmets, as from an Iron Anvill: But the combate endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight espyed an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchlesse fortitude: whereupon hee struck such a violent blow upon the Thracians Burgonet, that it cleaved his head iust downe to the shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathfull countenance threatned the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his bloud we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred Armed Knights, hee encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to Murther him. But when the valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how hee was suppressed by Treachery, and invironed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himselfe by these words of encouragement: Now for the Honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therewithall hee so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Curtle-Axe, that he made lanes of murthered men, and felled them down by Multitudes, like as the Harvest man doth Mow down eares of ripened corn; whereby they fell before his face like leaves from Trees, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last, after much bloudshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yeeld to the Scottish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon hee kist the Champions Sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that hee presently gave end to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former Shapes. But when the King beheld their smoth Feathers, which were as white Lillies, exchanged to naturall fairenesse, and that their black Bils and slender Necks were converted to their first created Beauties (where for externall fairnesse the Queen of Love might build her Paradice,) he bade adue to his griefe and long continued sorrowes, protesting ever after

after to continue a true Chriſtian for the Scottiſh Champions ſake: by whom and by whoſe Divine Oriſons, his Daughters obtained their former Features: ſo taking the Chriſtian Knight in company of the ſix Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber, prepared with all things according to their wiſhes, where firſt the Chriſtian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds waſhed with white-wine, new-milk, and roſe water, and ſo after ſome dainty repaſt, conveyed to his nights repoſe. The Ladies being the joyfulleſt creatures under Heaven, never entertained one thought of ſleep, but paſſed the night in their Fathers company, (whoſe minde was raviſhed with unſpeakable pleaſures) till the mornings meſſenger bade them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readineſſe, they departed the Caſtle, not like mourners to a heavie Funerall: but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Pallace, with ſtreaming Banners in the winde, Drums and Trumpets ſounding joyfull melody, and with ſweet inſpiring Muſick, cauſed the Ayre to reſound with Harmony: But no ſooner were they entred the Pallace, (which was in diſtance from the Gyants Caſtle, ſome ten miles) but their Tryumphs turned to exceeding ſorrow, for Roſſalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you heard before, was departed the Court: which unexpected newes ſo daunted the whole company, but eſpecially the King, that the Tryumphes for that time were deferred, and Meſſengers diſpatcht in purſuit of the adventurous Italian, and the lovely Roſſalinde.

Likewiſe when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of thoſe Knights that was impriſoned with him under the ſubiection of the wicked Enchantreſſe Kalyb, as you heard firſt in the beginning of the Hiſtory, his heart thirſted for his moſt honourable Company, and his eyes ſeldome cloſed quietly, nor took any reſt, untill hee was likewiſe departed in the purſuit of his ſworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewiſe, when the ſix Ladies underſtood the ſecret departure of the Scottiſh Champion, whom they affected dearer then any Knight in all the World, they ſtored themſelves with ſufficient Treaſure, and by ſtealth took their iourneyes from their Fathers Pallace, intending

intending either to finde out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Forraign Region.

The rumour of whose departure, no sooner came to the Kings eares, but hee purposed the like Travell, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb in a Countrey beyond the circuit of the Sun. So attiring himself in homely Russet, like a Pilgrime, with an Ebon staffe in his hand tipt with Silver, took his iourney all unknown from his Pallace, whose sudden and secret departure, struck such an extream and intollerable heavinesse in the Court, that the Pallace Gates were sealed up with sorrow, and the Walls behung with sable Mourning Cloth. The Thracian Lords exempted all Pleasure, and like Flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without Shepheards, the Ladies and Courtly Gentles sate sighing in their Private Chambers: where we leave them for this time, and speak of the Successe of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their Adventurous proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

How Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloudy minded Satyres, and of their purposed Travell in the pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BAt now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, S. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland must I speak, whose Adventurous Accioents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steele, yet should I weare it to the stumps, sufficiently to declare his Prowesse, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Piller, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kinde Aspect, and sent him such a happy

happy Starre to be his Guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vaine delights of Ladies Beauties, but to the throne of Fame, where Honour sate enstalled upon a seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious Battels the Northren Iles have Chronicled in leaves of Brasse: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose Prowesse made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streames of Pagans blood: witnesse whereof the Ile of Rhodes, the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks, by his martiall and invincible Prowesse; where his Dangerous Battels, fierce Encounters, bloudy Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I passe over, and wholy Discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of Rhodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounting idle ease the nurse of Cowardise) bad Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian Souldiers, and took his tourney through many an unknown Countrey, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wildernesse, inhabited onely by wild Satyrs, and a People of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds only to Murther, Lust, and Rape: wherein the Noble Champion Travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of wild Venison, and pressing out the bloud between two flat Stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sunne: his lodging was in the hollow trunck of a blasted Tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping showers of Heaven; his chefe Companions were sweet resounding Echoes, which commonly reanswered the Champions words.

In this manner lived Saint Patrick the Irish Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himselfe at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his Chance at last, to come into a dis[illegible] shady thicket beset about with balefull Misletoe, a [illegible] of horrour, wherein he heard the cryes of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave succour at the hands of God, which unexpected cryes not a little

little daunted the Irish Knight: so that it caused him to prepare his weapon in readinesse, against some sudden Encounter: So couching himself close under the rot of an old withered Oake (which had not flourished with greene leaves in many a yeare) hee espied afarre off a crew of bloudy minded Satyres, haling by the hayre six unhappy Ladies through many a thorny brake and bryer, whereby the Beauty of their crimson cheekes was all besprent with purple goare, and their eyes (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the god of Love dancing) all to be rent and torne by the fury of the Bryers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor the place of their unfortunate abiding: which wofull spectacle forced such a terrour in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of the mercilesse Satyres, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of young Oakes and Pine-Trées; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute minde, let drive at the sturdiest Satyre, whose Armour of defence was made of a Bulls hide, which was dryed so hard against the Sunne, that the Champions Turtle-Axe prevailed not: after which the fell Satyres encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with down-right blowes, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughes of a spreading Trée, his life had béene forced to give the World a speédy farewell. But such was his nimblesse and active policy, that ere long hee sheathed his sharp pointed Fauchion in one of the Satyres breasts: which wofull sight caused all the rest to flie from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most noble and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after hée had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himselfe in the chill Ayre, (being almost windlesse through the long Encounter and bloudy Skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what meanes they hapned into the hands of those mercilesse Satyres, who most cruelly and tyrannically attempted the utter ruine and endlesse spoyle of their unsported Virginities. To which curteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep fetcht sigh or two, (being strained from the bottome of her most sorrowfull heart)

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in the behalfe of her selfe and the other distressed Ladies, Re-plyed in this order:

Know brave minded Knight, that wee are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thrace, whose lives have been unhappy ever since our Birthes. For first, wee did endure a long Imprisonment under the hands of a cruell Gyant, and after the Heavens to preserve our Chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, Transformed us into the Shape of Swans, in which likenesse wee remained seven yeares, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom wee have travelled many a weary step, never crost by any violence, untill it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderneſſe, where your eyes have been true witnesses of our wofull misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies:

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travell (said the Irish Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will goe more weary miles, then there bee Trees in this vaste Wilderneſſe, and number my steps with the multitude of Sands hidden in the Seas: therefore, most excellent Ladies, true Ornaments of Beauty, bee sad companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seene these seven Summers.

These Words so contented the sorrowfull Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingneſſe consented, as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their wearinesse, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certaine Herbs growing in the same Woods, they tok their iourneys and so under the conduct of this worthy Champion Saint Patrick, where, after some dayes Travell, they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their Fortunes to the fatall Sisters, and setting their faces toward the East, they merrily iourneyed together. In whose fortunate Travels we leave them, and speak of the seventh

Christian Champion, whose Adventurous Exploits and Knightly Honours deserves a golden Pen, dipt in the Inke of true Fame to Discourse at large.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven yeares.

SAint David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, where as the other Champions of Christendome divided themselves severally, to seek forraign Adventures, he atchieved many memorable things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations that acknowledge no true God: which for this time I omit, and only Discourse what hapned unto him among the Tartarians: For being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, and highly graced with a Traine of Beauteous Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time ordained a solemne Just and Turnament to bee holden in the honour of his Birth-day: whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the Borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honorable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight Saint David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious workmanship of Indian Women, upon whose Shield was set a golden Gryffin rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Sonne and Heyre apparant to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habiliments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the Honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed

parted the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himselfe to Encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chiefe Champion for the day;) who likewise prepared himselfe, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second Race, the Champions ranne, Saint David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to leane backward, almost beside his Saddle: whereat the Trumpets began to sound in signe of Victory; but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with a courage (within whose eyes sate Knightly revenge) ranne the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both Horse and man, whereby the Counts body was so extreamly bruised with the fall of his Horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vitall spirits prested from the mansion of his Breast, so that hee was forced to give the World a timelesse farewell.

This fatall overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole Company: but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sonnes but him, caused the Lists to bee broken up, the Knights to bee unarmed, and the murthered Count to bee brought by foure Squires into his Pallace, where, after hee was dispoyled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight received it in the Honour of his Victory, the wofull Emperour bathed his Sonnes body with teares which dropped like Chrystall Pearls upon the congealed blood, and after many sad sighes, hee breathed forth this wofull Lamentation:

Now are my Tryumphs turned to everlasting Woes, from a Comicall Pastime, to a direfull and bloody Tragedy; O most unkinde Fortune, never constant but in change! Why is my life deferred to see the downfall of my deare Sonne, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body into her hungry bowels: is this the use of Christians: for true Honour to repay Dishonour: Could not base blood serve to staine his deadly hands withall, but the Royall blood of

1768

my deare Sonne, in whose revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and cryes for vengeance to the Maiesty of mighty Iove. The dreadfull Furies, the direfull daughters of dark night, and all the balefull company of burning Acharon whose loynes be girt with Serpents, and hayre behanged with wreathes of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Countrey Tartary of so precious a Iewell as my deare Son the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowesse did surpasse all the Knights of our Countrey:

Thus sorrowed the wofull Emperour for the death of his Noble Sonne: sometime making the Echoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter Curses to sinke to the deep foundation of Acharon: one while intending to be revenged on Saint David the Christian Champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his Country, by violence to oppresse a strange Knight, whose actions had ever bene guided by true Honour, but yet at last this firme resolution entred into his minde.

There was adioyning upon the Borders of Tartary, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, the Governour of which Garden was a notable and Famous Nigromancer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion S. David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few dayes passed, and the Obsequies of his Sonne being no sooner performed, but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his presence, to whom he committed this heavie Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy Arrivall in our Territories; how highly I have honoured thee, not onely in granting liberty of life, but making thee chiefe Champion of Tartarie, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my deare Sonnes Tragedy: for which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth

in

in Princely minds, and where Honour sits enchronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magicians Head, I grant thee not onely life, but therewithall the Crowne of Tartarie after my decease: because I see thou hast a minde furnished with Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavie Taske, and strange Adventure, not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose minde ever thirsted after worthy Adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner he Replyed:

Most high and magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion) were this Task which you enioyn mee to, as wonderfull as the Labours of Hercules, or as fearefull as the Enterprise which Iason made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and returne with like Triumph to Tartarie, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when hee had conquered part of the wide World. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knight-hood, and by the love hee bore unto his native Countrey, never to follow other Adventure, till hee had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormondine's Head into Tartary: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight Saint David, hoping never to see him returne, but rather to heare of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the Valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three dayes prepared all necessaries in readinesse for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his Valiant Courage: for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thornes and Briers, which seemed continually to burne: upon the top thereof sate a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likenesse of night Owles, which wondred at the presence of Saint David; some in the shape of Prognes Transformation, foretelling his unfortunate successe, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh throats rung forth balefull knells of wofull Tragedies; the Elements which

covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to bee over-spread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets: which fearefull Spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of Hell, struck such a terrour into the Champions heart, that twice he was in minde to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knight-hood, which hee had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold Earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his life, hee made his humble Petition to God, that his minde might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint Feare, till hee had performed what the Tartarian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the Ground, and with chearefull looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the Enterprise, and to fore-shew a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight Saint David with a valiant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, over-spred with Mosse: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his iudgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steele work was engraven, very curiously, beset with Jasper and Saphire Stones; the Pummell was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich America brought forth: about the Pummell was engraven in Letters of Gold these Verses following.

My Magick spels remaine most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charmes, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise Ormondine must fall.

These Verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions minde, that hee supposed himselfe to be the Northren Knight, by whom the Negromancer should bee conquered: Therefore without any further advisement hee put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently

presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: But no sooner did hee attempt that vaine Enterprise, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his Senses were over-taken with a sudden and heavie Sléep, whereby hée was forced to let goe his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren Ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking Senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himselfe, from sleep, as to pull the Sunne out of the Firmament. The Negromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate successe: who sent from the Enchanted Garden foure Spirits, in the similitude and likenesse of foure beautifull Damsels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a Sheet of fine Arabian Silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they layed him upon a soft Bed, more softer than the down of Culvers: where those beautifull Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sléeping for the terme of seven years: one while singing with sugred Songs, more sweéter and delightfuller than the Syrens melody: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweétnesse of Arions Harp, which made the Doulphins in the Seas dance at the sound of his swéet inspiring Melody; or like the Harmony of Orpheus when hee tourned down into Hell, where the Devils reioyced to heare his admired Notes, and on Earth, Trées, and Stones leaped when hee did but touch the silver Strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was S. Davids Adventure crost with a wonderfull bad successe, whose dayes Travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavie Sléep, which endured untill seven years were fully finished, where we leave S. David to the mercy of the Negromancer Ormondine, and returne to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Christian Champions should méet together againe, seeing they be separated into so many Borders of the World: First, Saint Denis the Champion of France, remayneth now in the Court of Thessaly, with his Lady Eglatinne:

Eglantine: S. Iames the Champion of Spaine, in the City of Sivill with Celestine, the fair Lady of Ieruſalem: S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the World, in the company of a Thracian Maiden, attyred in a Pages apparell: S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, ſeeking after the Italian: S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: S. David of Wales, ſleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adioyning to the Kingdome of Tartary: and S. George the Famous Champion of England, imprisonned in Perſia: of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I muſt awhile Diſcourſe, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely Atchievements.

CHAP. X.

How Saint George eſcaped out of Priſon at Perſia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that hapned to the Engliſh Knight, with the Tragicall Tale of the Nigromancer Ormondine.

NOw ſeven times had frosty bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and bethung the Trees with Chryſtall Icikles: ſeven times had Lady Ver Beautified every Field with Natures Ornaments; and ſeven times had withered Autumne robbed the Earth of ſpringing Flowers, ſince the unfortunate S. George behold the cheerfull light of Heaven, but lived obſcurely in a diſmall Dungeon, by the Souldan of Perſias commandement, as you heard before in the beginning of the Hiſtory: his unhappy Fortune ſo diſcontented his reſtleſſe thoughts, that a thouſand times a year hee wiſht an end of his life, and a thouſand times he curſed the day of his Creation: his ſighes in number did counterbalance a heap of ſand, whoſe top might ſeeme to reach the Skies, the which he vainly breathed forth againſt the Walls of the Priſon, many times making his humble Supplications to the Heavens to redeeme him from that vale of miſery, and many times ſeeking occaſion deſperatly to abridge his dayes, & ſo triumph in his own Tragedy.

But

But at last, when seven yeeres were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to finde in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certaine Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with rust, wherewith, with long labour hee digged himselfe a passage through the ground, till hee ascended iust in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the Heavens hee then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glistering Beames he had not seene in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, and to stay her wandring course, till hee most happily found meanes to get without the compasse of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his Flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the noble Knight being as fearfull as the bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listned where he might heare the voyce of people; at last hee heard the Groomes of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Atchievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion Saint George taking the Iron Engin, wherewith he redeemed himselfe out of Prison, hee burst open the Doores, where he slew all the Groomes in the Souldans Stable: which being done, hee took the strongest Palfray, and the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Armes, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the Gates, for Saint George of England is escaped, and hath murthered the Groomes, in whose pursuit the City is in Armes. Which words the simple Persian believed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape.

But by that time the purple spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Sunnes bright countenance appeared on the Mountaine tops, Saint George had ridden twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was brued in the Souldans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit. By this

time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that hee could Travell no further, but was constrained to sustaine himselfe with certaine wild Chesnuts in stead of Bread, and sowre Orenges in stead of drink, and such faint food that grew by the wayes as hee travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breathe forth this pittifull complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper than the stroak of death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured: If I were now King of Armenia, and chiefe Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one thiver of browne-bread: O that this Earth would bee so kinde, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Ayre might bee choakt with Kites, whereby feathered Foules for want of breath might fall, and yeeld mee some succour in this my Famishment, and extream penury: or that the Oceans would out spread their Branched Armes, and cover these Sun-burnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfie my hunger: but O now I see, both Heaven and Earth, Hils and Dales, Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowls, Birds and Beasts, and all things under the cope of Heaven, conspire my utter over-throw: better had it been if I had ended my dayes in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad World, where all things by Natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now in stead of Courtly Delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of Trees, and in stead of Grecish Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with mornings dew, which nightly fals upon the blades of Grasse.

Thus complained Saint George, till glistering Phœbus had mounted the top of Heaven, and drawn the misty vapors from the Ground, whereby hee might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to Travell most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower standing upon a Chalky Cliff, distant from him some three Miles, whither the Champion intended to goe, not to seek for Adventures but to rest himselfe after his tourney, and to get such Victuals as therein he could finde to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to ring chirping peales of melody, as though

though they did Prognosticate a Fortunate Event. The way hée found so plain, and the iourney so easie, that within half an hour hée approached before the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most Beautifull Woman, attyred after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks heavie, like the Queen of Troys, when she beheld her Pallace on Fire. The Valiant Knight Saint George, after he had alighted from his Horse, he gave her this courteous Salutation.

Lady (said hee) for so you séeme by your outward appearance, if ever you pitied a Traveller, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one meales meat, now almost famished. To whom the Lady after a curst frown or two, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth shée) I advise shée with all spéed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and beléeveth in Mahomet, and if hée once doe understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher India, nor the riches of wealthy Babylon can preserve thy life. Now by the Honour of my Knighthood (Replyed Saint George,) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty Hercules, that bore Mountaines on his back: here will I either obtaine my Dinner, or die by his accursed hand.

These Words so abashed the Lady, that shée went with all spéed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in despight of his will: whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day: who took a bat of Iron in his hand and came down to the Tower Gate. His Stature was in heighth five yards, his Head bristled like a Bore, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of léele, in all his proportion more like a Devill than a man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the courage of Saint George, that hee prepared himselfe to death: not through feare of the monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and feeblenesse of body: but here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured Battell till the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ranne

downe from his monstrous Browes, wherat Saint George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy Event of the Gyants slaughter, the invincible Champion Saint George first gave the Honour of his Victory to God, in whose power all his Fortune consisted. Then entring the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates, and pure Wines; but the English Knight, suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered courtesie, caused her first to taste of every Dish: Likewise of his Wine, lest some violent poyson should be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholsome as nature required, he sufficed his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, hee committed his Fortune to a new Travell: where his revived spirits never entertainnes longer rest, but to the refreshing of himselfe and his Horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the Confines of Phrygia, and into the Borders of Tartary, within whose Territories hee had not long sojourned, but hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where Saint David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderfull Situation thereof, but hee espyed Ormondines Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after hee had read the Superscription written about the Pummell, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had beene hung by a threed of untwisted Silk: but when he beheld the glistering brightnesse of the Blade, and the wonderfull richnesse of the Pummell, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more richer than Medeas Golden Fleece: But by that time Saint George had circumspectly lookt into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismall voyce thunder in the Skies, a terrible and mighty lumbring in the Earth, whereat both Hils and Mountaines shook, Rocks removed, and Oakes rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth

Ormondine

Ormondine the Magician, with his hayre ſtaring on his head, his eyes ſparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legges trembling, and all the reſt of his body diſtempered, as though Legions of Spirits had encompaſt him about; hee came directly to the worthy Engliſh Knight that remained ſtill by the Enchanted Rock, from whence hee had pulled the Magicians Sword: whence after the Negromancer had ſufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true Honour ſate enthronized, and viewed his portly Perſonage the Image of true Knight-hood, the which ſeemed in the Magicians eyes to bee the rareſt worke that ever Nature framed: Firſt, hee took the moſt Valiant and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England, by the ſtéely Gantlet, and with great humility kiſſed it, then proffering him the courteſies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciouſly; hee afterward conduted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept ſléeping by the foure Virgins ſinging delightfull Songs, and after ſetting him a Chaire of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderfull things.

Renowned Knight at Armes (ſaid the Negromancer) Fames worthieſt Champion, whoſe ſtrange Adventures all Chriſtendome in time to come ſhall applaud: be ſilent till I have told my Tragick Tale, for never after this muſt my tongue ſpeak againe: The Knight which thou ſeeſt here wrapped in this Sheet of Gold, is a Chriſtian Champion as thou art, ſprung from the Ancient Séed of Trojan Warriours who likewiſe attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spels ſo prevailed, that he was intercepted in the Enterpriſe, and forced ever ſince to remaine ſléeping in this Cave: but now the houre is almoſt come of his recovery, which by thée muſt be accompliſhed: thou art that Adventurous Champion, whoſe invincible hand muſt finiſh up my deteſted life: and ſend my fléeting ſoul to draw thy fatall Chariot upon the Banks of burning Acharon: for my time was limited to remaine no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North ſhould come a Knight that ſhould pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily haſt now performed, therefore I know my time is ſhort, and my houre of Deſtiny at hand. What I report, write it in brazen

lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: First, that thou take to Wife a pure Maid: Next, that thou erect a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: And lastly, that thou continue a professed Foe to the Enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in the Honour and prayse of thy Countrey. These things being truly and iustly observed, thou shalt attaine such Honour, that all Kingdomes of Christendom shall admire thy Dignity: what I speak is upon no vaine Imagination, sprung from a frantick braine, but pronounced by the mysticall and deep Art of Negromancy.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most honoured and fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to discribe his passed Fortunes, and by what meanes hee came first to be Governour of that Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of mine own life (Replyed Ormondine) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance whereof will rend my very soule: but yet (most noble Knight) to fulfill thy request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart denies to utter: Therefore, prepare thine eare to entertain the wofullest Tale that ever tongue delivered. And so, after Saint George had sate awhile silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magician spake as followeth:

The wofull and Tragicall Discourse, pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery of his Children.

I Was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only Commander of Scythia, my name Ormondine, graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made Beautifull, but repleniſht them with all the gifts that Art could devise: The elder, whose name was Caltria, the fairest Maid that ever Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming Torches, so dazled her Beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they contured them to admire her Beauty: Amongst a number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one Floridon, Son to the King of Armenia, equall to her in all excellent Ornaments of Nature, a lovelier Couple never trod on Earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole World. This

This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria, that he lusted after her Virginity, and practised both by policy, and faire promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his owne destruction: For upon a time, when the mantles of dark Night had closed in the light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this lustfull Floridon entred Crastrias Lodging, furthered by the Chamber-maid, where, to her hard hap, hee cropped the bud of sweet Virginity, and left such a paine within her Womb, that before many dayes were expired, her shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady, was constrained to reveale her griefe to Floridon: who in the meane time had betrothed himselfe to my younger Daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no lesse beautified with Natures Gift, than her elder Sister, but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her Belly began to grow big with the burthen of his unhappy Seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her Strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himself, never to have committed any such infamous Deed, protesting that he ever scorned to linke in womans bands, and counted chamber Love a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the Honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind Speeches drove Crastria into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look and blushing Cheeks, after this manner revealed her sorrowes unto him:

What knowes not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour? See, see, unconstant Knight the pledge of faithlesse Vowes, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image, behold this Mark which stains my Fathers Ancient House, and sets a shamefast blush upon my Cheeks alwayes when I behold the company of Chaste Virgins: Dear Floridon, shadow this my shame with Marriage Rites, that I bee not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a Base-born child: Remember what plighted Promises, what Vowes and Protestations, past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygers, that repay love with despight.

At which Words Floridon with a wrathfull Countenance, Replyed in these Words: Egregious and shameleſſe Creature (quoth hee) with what brazen Face dareſt thou out-brave mee thus:

thus: I tell thée Castria, my love was ever yet to follow Arms, to heare the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Stéed, and not to trace a Carpet Dance, like Priams Sonne, before the lustfull eyes of Menelaus Wife: Therefore bée gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

Which reproachfull Spéeches being no sooner ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kinde look: whereat the distressed Lady, being oppressed with intollerable griefe, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recovering her senses, shée began anew to complain.

I that was wont (quoth shee) to walk with Troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and séek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewaile my lost Virginity: If I returne unto my Father, hee will refuse me: if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me: if to Strangers, they will scorn me: if to my Floridon, Oh, hee denyeth me, and accounts my sight as ominous as the balefull Crocodiles. Oh that I might in the shape of a Bird, or like the Ravished Philomela, fill every Wood and Wilderneſſe with my dishonour, for now I am neither chaste Virgin, nor honest Wife, but a shamelesse Strumpet, and the Worlds vile scorn: whereat mée thinks, I sée how vertuous and chaste Maidens point and terme me a vicious Dame. Oh unconstant Floridon! thou didst promise to shadow this my fault with Marriage, but now Vowes I sée are vaine: Thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy Faith unto my Sister Marcilla, who must enioy thy Love, because shée continues Chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh! woe to thée unconstant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived mee, and thy glosing tongue inticed mée to commit that Sinne, which all the Ocean Streames can never wash away: Why stand I relating thus in vaine? the Déed is done, and Floridon will triumph in the spoyle of my Virginity, while hee lyes dallying in my Sisters Armes: Nay, first, the fatall Lights of Funerals shall mask about his Marriage Bed, and his Bridall blaze Ile quench with blood: for I will goe unto their Marriage Chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Wombe,

Womb, before thée shall enioy the interest of my Bed: rage heart in stead of love, delight in murther, let vengeance be ever in thy thoughts, untill thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyall love.

Thus complained the wofull Castria, roving up and down the Court of Scythia, untill the mistresse of the Night had spent five Months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an endlesse terrour to her heart, and of a more intollerable burthen, than the paines of her Womb; the which she girded in so extreamly for feare of suspition, and partly under colour to bring about her intended Tradegy. which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon Floridon and Marcilla should tie that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Princes and Potentates of Scythia were all present as witnesses to Himens holy Rites: In which honourable Assembly, none were more busier than Castria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in all pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a Traine, but Castria requested the use of the Countrey, which was this; that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable Task was committed to Castra: who provided against the houre appointed, a silver bodkin, and hid secretly in the trammels of her haire, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides Lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noyse of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last, when the houre of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of the Ladies and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters minde.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her own hands locked the Chamber Doze, and secretly conveied the Keyes under the Beds head, not perceived

by the betrayed Marcilla : which poore Lady after some few speeches, departed to Bed : wherein shee was no sooner layed, but a heavie sleep over-mastered her Senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her Sister good-night, who as then sate discontented by her Bed side, watching the time, wherein shee might conveniently act the bloody Tragedy : upon a Court cupbord stood two burning Tapers that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burne blue : which fatall spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance : and by the light of the two Lamps she unbraced her Vestures, and stripped her self into her milk white Smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caule to hold up her golden haire : after this she tok her silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her haire, and with a wrathfull countenance, (upon whose browes sate the Image of pale Death) shee came to her new Married Sister, being then over-come with a heavie slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast : who immediatly at the stroke thereof started from her sleep, and gave such a pittifull scrike, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood farre from the hearing of Company, except her bloody minded Sister whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distaind with purple gore, and from her breast runne streames of crimson blood, which like to a fountaine trickled from her Ivory bosome she breathed forth this earnest exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O Sister, (said shee) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody minde! What fury hath incenst thee thus to commit my Tragedy: In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue offended thee: What cause hath beene occasion, that thy remorseleese hand against nature, hath converted my joyfull Nuptials, to a wofull Funerall, This is the cause (replyed Castria, and therewithall shewed her Womb, grown big through the burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my hands in thy detested blood.

See, see, Marcilla (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sowne his seed, by which my Virgins honour is for ever stained; this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing

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but death shall finish; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murther likewise will I commit upon my selfe, whereby my loathed soule, in company of my unborn Babe shall wander with thy Ghost along the Stygian Lakes.

Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own breast: whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together, but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing towards death, thus wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw neer (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you imbroidered Girls, you lovely Ladies, & flourishing Dames of Scythia, behold her wofull end, whose glories mounted to the Elements, behold my marriage Bed here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave Attyre to Earthly Mould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins: for now I feele the paines of death closing my lives windowes, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon, come, in stead of Armes, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosome I may breathe my murthered Ghost. World, fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely Pomp and all thy glistering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adue, Father, farewell, with all my Masking Traine of Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen; my death, I know will make thy Pallace deaths gloomy regiment; and last of all, farewell my Noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is murthered.

At the end of which words, the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her liveleſſe body, but Castria likewise through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertaine the stroke of the fatall Sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken you loving Girles, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endleſſe griefe disloyall and false love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intollerable to my soule that it exceeds the torments of Danus Daughters, which continually fill water into bottomleſſe Tubs in Hell. Oh that my eares had never listened to his sugred speeches, or never known what Courtly Pleasures meant, where Beauty lives a bait for every

lustfull eys: but rather to have lived a Countrey Lasse, where swéet content is harbored, and beauty shrowded under true humility, then had not Floridon bereaved mee of my swéet Virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruell murther: but oh! I féele my soule passing into Elizium shades where Creusas shadow, and Didos Ghost have their abidings: thither doth my spirit fly, to bée entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murthered: thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous sigh, and so bade a due to the World.

Now when the morning Sunne had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber Doore, with a consort of skilfull Musicians, where their inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vaine: for death so stopt the two Princes eares, that no resound of thanks at all re-answered his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to bee asleep, and to returne within an houre after, who without any company came to the Chamber-doore, where hee againe found all silent: at which suspecting some further event, hee burst open the Doore, where he no sooner entred, but hée found the two Ladies weltring in their own gore: which wofull spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man he raged up and downe, and in this manner bitterly complained: Oh you immortall Powers, open the wrathfull Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murthered two of bravest Ladies that ever nature framed, revive swéet Dames of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch that ever spake with tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my soule and live, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: But words I sée are vaine, and my proffer cannot purchase life, nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatall twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my unhappy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfes, through burning Lakes, and through the lowring shades of dreadfull Corsitus: gape, gape, swéet Earth and in thy Womb make all our Wombs together.

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Which wofull Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowfull breast, but he finishes his dayes, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death; the which hée found still remaining in the remorselesse hand of Castria.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of thrée of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: but now with diligent eares listen to the unfortunate Discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying newes of the murthered Princes to my ears, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned my selfe from company of people, and sate for seven Monthes in a solitary passion, lamenting the losse of my Children, like wéeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Fathers ears, being the sole King of Armenia: whose griefe so exceeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient spéed he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his Sonnes murther, entred my Territories, and with his well approved Warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtered my Souldiers, conquered my Captaines, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Countrey Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Countrey over-spread with Famine, fire, and Sword, thrée intestine plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced for safegard of my life, to forsake my native Habitation, and Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune, (like a banisht exile) to wander unknown Passages, where care was my chiefe companion, and discontent my only soliciter: at last it was my Destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despaire, where I had not remained many dayes in my melancholy passions, but mée thought the wanny iawes of déep Averna opened, from whence ascended a most fearefull Divell, that inticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and hee would defend mee from the fury of the whole World: to which I presently condiscended upon some assurance. Then presently he placed before my face this Enchanted Sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never bee

pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that Task were performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdomes of the Earth assayled me: which Task (most adventrous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the houre of my death approcheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This Discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion Saint George heard such a terrible rating in the Skyes, and such a lumbring in the Earth that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the Enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein hee had remained seven years: who like one newly risen from a swone, for a time stood speechlesse, not able to utter one word, till hee beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly gazed upon the Negromancer: who at the vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The two Champions, after many courteous embracings, and kinde greetings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. Saint David told how he was bound by the Oath of his Knight-hood, to performe the adventure of Ormandine: whereupon Saint George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Negromancers Head, into the hands of Saint David, the which hee presently dissevered from his dead body. But here must my weary Muse leave Saint David travelling with Ormandines Head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to Saint George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Saint George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where hee ſtole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoore King, and how ſhee was known to bee a pure Virgin by the meanes of a Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the ſame Adventure.

SAint George, after the recovery of Saint David, as you heard in the former Chapter, diſpatched his iourney towards Chriſtendome, whoſe pleaſant Banks he long deſired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enioyed a ſweet ſight of his Native Countrey England, upon whoſe Chalkey Cliffes hee had not rod in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his iourney to a fortunate Succeſſe, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey: where the people were not only of a bloody diſpoſition, given to all manner of wickedneſſe, but the ſoyle greatly annoyed with wild Beaſts, through which he could not well Travell without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands, a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen people, if occaſion ſhould ſerve, and in the other hand, a bright burning blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild Beaſts, if by violence they aſſailed him.

Thus in extream danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion Saint George, till hee arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey hee purpoſed for a time to remaine, and to ſeeke for ſome Noble Atchievement, whereby his fame might be encreaſed, and his honored name ring through all the Kingdomes of the World: and being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England climed to the top of a huge Mountaine; where hee unlocked his Bever, which before had not been lifted up in many a day, and beheld the wide and ſpacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and

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adorned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongſt the number of the Towers and Cities which the Engliſh Champion beheld, there was one which ſéemed to exceed the reſt both in ſituation and braue Buildings, which hee ſuppoſed to bée the chiefeſt City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King uſually kept his Court: to which place Saint George intended to trauell, not to furniſh himſelfe with any néedfull thing, but to accompliſh ſome honourable Aduenture, whereby his worthy Déeds might be eternized in the Bookes of memory. So after he had deſcended from the top of the ſtéepy Mountaine and had trauelled in a low Valley about ſome two or thrée miles, he approached an old and almoſt ruinated Hermitage ouer-growen with Moſſe, and other withered wéeds before the Entrey of which Hermitage ſate an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which caſt ſuch a comfortable brightneſſe upon the Hermits Face, that his white Beard ſéemed to glitter like ſilver, and his Head to exceed the whiteneſſe of the Northren Iſicles: of whom after Saint George had giuen the due reuerence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he trauelled to, and under what King the Countrey was Gouerned: To whom the courteous Hermit thus Replyed:

Moſt Noble Knight, for ſo I geſſe you are, by your Furniture and outward apparance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City oppoſite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Gouernment of Almidor, the black King of Morocco: in which City he now kéepeth his Court, attended on by as many valiant Knights as any King under the cope of Heauen.

At which words the Noble Champion of England ſuddenly ſtarted, as though he had intelligence of ſome balefull newes which deeply diſcontented his Princely mind: his heart was preſently incenſt with a ſpeedy reuenge, and his mind ſo extreamly thirſted after Almidors Tragedy, that he could ſcarſe make anſwer againe to the Hermits words: But biding his fury, the angry Champion ſpake in this manner:

Graue Father (ſaid he) through the treachery of that accurſed King, I endured ſeuen years impriſonment in Perſia, where I ſuffered both hunger, cold, and extreame miſery: but if I had my good Sword Askalon, and my truſty Palfray which I left in

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the Egyptian Court where remains my betrothed love, the Kings Daughter of Egypt, I would be revenged upon the head of proud Almidor were his guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Countrey England (replied Saint George) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, nor this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minnutes rest, untill I have obtained a sight of that sweet Princesse, for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore deare Father, be thus kind to a traveller, as to exchange thy clothing, for this my rich furniture and lusty Steed, which I brought from the Souldan of Persia, for in the habit of a Palmer, I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspition: otherwise I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty sauchion to make way into her Princely Pallace: where I know she is attended on most carefully, by many valiant and couragious Knights: therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermits gown, and I will give thee to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewells: which when the grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possible make, exchanged apparrell, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with Saint Georges furniture, and Saint George in the Palmers apparell towards the City of Tripoly, who no sooner came neare to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but hee espied a hundred poore Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom Saint George spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroicall speeches, beseeming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My deare brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this Honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Almes, which the Queene once a day hath given this seven years,

for the sake of an English Knight named Saint George, whom she affected above all the Knights in the World. But when will this be given (said Saint George?)

In the afternoone (Replyed the Palmers) untill which time, upon our bended knees wee hourely pray for the good fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Which Speeches so highly pleased the Valiant minded Champion, Saint George, that hee thought every minute a whole yeere, till the golden Sunne had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, Saint George of England, one while remembring the extreame misery he indured in Persia, for her sake, whereat hee let fall many Chrystall teares from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battell he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where hee redeemed her from the fatall jawes of death: at last it was his chance to walke about the Court, beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curious engraven Works by the atchievement of man, bestowed upon the glistering Windowes: where hee heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly Voyce of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Pallace, where shee warbled forth this sorrowfull Ditty upon her Ivory Lute:

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of stately Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complaine,
O that my soule might in his bosome sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in paine:
In woe I sing with brinish teares besprent,
Our worne with griefe, consum'd with discontent.

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In time my sighes will dim the Heavens faire light,
Which hourely flie from my tormented breast,
Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,
With safe return abandon my unrest:
Then carefull cryes shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping teares, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And crownd me Queen, my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despight of them shall flourish still,
Beare witnesse, Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowfull Ditty being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his eares to entertaine her sweet tuned melody the second time: but his expectation was in vaine; whereat he grew into more perplexed passions, then Æneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the Army of the Grecians: sometimes wishing the day to banish in a moment, that the houre of her benevolence might approach: other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thysbes, her chastity to Dianaes, & her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent hee the time away, till the glorious Sunne began to decline to the Western parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himselfe in the middest of them, that expected the wished houre of her comming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace Gate, attyred in mourning Vesture like Prolikena King Priams Daughter, when shee went to sacrifice, her haire after a careless manner hung wavering in the wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightnesse, to the colour of silver, through her long continued sorrowes and griefe of heart, her eyes seemed to have wept seas of teares, and her wonted beauty (to whose excellent fairenesse, all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yeeld obeysance) was now staind

with the pearled dew that trickled down her cheekes: where after the ſorrowful Queen had iuſtly numbred the Palmers, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of Saint George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from white to red, as though the Lilly and the Roſe had ſtrove for Superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, firſt deliuered her Aimes to the Palmers, then taking Saint George aſide, with him ſhe thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (ſaid ſhee) thou reſembleſt both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that ſhrice honoured Champion of England, for whoſe ſake I have daily beſtowed my benevolence for this ſeven yeares: his name is Saint George, his Fame I know thou haſt heard reported in many a Countrey to be the braveſt Knight that ever buckled on ſteel Helm: therefore for his ſake I will grace thee with the chiefeſt honour in this Court: inſtead of thy ruſſet Gaberdin I will cloath thee in purple ſilk, and inſtead of thy Ebon ſtaffe, thy hand ſhall wield the richeſt Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion Saint George replyed in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Atchievements and magnimous Adventures of that honoured Engliſh Knight which you ſo dearly affect, braued through many a Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long impriſonment, from whence he never looketh to returne, but to ſpend the remnant of his dayes in laſting miſery: at which words the Queen let fall from her eyes ſuch a ſhowr of pearled teares, and ſent ſuch a number of ſtrained ſighes from her grieved heart, that her ſorrow ſeemed to exceed the Queenes of Carthage, when ſhe had for ever loſt the ſight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion Saint George purpoſed no longer to continue ſecret, but with his diſcovery to convert her ſorrowfull mones to ſmiling toy: and ſo calling off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himſelf to the Queene, and therewithall ſhewed the half Ring, whereon was ingraven this Poſie, Ardeo affectione: which Ring in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to bee kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths. Which unexpected ſight highly pleaſed the beautious Sabra,

and

and her ioy so exceéded the bounds of reason, that shée could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure, to breathe a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kisse, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their soules, Sabra how shee continued for his love a pure Virgin, through the secret vertue of a golden Chaine steept in Tygers blood, the which shee wore seven times doubled about her Ivory Neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her Husbands Stable, where stood his approved Palfray, which shée for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espyed the returne of his Master, but hee grew more proud of his presence, then Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most ioyfully returned in Triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princesse Sabra) that thou mayest seale up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient spéed take thy approved Palfray, and thy trusty Sword Askalon, which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convay me from this unhappy Countrey: for the King my Husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if thou stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world, can beare mee from this accursed Pallace. At which words, Saint George having a minde graced with all excellent Vertues, Replyed in this manner:

Thou knowest my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Iason suffered in the Ile of Colcos, so I might at last enioy the pleasure of true Virginity. But how is it possible thou canst remaine a pure Maid, when thou hast béene a Crowned Quéene these seven years, and every Night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest mée not a true Maid (quoth shee) in all that thou canst say or doe, send me back again hither unto my Foe, whose Bed I account more lothsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight, more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of Friends was set upon my Head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchlesse Fire,

1688

so might not endanger my body: and for the name of Queene, I account it a vaine title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest Empresse in the World.

At which Speeches Saint George willingly condiscended, and with all speed purposed to goe into England: whereuppon he sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as Paris gave to lovely Helena, when she consented to forsake her native Countrey, and to travell from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So loosing no time, lest delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her selfe with sufficient Treasure, and speedily delivered to Saint George his trusty Sword, which shee had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his approved Steed, who no sooner received her proffered Gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Monarchy, but presently he sadled his Horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the meane time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their Travell, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandement: who no sooner had furnished himselfe with sufficient Habiliments of Warre belonging to so dangerous a iourney, but hee set his beloved Mistresse upon a gentle Palfray, which alwayes kneeled downe until she had ascended the Saddle: and likewise her Eunuch was mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture, with costly Jewels and other Treasure was borne.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the guide of Fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing Enemies, which at the Kings return from hunting, followed amain to every Port and Haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the Confines of Christendome. But kind Destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they loked to arrive upon the Territories of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitfull Banks of Grecia: in which Countrey wee must tell what hapned to the three Travellers, and omit the vaine pursuit of the Morocco Knights, the wrathfull melancholy of the King, and the hushed rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Queenes departure, who caused the

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larum-bels to be rung out, and the Beacons, to be set on fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Countrey.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unluckie crosses happned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for, when they had journeyed some three or foure Leagues over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vaste Wilderneſſe, through which the wayes seemed so long, and the Sun-beames so exceedingly glowed, that Sabra what for wearineſſe of Travell, and the extream heat of the day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oke, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a year: where she had not long remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fayre as any Ladies in the world, began to change for want of a little drink: whereat the most famous Champion Saint George halfe dead with very grieſe, comforted her as well as he could after this manner:

Faint not my deare Lady (said hee) heere is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou shalt die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderneſſe; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomack, or make my tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithfull Eunuch, till I return either with the flesh of some wilde Deere, or else some flying Bird, to refresh thy spirits for a new Travell.

Thus left hee his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderneſſe till he espied a Heard of fatted Deere, from which company he singled out the fayreſt, and like a tripping Satyre coursed her to death: then with his keene edged Sword cut out the goodlieſt Haunch of Venison that ever Hunters eye beheld: which Gift hee supposed to bee most welcome to his Beloved Lady. But marke what happned in his absence to the two weary Travellers abiding under the Tree: where after Saint George's departure, they had not long sitten discoursing, one while of their long journeyes, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamoore King, spending the stealing time away

3847 1682

away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge and monstrous Lyons, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: which fearfull spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extream feare of death, wholly committed her soule into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for food, to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons: who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathfull Pawes upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assayled the Eunuch, untill they had buryed his body in the empty vaults of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth lately embrued in blood, rent the Eunuches Steed into small peeces: which being done, they came to the Lady, which sate quaking halfe dead with feare, and like two Lambs couched their Heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their bristled haires, not daring almost to breathe, till a heavie sleep had over-mastered their furious senses: by which time, the Princely minded Champion Saint George returned with a peece of Venison upon the point of his Sword; who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it were best to flie for safegard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last, the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardnesse, which hee beheld quaking before the dismall gates of death: So laying downe his Venison, hee presently like a Victorious Champion, sheathed his approved Fauchion most furiously into the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which Adventure being performed, hee first thanked Heaven for the Victory, and then in this kinde manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity; for it is the nature of a Lyon, bee hee never so furious, not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore, divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chiefe wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as farre as Phœbus lends his Lights, and whose Constancy I will maintaine in every Land where I come, to bee the truest under the Circuit of the Sunne, at which word he cast his eye aside, and beheld

beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches Tragedy, which by Sabra was wofully discoursed, to the great griefe of Saint George, where sad sighes served for a dolefull knell to bewaile his untimely death: but having a Noble minde not subiect to vaine sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his griefe, and prepared the Venison in readinesse for his Ladies repast, which in this order was dressed:

Hée had in his Pocket a Fire-lock, wherewith hée strook fire and kindled it with Sun burned Mosse, and encreased the flame with other dry wood which hée gathered in the Wildernesse: against which they rosted the Venison, and sufficed themselves to their own contentments. After which joyfull repast, these two Princely Persons set forwards to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many dayes passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should bée solemnly holden: which Royall Nuptials, in former times had bèen bruited into every Nation in the World, as well into Europe, as Affrica, and Asia: at which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: for golden Fame had bruited the report thereof to the eares of the seven Champions: in Thessaly, to Saint Dennis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beauteous Eglantine: into Civill, to Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, where he remained with his lovely Celestine: to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then travelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rosalinde: likewise to Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland: to Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland: and to Saint David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieved many memorable Adventures in the Kingdome of Tartary, as you have heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their Knightly Atchievements, to shine in the eyes of the whole World, therefore by the conduction of Heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whose Tilts and Turnaments therein performed, to the Honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muse is bound to Discourse.

CHAP. XII.

How the ſeven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Atchievements, and how after open Warres were proclaimed againſt Chriſtendome by the diſcovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his owne Countrey.

TO ſpeak of the number of Knights, that aſſembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of a ſecond Homer: Therefore will I omit the Honorable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their coſtly Garments and gliſtering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hebuca, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And alſo I paſſe over the ſumptuous Banquets, the honorable ſervices, and delicious Cheare that beautified the Emperours Nuptials, with the ſtately Maskes and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Perſonages, and chiefly Diſcourſe of the Knightly Atchievements of the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendom, whoſe honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deſerved a golden Pen to Relate: for after ſome few dayes ſpent in Chamber ſports, to the great pleaſure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour preſently proclaymed a ſolemn Juſting to be holden for the ſpace of ſeven dayes, in the honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chiefe Champions, the ſeven Chriſtian Knights; whoſe Names as then were not known by any one, except their own attendants.

Againſt the appointed day the Turnaments ſhould begin, the Emperour cauſed a wonderfull large frame of timber work to be erected: whereon the Empreſſe and her Ladies might ſtand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at pleaſure behold the Champions Encounters, moſt nobly performed in the Honour of their Miſtreſſes: likewiſe in the compaſſe of the Liſts were pitched ſeven Tents of ſeven ſeverall colours, wherein

wherein the seven Champions might remaine till the sound of silver Trumpets summoned them to appeare.

Thus every thing prepared in readinesse, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their Seats, the Emperour with his new married Empresse inbesked on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed Knights, the Kings Heralds solemnly proclaimed the Turnaments, which in this most royall manner began.

The first day, Saint Dennis of France was appointed chiefe Champion against all Commers, who was called by the Title of the golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet entred the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Marigold, upon the top an artificiall Sunne framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole Assembly: his Horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a Page in purple-silke, bearing upon his Crest three golden Floure de Luces, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royall manner entred Saint Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, hee prepared himselfe in readinesse to begin the Turnament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were Foyled by the French Champion, to the wonderfull Admiration of all the Beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himselfe, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark Evening caused the Knights to break off Company, and repayre to their Nights repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phœbus shew his splendant brightnesse, but the king of Heralds under the Emperour, with a noyse of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second dayes Exercise. The Chiefe Champion appointed for that day, was the Victorious Knight Saint Iames of Spaine: which, after the Emperour with his Empresse had seated themselves with a stately traine of beautifull Ladies, entred the Lists upon a Spanish Gennet betrapt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his Tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of

Quick ſilver, whereon was portrayed many fine Devices: before the Tent attended foure Squires, bearing four ſeverall Scutchions in their hands, whereon were curiouſly painted the foure Elements: likewiſe hee had the title of the Silver Knight, who behaved himſelf no leſſe worthy of all Princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. the third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Turnament, whoſe Tent was of the colour of the skies, his ſteed furniſhed with coſtly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his Shield plated round about with ſteel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a Field of Blue, which ſignified the ancient armes of Rome: likewiſe he had the title of the Azure Knight, whoſe matchleſſe Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights, to the great reioycing of his Lady Roſalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that ſtill remained in Pages attire, wherein (for the deare love ſhe bore S. Anthony) diſguiſedly ſhe ſtole from the Court, whoſe diſcovery ſhall hereafter be expreſſed. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight Saint Andrew of Scotland obtained that Honour, as to be chief Challenger for the Turnament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a ſhip, ſwimming upon the waves of the Sea, invironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many ſtrange contrived Mermaides: upon the top ſtood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Streamer, wheron was wrought in Crimſon Silke a corner Croſſe which ſeemed to bee his Countries Armes: he was called the red Knight, becauſe his Horſe was covered with a bloody vail, his worthy Atchievements obtained ſuch favour in the Emperours eyes, that he threw him his ſilver Gantlet, which was prized at a thouſand Portagues, and with his own hands conducted him to a rich Pavilion, where after his Noble Encounters, hee enioyed a ſweet repoſe. The fift day S. Patrick of Ireland, as Chief Champion, entred the Liſts upon an Iriſh Hobbie, covered with a vail of Green, attended on by ſix Silvane Knights: every one bearing upon his ſhoulder a blooming tree: The Tent reſembled a Summers Bower, at the entry whereof ſtood the picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of ſweet ſmelling Roſes: hee was named the Green Knight,

whoſe

whose worthy prowesse so daunted the Defendants, that before the Turnament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the first day, the Heroicall and Noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such favour at the Emperours hands, that he was likewise chiefe Challenger, who entred the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfray, covered with a vayl of Black, to signifie a black and Tragicall day should befall to those Grecian Knights, that durst approve his invincible fortitude: his Tent was pitched in the manner and form of a Castle in the West-side of the Lists, before the Entrey whereof, hung a golden Shield, whereon was lively portrayed a silver Griffon rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely Atchevements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole Assembly of the Grecian Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever shivered Lance, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these Honourable Turnaments and most Noble proceedings, the Famous and Valiant Knight at Arms, Saint George of England, as chiefe Challenger entred the Lists, upon a Sable coloured Steed, betrapt with bars of burnisht gold, his fore head beautified with a gorgeous Plume of purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steele nailed fast together with silver Plates, his Helme engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper stones: before his Brest-plate hung a silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field, bearing three golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negro's; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistresse Sabra sate invested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroycall Encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Fethers, glittering against the Sun, supported by four joyntlesse Elephants framed of the purest Brasse, about his Helmet he tyed a wreath of Virgins haire, where hung his Ladies glove, which he wore to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth. These costly Habiliments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable pleasure,

that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his Victorious Encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Tamer of that seven-headed Monster that clambred to the Elements, offring to pull Iupiter from his Throne. His Steed never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the ground where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Turnament endured for that day, from the Suns rising, till the cole black Evening Star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderfull admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the seven Dayes brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, in reward of whose Noble Atchievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured Knightly Proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with seven Branches, to bee divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveied to Saint George's Pavillion, where in dividing the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so reioyced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of meeting, the ioyfullest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Turnaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few dayes, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glittering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their eares, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the Mistresse of the Rebels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which seemed on exceed the rest of the Ladies in faireneſſe, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night, and when she danced, shee seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy

Elements

Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins, that in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as beautifull Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empresse, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certaine newes of open Wars proclaymed against of Christendome, which fell out contrary to the expectation all the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Pallace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred severall Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words:

We the High and Mighty Emperours of Asia and Affrica, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by generall consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendome, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Pallace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almidor the black King of Morocco, in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governour of Thessaly, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his Son the Count Palatine, slaine by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Thracian Monark, in revenge of his vain Izabell after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certaine Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all the Kingdomes from the further parts of Prester Iohn's Dominions, to the Borders of the red Seas, have set down their hands and seales to be Aiders in this bloody Warre.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination,

tion, and thereupon gave speedy commandement to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to joyn with the Pagans, to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendom: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgement pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, & every one to hasten to his own Countrey, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations, the seven Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, then with their misbeleeving Parents: where after some few dayes they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugall, in which Haven they vowed by the Honour of true Knight-hood, to meet againe within six Monthes ensuing, there to conjoyn all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: Saint George into England, Saint Dennis into France, Saint Iames into Spaine, Saint Anthony into Italy, Saint Andrew into Scotland, Saint Patrick into Ireland, Saint David into Wales: whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many years before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdome, and what strength arrived at the appointed time, in the Bay of Portugal, shall be discoursed in the sequell of this History, and how troublesome Wars over-spread the whole Earth, where the Heroycall Deeds of these Noble Champions shall at large bee described: Also of the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Townes and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weales: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the Heavens will mourn, to see the effusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murthered Infants; the heaps of slaughtered Damsels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horses, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and a kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroycall Champions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal: the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to his Souldiers.

AFter the seven Champions of Christendom Arrived in their native Countreys, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Affrica and Asia, had Mustred up their Forces to the Invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings then at the entreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty Armies of well approved Souldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendome, the Noble and Fortunate Champion of England, Saint George, was appointed Chiefe Generall, and principall Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Elected for his Councell and chiefe Assistants in all attemps that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the furtherance of their Fortunate Proceedings.

This Honourable Warre so fired the hearts of many youthfull Gentle-men, and so encouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some morgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these Honourable Warres: and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a Generall, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their blood in the just quarrell of their native Countrey. To be briefe, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyfull sound of thundring Drums, and the

Echoes of silver Trumpets summoned them to Arms; that followed with as much willingnesse as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the wofull overthrow of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosomes of their kinde Mistresses, the forward Captaines taken leave of their Courtly Pastimes, and the willing Souldiers bade adue to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Livery; which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugall, there to joyn their severall Crooks into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countreys, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, and to hoyse up Sayles, where after a short time, the winde with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugall.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion Saint George, with an hundred thousand courragious English Souldiers, whose forwardnes betokened a fortunate successe, and their willing minds, a joyfull victory. His Army set in Battell-Ray, seemed to counterbaile the number of the Macedonian Souldiers wherewith worthy Alexander conquered the Western World: his Horse-men being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Corslets: their Lances bound about with Plates of Steele: their Steeds bered with Maile three times doubled: their Colours were the sanguine Crosse, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering gray-Gose-wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Mandilians, with Caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Crosse, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bowes of the strongest Yew, and their Arrowes of the soundest Ash, with forked heads of Steele, and their Feathers bound on with green war and twisted silk. His Musketiers being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest bore, with Fire-locks wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderfull lightnesse, that they required no Rest at all to ease their right aiming armes. His Caliver-shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbred men, but yet of as courragious minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bils to

guard

guard the waving Ancients, thirty thousand, clad all in strong glittering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioners, if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hils and Mountaines, as worthy Hannibal did when as he made a way for his Souldiers through the lofty Alpes, that divide the Countreys of Italy and Spaine.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugall, was the Princely minded Champion Saint David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true borne Brittaines, furnished with all Habiliments of Warre to so Noble and Valiant a Service, to the high renown of his Countrey, and true Honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richnesse nothing inferiour to the Englishmens: their Colours were a golden crosse, supported by a silver Gryffon: which Scutchion signified the Ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had Saint George a sight of the Valiant Brittaines, but he caused his Musketiers presently to entertaine them with a Volley of Shot, to expresse their happy and joyfull welcome to shore, which speedily they performed so couragiously with such a rating noyse, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Echo to their thundring melody.

But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smoak of the reaking Powder, and that Saint George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Magnantmous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk-white Hobbie in silver Armour, guarded with a Traine of Knights in purple Vestures: but he greeted Saint David with kinde courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, Saint David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was Saint Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderfull manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proofe: they bore in their hands mighty

Darts, tipt at the end with pricking Steele, which the courageous and Valiant Irish Souldiers by the agility of their Armes, could throw a full flight shoot, and with forcible strength, would strike three or foure inches into an Oke, and with such a certaine ayme, that they would not misse the breadth of a foot.

These adventurous and hardy Souldiers no sooner Arrived on the shore, but the English Musketiers gave them a Princely entertainment, and presently conducted the Noble minded Champion Saint Patrick, to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down Plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbeleeving Enemy, and setting down perfect directions which way they were best to March, and such like Devices for their owne safeties, and the benefit of Christendom.

The next that landed on the Banks of Portugall, was Saint Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approved Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Gallowayes, clad all in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Armes of Scotland, which was a corner Crosse supported by a naked Virgin: his Pike men the stiffe and hardy men of Orcady, which continually use to lie upon freezing Mountaines, the Ile Rocks, and the Snowie Vallies: his shot the light footed Calidonians, that if occasion serve, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimblenesse in running, over-goe the swift-footed Stag.

These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardnesse, deserved as much Honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore hee commanded his Shot, at their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted Saint Andrew to the English Tent, where, after he had given Saint George the courtesie of his Countrey, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that Arrived was Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on Warlike Coursers, every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer

of

of watchet Silk, with the Armes of Italy thereon ſet in Gold, every footman furniſhed with approved furniture in as ſtately a manner as the Engliſhmen, who at their landing received as Royall an Entertainment, as the other Nations: and likewiſe Saint Anthony was as highly honoured by the Engliſh Champion, as any of the other Chriſtian Knights.

The next that Arrived was Saint Dennis the Victorious Champion of France, with a band of foureſcore thouſand. After him marched twelve Dukes of twelve ſeverall Dukedomes, being then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper coſt and charges, maintaining two thouſand Souldiers, in theſe Chriſtian Wars: their Entertainments were as glorious as the reſt.

The laſt of all the Chriſtian Champions that Arrived upon the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was the magnanimous Knight Saint Iames of Spaine, with a band likewiſe of foureſcore thouſand; with him hee brought from the Spaniſh Mines ten Tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Chriſtendom, who no ſooner landed with his Troops, but the other ſix Champions gave him the Honourable welcome of a Souldier, and ordained a ſolemn Banket for the generall Armies, whoſe number luſtily ſurmounted five hundred thouſand: which Legions they conioyned into one Camp Royall, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battell-wiſe, chiefly by the direction of Saint George, being then Chief Generall by the conſent of the Chriſtian Kings: who after he had over-viewed the Chriſtian Armies, his countenance ſeemed to prognoſticate a crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatall overthrow to the misbeleeving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to perſevere in their wonted willingneſſe, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You men of Europe (ſaid he) and my Countrey-men, whoſe conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies of Chriſt, you ſee we have forſook our native Lands, and committed our Deſtinies to the Queene of Chance, not to fight in any unjuſt quarrell, but in the true cauſe of Iſraels Anointed, not againſt nature to climb the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Gyants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Invaſion of Chriſtendom, the ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Chriſtian Provinces: the bloody minded

Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grasse, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winters night, protesting to fill our Countreys with Seas of blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchlesse Fire: Therefore dear Countrey-men, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoyled by lustfull rape, nor drag'd along our Streets like guiltlesse Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmlesse Babes, with bruised braines, dasht against hard flinty Stones, nor live to see our unlusty age, whose haire resemble silver Wires, lie bleeding on the Marble Pavements. But like true Christian Souldiers fight in quarrell of your Countreys: What though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom and cast them down before our faces, like drops of Aprill Showers. Be not dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when you behold the Stremers hovering in the waving winde, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forrest will over-spread whole Countreys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but flie with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the greedy Wolfe. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that never fought in vaine, nor never entred Battell but returned with Conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely resolution: for Christendom we fight: for Christendom we live and die.

This Souldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a generall voyce cryed, to Arms, to Arms with Victorious George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so reioyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardnesse of minde, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to March with easie iourneys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had his Residence: in which Travell wee must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdome of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a Generall: which civill Mutiny caused much effusion of blood to the great hurt both of Affrica and Asia, as here followeth.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſſention and diſcord that hapned amongſt the Army of the Pagans in Hungary: the Battell betwixt the Chriſtians and the Moores in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was ſodden to death in a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimſtone.



THe irefull Pagans, after they had levied their martiall forces both by Sea and Land repaired to their generall place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Chriſtendome: for no ſooner could Winter withdraw his chill Froſts from the Earth, and Flora took poſſeſſion of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary ſuffered exceſſive penury, through the numberleſſe Armies of the accurſed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Affrica and Aſia, then was the richeſt, and plentifulleſt of Victuals to maintaine a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over-preſt and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of neceſſaries to relieve Souldiers, but with extream cruelty of thoſe bloody minded Miſcreants, that through a civill diſcord which hapned amongſt them, about the Election of a Generall, they converted their union to a moſt inhumane ſlaughter, and their Triumphant Victory to a diſmall bloody Tragedy: For no ſooner arrived their Legions upon the Plaines of Algernos, being in length and breadth one and twenty Leages, but the King of Hungary cauſed their muſter Rolls to be publickly read, and juſtly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp:

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrell of Affrica and Aſia, under the Conduct of our three great Gods, Mahomet, Tarmagant, and Apollo, what invincible

vincible Forces bee now arrived in this renowned Kingdome of Hungary, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentified with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of Constantinople two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Ierusalem, foure hundred thousand. Of Moores one hundred and twenty thousand. Of cole-black Negars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred thirty thousand and odde. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Siracusians, fifteene thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians three hundred and six thousand. Of Sicilians, seventeen thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand and two hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians, fourescore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester Iohn, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the reader.

But to conclude, Such a Camp of Armed Souldiers Arrived in Hungary, that might in one Month have destroyed Christendom, had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own Practises: for no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Camp, what a number of Nations ioyned in Armes together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the Election of a Generall: some vowed to follow none, but the King of Ierusalem: some Ptolomy, the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, every one protesting, either to persevere in their own wils, or to lose their lives in the same quarrell.

Thus in this manner parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wils to their Souldiers pleasure. This civill

broyle so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of Morocco with his tawny Moores, and cole-black Negars: likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Ierusalem, every one departed into their own Countreys, cursing the time they attempted first so vain an Enterprise. The rest, not minding to pocket up abuses, fell from brawling boasts, to downe-right blowes, whereby grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Souldiers lives than the Civill Setting at the destruction of Ierusalem. Which Battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three dayes: in which Encounters, the murthered Infidels, like scattered corne, over-spread the Fields of Hungary: the fruitfull Valleys lay drowned in purple gore: the Fields of corn consumed with Flames of Fire: their Towns and Cities ruinated with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childrens slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend haires, more white than tryed silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there might the Mothers see their harmelesse Babes borne up and down the Streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken Ornaments and rich Attyre in pooles of blood lie swimming up and down: there might they see the braines of honest Dames and pure Virgins dasht against hard flinty Stones: there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Souldiers burned to the ground; there might they see how Councellers in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the fire: there might they see how Kings and Queenes were arme in arme consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how melted gold in choked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the wofullest newes that ever Christians eare heard told. In this long and bloody Warre, one sucking child was not left alive to report the Story to ensuing Ages, no not a Souldier to carry Armes throughout the Kingdome of Hungary, so iustly was the vengeance of God thrown upon the heads of these misbeleeving Miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true Annointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Army of the Pagans had ruinated the Borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy

béne Christendomes defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own Civill Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us forever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate procedings of the seven Champions of Christendome, who had entred the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered Troopes of Moores and Negars returned from Hungary, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of his chiefest Townes and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakned, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, within their hearts continually pitty harboured, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those that yéelded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakned Troops, hee presently prepared his Souldiers in readinesse to give the Moores a bloody banquet, which was the next morning by break of day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the night before the Moores knowing the Countrey better than the Christians got the advantage both of winde and Sun: whereat Saint George being something dismayed, but yet nothing discouraged, imboldned his Souldiers with many heroicall Spéeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoyles, and so with the Suns uprising entred Battell, where the Moores fell before the Christians Swords, as eares of Corne before the Reapers Sickles.

During this Conflict, the seven Champions still in the Fore front of the Battell, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars, than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last Fortune intending to make Saint George's Prowesse to shine brighter then the rest singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but Saint George so courageously behaved himselfe with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yéeld to his mercy. The Army of the Moores séeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in Barbary.

Thus after the Battell ended, and the joyfull sound of

Victory

Victory rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoyles, and marched by Saint George's direction, to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested some dayes, and refreshed themselves with wholsome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, hee commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boyling Lead and Brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Peeres in Barbary: therein to be consumed, flesh blood, and bone: which was duly performed within seven dayes following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of Saint George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty houres: whereby the boyling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readinesse, and the Christian Champions present to behold the wofull spectacle, the condemned Black-a-moore King came to the place of Execution, in a Shirt of fine Indian Silk, his hands pynioned together with a Chaine of Gold, and his Face covered with a damask Scarfe, his Attenders and Chiefe Conducters twelve Moores, Peeres, clad in sable Gowns of Taffatie, carrying before him the Wheele of Fortune, with the Picture of an Usurper climing up with this Motto on his Breast, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the Wheele, the Picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his Breast; I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the Wheele, the Picture or perfect Image of a Deposed Potentate, falling with his Head downwards, with this Motto on his Breast: I have beene a King while pleased Fortune: which plainely signified the Chance of Warre, and of inconstant Destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Souldiers, holding Fortune in disdaine: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Ornaments, their haire bound up with Silver Wyers, and covered with Vayls of black Silk, signifying the sorrow

of their Countrey for the losse of their Soveraigne. In this mournfull manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the boyling Cauldron; which when hée came neare, his heart waxed cold, and his tongue devoyd of utterance for a time: at last hee brake forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his life, then the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendome (quoth hée) let my life bee ransomed, and thou shalt yeerely receive ten Tuns of tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silke, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spinne with silver wheeles: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall bee yearly payd thée by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearle and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall bée yearely chosen forth and brought thée home to England, to make that blessed Countrey the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diademe, with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses, draw thée daily in a silver Charriot up and downe the circled Earth, till death gives end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Armes, let these salt teares that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtaine one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knées I beg for life, that never before this time did knéele to mortall man.

Thou speakest in vaine (replyed Saint George) not the Treasures hidden in the déepest Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich America, shall redéeme thy life: thou knowest, accursed Homicide, thy wicked practises in the Egyptian Court, where thou profferedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life: likewise through thy treachery, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seven yeares I drank foule Channell water, and sufficed my hunger with bread of Bran Meale: my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Mise, and my resting-place, a dismall Dungeon, where neither Sunne nor the chearfull light of Heaven lent mée comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and proffered injuries the heavens inforce me to a spéedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen cauldron filld with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boiled, till thy detested limbes be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquour; therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent strokes of death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence, though thy Trespasse deserves no pity but severe punishment: yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of Life; First, that thou wilt forsake thy false gods, Termagant, and Apollo, which bee but the vain imaginations of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long warre. Secondly, thou shalt give commandement, that all thy Barbarous Nations bee Christened in the faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbarie, Morocco and India, sweare true Allegeance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Armes, but in the true quarrell of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy Life shall bee preserved, and thy liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, then the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (replyed Almidor) by whose mightinesse Fortune sits fettered in the chaines of power, my golden Diadem, and Regall Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my Countrey gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my Conscience bee reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no earth, the sea no sea, the heaven no heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God, the supposed King of Jewes, and basely borne under an Oxe's Stall? No, no accursed Christians, you off-spring of Caine, you generation of Ismael, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy shower of vengeance to raine from Heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloody practices have pierst

the Battlements of love, and your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty Mahomet, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed Worshippers: and now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdome: the curse of Caine upon your Children, the famine of Ierusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution and balefull curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of Saint George was so highly moved, that he gave present Commandement to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boyling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed to the terrour of all the Beholders: To see this wofull Spectacle, the Battlements of Temples were so thronged with people, the Houses covered with women and children, and the streets filled with Armed Souldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there went some particular Persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell downe and brake their necks: but the generall number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cryed with chearfull voyces, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude, Which joyful hearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wine, the Streets to be beautified with Bonefires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed thorow the City, which after continued for the space of seaven dayes in more magnificent Royalty, then the Banquet at Babylon, when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the Worlds Conquest.

The Champions Liberality procured such faithfull love in the hearts of the Morocco Peeres, that with a generall consent they chose Saint George for their lawfull King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an impetious Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christned in the faith of Christ.

This

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, then to have the whole worlds honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his Knightly Oath, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to inlarge the bounds of Christendome: after his Coronation was solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Pallace, where he took the true Allegeance of the Morocco Lords by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown: after this he established the Christian Lawes to the benefit of the whole Countrey: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christened in the new faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle Bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in their Noble Atchievements, and to muster up anew their Souldiers, whose Armour, cankered ease had almost staind with rust: therefore Saint George comitted the Government of his Countrey, to foure of the principall Peers of Morocco and marched towards the Conntrey of Egypt, where lived treacherous Ptolemy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdome of England: In which iourney and happy arriball in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speake of the faithlesse Infidels in Barbarie, after the departure of the Christians, whose former honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his Martiall Troops bidden their Countrey adue, but the faithlesse Moors reconciled themselves to their former gods, and purposed a spædy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Souldiers wounded in the late Battel: Likewise a number oppressed with sicknesse, which the Christian Champions had left behinde for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moors committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawne upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the Citie, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian

Soul

houldies, and after converted the place into a filthy Lea-ſtall: many Women and ſucceurleſſe Children they dragged up and down the Streets, till their braines were dasht against the Stones, and the blood had covered the Earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the diſtreſſed Chriſtians, which I purpoſe to paſſe over, and wholy Diſcourſe of the woefull and bloudy murther of an Engliſh Merchant and his Wife, in the ſame City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even mercileſſe Tygers to relent, and thoſe eyes to shed ſprings of teares that never wept before. The bloody minded Negars violating both Oath and promiſe before plighted to Saint George, by violence ſet upon the Merchants Houſe, where firſt they made a Maſſacre of his Servants, and before his face caſt their dead bodies to hunger-ſtarved Dogs; then comming to the Merchant, they bound him faſt with hempen Cords, to the ſtrongeſt poſt in his Houſe, and after took his Children, being ſeven of the goodlieſt Boyes that ever Nature framed, whom they likewiſe tyed round about him. Then one of the Moores being crueller then the reſt, proffered to deflowre the Merchants Wife before his face: but ſhee in Chaſtity like Camma, chuſing rather an honourable death then an infamous life, ſpit in the Negars face, and moſt bitterly reviled him, yeelding neither to his force, nor his bloody threats: but ſnatching a knife from his girdle, boived to sheath it in her boſome, before ſhee would loſe that precious gemme of Honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the Worlds Treaſure.

This reſolution of the Engliſh Merchants Wife, cauſed the ſtern Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principall of that wicked company, being a bloody and mercileſſe Tyrant, ſtabbed one of the ſilly Children before the Mothers face.

Now ſtubborn Dame (quoth hee) wilt thou yeeld to my deſires, and preſerve the lives of the other ſix Children? Otherwiſe ſhalt thou behold them butchered in the ſame manner. To ſell my Honour for the lives of my Children (replyed ſhee) will bee an offence to God, and a continuall corraſive to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore, accurſed Monſter, proſecute your tyranny: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings ſhall convert my chaſte minde,

minde, nor once enforces my thoughts to give any conſent thereunto.

Theſe words being no ſooner ended, but the luſtfull Woꝛe took another of her Childꝛen, and ſtabbed before her Husbands face; thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to conſent to the wicked Negars determinations: but hee being as reſolute as his vertuous Wife, ſpake in this manner:

O you curſed black dogges of Barbary, moꝛe woꝛſe in quality then bloody Tygers, and moꝛe mercileſſe then wicked Cannibals! think you that the murther of our Childꝛen ſhall enforce our hearts to yéeld to your luſtfull deſires? No, no, perſevere in your Tyꝛannies: if I had a hundꝛed Childꝛen, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I loſe them all, before I will indure to ſée my Wives diſhonour: Childꝛen may be gotton againe, but her Honour never recovered.

Theſe words pꝛicked the Negars to the gall, and cauſed them to commit the wickedeſt Déed that ever was pꝛactiſed under the Celeſtiall Globe of Heaven: Firſt, they ſheathed their Poniards in the Bꝛeaſts of all the Merchants Childꝛen, whoſe guiltleſſe blood ſtained all the Chamber with a crimſon colour: then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all in ſunder, and cauſed ſeven Pies to be made of their fleſh, and after ſeꝛved in a Banquet to their wofull Parents, whom the mercileſſe Moores ſet at a ſquare Table, the Merchant placed diꝛectly oppoſite againſt his wife, whers they were conſtrained either to féed upon their own Childꝛen, oꝛ ſtarve foꝛ want of other ſuſtenance.

This wofull ſpectacle ſtrook ſuch a gꝛiefe into the Engliſh Merchants heart, that hee could ſcarce indure to ſpeak foꝛ wéeping: his wife, when ſhée beheld the heads of her lovely Sonnes lying upon the Table, as it were loking to Heaven foꝛ revenge, bꝛeathed foꝛth this dying Lamentation:

O ſilly Babes, I would you had beene ſtrangled in my Wombe at your firſt conception: then ſhould not theſe accurſed Infideis habe tꝛiumpht thus in your unhappy Tꝛagedies, noꝛ your unfoꝛtunate Pꝛarents beheld this luckleſſe day: whereon I pꝛay that never Sunne may ſhine againe, but be accounted an ominous day thꝛoughout the whole Woꝛld:

for Heaven I hope (poore Babes) will raine a ſhowre of vengeance on their Heads, that have cauſed this your untimely death; and with this prayer I now bid the World farewell.

At which words her griefe ſo exceeded the bounds of reaſon, that it ſtayed the paſſage of her breath, whereby ſhee was forced to yéeld her ſoule to the Paradiſe of peace. She being no ſooner dead, but the ſorrowfull Merchant likewiſe bitterly exclaymed againſt the iniuſtice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moores, accounting his Deſtiny more hapleſſe then the Thracian Kings, that buryed his Children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of theſe Infidels to exceéd the Tyranny of Nero, that cauſed his Mothers Womb to be opened, that hee might behold the place of his Conception: but when the Merchant had ſufficiently bewayled the Murther of his Children, the death of his wife, and his owne miſery, hee yéelded his ſoule to the furious ſtreak of death. The end of whoſe long languiſhments, when the wicked Moores had intelligence of, they cauſed their dead bodies to bee carryed to the top of a high Mountaine, and there left for the préy of hungry Ravens: But the Sunne conſumed them like the mornings dew, and by the wonderfull workmanſhip of Heaven, in the ſame place ſprung a Bower of Roſes, to ſignifie the unſpotted honour of the Merchant and his vertuous Wife; which Miracle wée leave to the wonder of the Moores, and ſpeak of the Chriſtian Champions proceédings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdome of Egypt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How the Chriſtians arrived in Egypt, and what hapned to them there. The Tragedy of the luſtfull Earle of Coventy. How Sabra was bound to a ſtake to bee burned, and how Saint George redeemed her. Laſtly, how the Egyptian King caſt himſelfe from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.



DUring the time of the bloody murther wrought by the Barbarous Moores upon the Engliſh Merchant and his Wife, with his ſeven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Chriſtendom arrived upon the Territories of Egypt, where they ſuppoſed to have met with Legions of Armed Souldiers, and to have adventured their lives upon the Chance of Warre: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: for they found the Gates of every City ſet open, and every Village and Towne unpeopled: for the Commons at the report of the Chriſtians Arrivall, ſecretly hid their Treaſure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wels, and ſuch like obſcure places, and a generall feare and extream terrour aſſailed the Egyptians, as well the Peeres of the Land, as the ſimple Countrey people: many fled into Woods and Wildernelles, and cloſely hid themſelves in hollow Trees: many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought beſt to remaine in ſafety: and many fled to high Mountaines, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Graſſe of the Ground: ſo greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Chriſtians, that they expected nothing but the Ruine of their Countrey, with the loſſe of their own lives, and the murther of their Wives and Children.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Countrey desolate of people, suspected some déep policy of the Egyptians, thinking them to have mustered their Warlike Forces to bid them Battell: therefore Saint George gave commandement through the whole Camp, that not a man upon paine of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their Weapons ready prest to Encounter Battell, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which speciall charge the Christian Souldiers duly observed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyle of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers:

Behold (said hee) you invincible Captaines of Christendome, yonder cursed Towers where wicked Ptolomy keeps his Court; those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Piramides of Greece, yet should they bée subverted and layd as levell with the Ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomy his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent mée into Persia, where for seven years I lived in great extreamity in a dismall Dungeon, where the Sunne did never give mée light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I sée the Buildings of his Pallace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now over-spread with stinking weeds and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendome, and all that love George of England your chosen Generall, draw forth your Warlike Weapons, and like the angry Gréeks, overturne those glistering Battlements: leave not one Stone upon another, but lay it as levell with the ground, as the Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened corn: let your wrathfull furies fall upon these Towers, like drops of April showers, or like stormes of Winters haile, that it may be bruited through the World, what iust vengeance did light upon the pride of Egypt: leave not (I say) as you love

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your Generall, when you have ſubverted the Pallace, not one man alive, no, not a ſucking Babe, but let them ſuffer vengeance for the wickedneſſe of their King. This is my Decree, brave Knights of Chriſtendome, therefore march forward: Heaven and Fortune be your good ſpeed.

At which words the Souldiers gave a generall ſhot, in ſigne of their willing minds. Then began the ſilken ſtreamers to flourith in the Ayre, the Drums chærefully to ſound forward, the ſilver Trumpets recorded Ecchoes of Victory: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would ſtand upon no ground, but leapt and danc't with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horſe of Macedonian Alexander alwayes before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident ſigne of good ſucceſſe, as well ſenſeleſſe things as living creatures.

With this reſolution marched the Chriſtians, purpoſing the utter confuſion of the Egyptians, and the wofull ruine and deſtruction of Ptolomies ſumptuous Pallace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with wrathfull Weapons, ready to aſſault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefeſt of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournfull Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches: next them the braveſt Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, ſhivered Lances, and torne Ancients: likewiſe followed thouſands of Women and Children, with Cypreſſe Wreathes about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Chriſtians, That they would not utterly deſtroy their declining Countrey, but ſhew mercy to unhappy Egypt; This unexpected ſight, or rather admirable wonder, cauſed Saint George to ſound a Retreat, and gave commandement through the Chriſtian Army, to withhold their former vowed vengeance from the Egyptians, till hee underſtood what they required: which charge being given and duly obſerved, Saint George with the other ſix Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their preſence, who in this manner began to ſpeak for his Countrey.

You unconquered Knights of Chriſtendome, whoſe worthy Victories and Noble Atchievents the whole World

admires, let him that never kneeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himselfe to the greatest Potentate on Earth, let him I say, the most unfortunate wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my selfe, but for my Countrey: my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murthered Infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered Widdowes cry sink downe to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soule, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be mercifull to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thée when I sent thée like a guiltlesse Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incenst by the flattery of that accursed Blackamoore King, whose soule for evermore be scourged with Whips of Wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a iust revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart-blood staine some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witnesse of my death into Christendome, or let mee be torne into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Sonne of Theseus in his Charmed Chariot.

Most mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and beléeve in that God which you commonly adore: for hee is the true and living God, ours false and hatefull in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart beautified with a well-spring of pitty, not only granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but vouchsafed Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that hee would performe what he had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and beléeve in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindnesse of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomie with joy, and the whole Land; both Péeres and Commons more reioyced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had béen made Lords of the Western World. The newes of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for feare into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hils and Mountaines,

Mountaines, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused Bonefires to be made in every City, Towne and Village: the Bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a Week: in every place was seen Banquetting, Dancing, and Masking: Sorrow was banished, Warres forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his owne Charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty, it exceeded that which the Troyans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of Menelaus Queene. The Banquetting house was built with Cypresse wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone: so that neither Steel, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawne to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services, which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: but to be briefe, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitours that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silke the Indian Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheeles; at every course the Servitours brought in a Consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes, strained forth such admired Harmony, that it surpassed Arions Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore: or the sweetnes of Orpheus Silver Harp, which made both stones and trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo's inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne.

These Pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums which were wont to call them forth to Bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected newes to Saint George which changed his Joyes into extream Sorrow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his wofull Tale.

Faire Englands Champion, (said he) instead of Armes get Swallows wings, and flye to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murthering the Earl of Coventry: whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorne of vertuous women: Yet this Mercy is granted by

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the King of England, that if within twelve Moneths a Champion may be found that for her sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, shee shall live: but if it be his Fatall Destiny to be Conquered, then must she suffer the heavie Judgement before pronounced: therefore as you love the Life of your chast and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her Life in hazzard to be lost.

This woful Discourse struck such a Terrour to S. Georges heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had beene distract of their wits, not able to speak one word, but at last Saint George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowfull Lamentation.

O England, O unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy Defence, and for thy safety have laine in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet sleeps in beds of down: and will you repay me with this discourtesie, or rather undeserved wrong to adiudge her spotlesse body to consuming Fire, whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quarrell more, nor never account my selfe her Champion, but I will rend my Warlike colours into a thousand pieces the which I weare on my Burgonet (I meane the Crimson Crosse of England) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye: Is it possible that England will be so ungratefull to her Friend? can that renowned Country harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose heart the Fountaine of Vertue springs? Or can that Noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my life, entertain so vile an Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused tamelesse Lions to sleep in her Lap?

In this sorrowfull manner wearied Saint George the time away, untill the Egyptian King whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabra's proffered violence and how she murthered the Lustful Earl of Coventry; to whom after a bitter sigh or two, the woefull messenger replyed, in this manner;

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Most noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your eares to entertaine the wofullst Tale, that ever English Knight discourst, and your eyes to weep Seas of brackish teares: I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the Noble Champions of Christendome to expresse it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sunne had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventrey, to take the pleasures of the sweet Fields, and flowring Meddowes, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Livery: but as she walked up and downe, sometimes taking pleasure to heare the melody of Chirping Birds how they strayned their silver notes: other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hils and Dales with sundry sorts of Flowers: then walking to see the christall runing Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whose streames exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting herselfe by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chaine of Gold that she did weare about her neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightnesse, to a dim paleneſſe; her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her eares to glow, and every joynt to tremble with fear. This strange accident caused her speedily to hast homeward: but by the way she met the Earle of Coventrey, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Ayre, with such a traine of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had bin the greatest Peere in all England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks feare had set a vermilion die whereby her beauty grew admirable: which when the Earle beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed: their meeting was silent: she shewed the humility of a vertuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kinde Gentleman: shee departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but hee practised in his minde her utter ruine and downfall: for the

dart of love had shot from her beauteous cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her Chastity: such extream passion bewitched his mind, that hee caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandred up and down the Fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry wayes how to obtaine his desire: for without hee enioyed her love, hee was likely to live in endlesse languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortall Powers, why have you transported her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty is a staine unto the Queene of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty then Iuno's grace: her twickling eyes that glister like the flaming starres, and her beauteous cheeks more pleasant then Roses dipt in milk, have pierc't my heart with the pricks of Love, and her Love I will enioy, or lose my life. O! but there is a barre which thwarts kinde affections, and hinders my desires, Saint George I mean, her true and lawfull Husband, the Honour of whose Bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the World. Truth, faint-hearted foole that I am, Sabra is beautifull, and therefore to be tempted: shee is a woman and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is sporting in the Field of Mars, then why may not shee take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will use my flattering gloses, many kinde speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her, Saint George is a Wanderer, and one that will never returne, whereas I am a mighty Peere in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustfull Earle used to flatter himselfe in this vaine conceit. At last, the scowling night with pitchy Clouds began to over-spread the bright some Heavens, whereby hee was forced to repaire homewards, and to smother up his love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restlesse dreames: sometimes he thought he had his lovely Mistrisse in his arms, dallying like the Paphian Queene upon her Minions knee: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added

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new griefe to his love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathfull Champion with his dreadfull bloody Fauchion, came to revenge his Ladies ravishment: whereat the troubled Earle started from his bed, and with a loud voyce cryed to his Chamberlaine for help, saying, that Saint George was come to murther him: which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlaine but the whole House, which generally came to beare him company: they set up Camphyze Tapers to give light, and made him musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fansies from his minde: but no sooner ceased the musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondering in his minde, which way he might obtaine his purpose: whereat a dismall night-Raven beat her wings against his Chamber Window, and with a harsh voyce gave him warning of a bad successe. Then presently began the Tapers to burn blue as though a troop of gastly Spirits did encompasse his Lodging, which was an evident signe, that some strange and unhappy murther would shortly follow. All which could nothing withdraw the lustfull Earle from his wicked Enterprize, nor convert his minde from the spoyle of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent hee the night away, till the Sunnes bright countenance summoned him from his restlesse bed; from whence being no sooner risen but hee sent for the Steward of his House, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principall Ladies in Coventrey: what bountifull cheere was provided, I think it needlesse to repeat: but, to be short, at the time and houre appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought in by the Earles Servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earle himselfe: who after many welcomes given, beganne thus to move the Ladies delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said hee) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence: for me thinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Starres beautifie the Mayle of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cinthia, a glittering silver Moone, that for brightnesse exceedeth all the rest: for shee is fairer then the Queene of Cyprelle, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sate

upon her knée, wiser then the Prophetesse of Troy: of Personage more comely then the Grecian Dame, and of more Maiesty then the Quéen of Loue: so that all the Muses with their Ivory Pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a generall Smile of the Ladies, and made them looke one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earle to move the Ladies Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earles appointment, with most excellent Musicke: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Maiesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last, the Earl requested one of them to chose out his Beloved Pistris, and lead her some stately Corranto: likewise requesting that none would be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly Pastime; at which request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a Signe of consent; therefore he imboldened himselfe the more to make his Desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashfull looke accepted his Courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring Melody, the Lustfull Earle lead her a first course about the Hall, in as great Maiesty as Mavors did the Quéene of Paphos to gaine her Loue, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Quéen of Pleasure had béen present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Loue, and reveal unto the Lady his extream Passion of Minde, which were in these spéeches expressed.

Most Divine and Pérlesse Pazagon (said he) thou onely wonder of the World, for Beauty and excellent Ornaments of Nature, know, that thy two twinckling eyes that shine more brighter then the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Loue, have piezced my heart, and those thy Crimson Chéeks, as lovely as Auroraes countenance, when she drawes the Curtaines of her purple bed to entertaine her wandring Lover, those Chéekes I say have wounded

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me with Love: therefore except thou grant me kinde comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have setled my Love where it is unlawfull, in a bosome where Kings may sleepe and surfeit with Delight, thy breast I mean, most Divine Mistris, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransome is a constant minde: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars; thou art my Hellen, and I will be thy Paris: thou art my Hylen, I will bee thy Mahomet: thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troylus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband bee alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young Yeares in solitary Widdowhood: he is unconstant like Æneas, and thou more hapleſſe then Dido. He marcheth up and downe the World in Glittering Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Deare Sabra, live not to consume thy Youth in singlenesse, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty, to wrinckled Frownes.

To which Words, Sabra would have presently made Answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended, she replyed in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our Bounteous Banquet, Courteous Entertainment, I give thee Humble Thankes of of a poor Lady: but for your Suit, and unlawfull Desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glozes I esteeme as much as doth the Dream of a drizling Showre of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like Vlysses, stop my Eares, and bury all your flattering Inticements in the Lake of forgetfulnesse. Think you that I will staine his Marriage Bed with the least Spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one Thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas: Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall lose his Light by day, the Silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall sinke, and every thing shall change from Kind and Nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove disloyall to my Beloved George: attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortresse of my good name with the Gunshot

of your flattery, nor seek to staine my Honour with your lustfull desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove disloyall, and choose out other loves in forraine Lands: yet will I prove as constant to him, as did Penelope to her Vlysses: and if it be his pleasure never to returne, but spend his dayes amongst strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitarinesse, like to the Turtle Dove when shee hath lost her Mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournfull Swan that swims upon Mæanders silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billowes; so will I spend away my lingring dayes in griefe and die.

This resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earle, that he stood like a senceleſſe image gazing at the Sunne, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, hee began anew to assault her unspotted chastity, in these termes:

Why my deare Mistresse, have you a heart more hard then Flint, that the teares of my true love can neber mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy Dames? I am a man that can command Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubborne heart. Divine Sabra if thou wilt grant mee thy love, and yeeld to my desire, Ile have thee clad in silken Robes, and damaske Vestures, imbost with Indian Pearles and rich refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bisse, and Syrian sweet Perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to Thetis, tripping on the silver sands, shall usually attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuches with their strained Instruments shall bring thy sences into a golden slumber: if this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made of Gold, wherein thou shalt bee drawne by Sable spotted Steeds along the Fields and gallant Pastures adioyning to our City Wals, whereas the Evening Ayre shall breathe a coldnesse, farre more sweet then Balme upon thy cheeks, and make thy beautie glister like the purple Pillar of Hiperion, when he leaves Aurora blushing in her bed, whereby the Heavens and all the Powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty, and quite forget their usuall courses. All this, my deere, divine and dainty Mistresse, is at thy command, and more, so that I may

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enioy thy love and favour: which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods and Desart places, Tygers and untamed beasts being my chiefe companions.

These vain promises and flattering intisments caused Sabra to blush, with bashfulnesse, and to give him this sharp Answer: Think you my Lord, with golden promises to obtaine the precious Gemme, the which I will not lose for Europs Treasury: henceforth be silent in that Enterprise, and never after this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you doe, I bow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with rumors of thy wilful lust: A troup of modest Maidens I will procure to haunt thée up and down the streets, to wonder at thée like an Owle, that never comes abroad but in the darkest nights: this I am resolved to doe, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance: whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earle had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that thée was as farre from yeelding to his desires, as is the aged man to become young againe, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for silvane Swaines to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earle smothered his griefs under a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom hée courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he accursed his owne fortune, and like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and downe his Chamber, filling every corner with bitter exclamations, renting his Garments from his back, tearing his haire, beating his breast, and using all the violence hee could devise against himselfe.

In this manner spent hee away the night, suffering no sléep to close the windowes of his body: his melancholy and extreame passion so discontented his minde, that hee purposed to give end to his sorrowes by some untimely death: So when the morning appeared, hee made his repaire to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Ayre. The place was very melancholy, and farre from the noyse of people: where, after he had spent some certaine

time

time in exclaiming againſt the unkindneſſe of Sabra, hee pulled his Poyniard from his back, and prepared his breaſt to entertaine the ſtroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his dagger he engraved theſe Verſes following, upon the barke of a Walnut-tree.

O heart more hard then bloudy Tygers fell,
O eares more deafe then ſenceleſſe troubled Seas:
O cruell foe, thy rigor doth excell,
For thee I die, thy anger to appeaſe:
But time will come, when thou ſhalt finde me ſlaine,
Then thy repentance will encreaſe thy paine.

I here engrave my Will and Teſtament,
That my ſad griefe thou maiſt behold and ſee,
How that my wofull heart is torne and rent,
And gorg'd with bloudy blade for love of thee:
Whom thou diſdain'dſt as now the end doth try,
That thus diſtreſt doth ſuffer me to die,

Oh Gods of Love, if ſo there any be,
And you of love that feele the deadly paine,
O Sabra thou that thus afflicteſt me,
Heare theſe my words which from my heart I ſtraine:
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here Ile declare the cauſe of this my death.

You mountaine Nymphes which in the Deſarts raign,
Leave off your chaſe from ſavage beaſts awhile.
Prepare to ſee a heart oppreſt with paine:
Addreſſe your eares to heare my doſefull ſtile,
No ſtrength nor Art can work me any weale,
Sith ſhe unkinde and tyrant-like doth deale.

You fayrie Nymphs of lovers much adorde,
And gracious Damſels which in Evenings faire
Your cloſets leave, with heavenly beauty ſtorde,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread your golden haire,
Record with me, that Sabra is unkinde,
Within whoſe breaſt remaines a double minde.

Ye savage Beares in Caves and Dens that lie,
Remaine in peace, if you my sorrowes heare,
And be not moved at my misery,
Though too extream my passions doe appeare:
England farewell, and Coventrey adue,
But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of the Walnut-Tree, but with a grisly look and wrathfull countenance he lift up his hand, intending to strik the Poyntard up to the Hilts in his Breast: but at that same instant hee beheld Sabra entring the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight hindred his purpose, and caused other bloudy cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked déed, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after she had walked to the furthest side of the melancholy Orchard, hee rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus spitefully threatned her.

Now stubborne Dame (quoth he) will I obtaine my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denyals: first I will wrap this dagger in thy locks of haire, and nayle it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, Ile cut thy tongue out off thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveale nor descry thy bloudy Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyntard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy shame of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yeeld to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy marriage Bed, I will by force and violence inflict these vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in thy denials, for if thou déest, the gorgious Sunne shall not glide the compasse of an houre, before I obtaine my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard doore, and with all expedition locked it, and put the key into his Pocket. Then returned hée like the hunger-starved Wolfe, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chafed Bore when hée is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helplesse Lady,

intending her present Rape, and foule dishonour: But shee thinking all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a dead sound being not able to move for the space of a quarter of an houre: But yet at last, having recovered her dead sences to their former vitall moving shee began in this pittifull manner to defend her assayled Chastity, from the wicked Earle that stood over her with his bloudie dagger, threatning most cruelly her finall Confusion.

My Lord of Coventrey, (said she with weeping teares and knéeling upon the bare ground) is vertue banished your breast? have you a minde more tyrannous then the Tygers of Hercania, that nothing may suffice to satisfie your lustfull desires but the staine of mine Honour, and the conquest of my Chastitie? If it be my beauty that hath intised you, I am content to have it converted to a lothsome Leprosie, whereby to make me odious in your eyes: If it be my rich and costly Garments that make mee beautifull, and so intangle you, henceforth I will Attyre my body in poore and simple Array, and forevermore dwell in Countrey Caves and Cottages, so that I may preserve my Chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abate your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make mée times wonder, and pointing stock, and scorne of vertuous Ladies: then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will uncessantly make my Petitions: the Birds in the Ayre after their kinde will evermore exclaime against your wickednesse: the silvane Beasts that abide in Woods and Desarts, will breathe forth clamors of your wickednesse: the creeping Wormes that live within the crevises of the Earth, will give dumb signes and tokens of your wickednesse: the running Rivers will murmure at your wickednesse: the Woods and Trées, Hearbs and Flowers, with every senceleese thing, will sound some motions of your wickednesse. Returne, returne, my noble Lord, unto your former vertues: banish such fond desires out of your minde: staine not the Honour of your House with such black scandals and disgrace: beare this in minde before you do attempt so vile a sinne. What became of Hellens Ravishment, but the destruction of renowmed Troy? What of Romane Lucretias Rape, but the banishment of Tarquine? and what of Progries foule dishonesment by her sisters Husband, the

lustfull King of Thrace, but the bloudy banquet of his young Sonne Iris, whose tender body they serued to his Table baked in a Pie: At which speeches the irefull Earle wrapped his hands within her locks of haire, which was covered with a costly Taule of Gold, and in this manner presently replyed unto her:

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said hée) of Prognies Rape, and Terius bloody banquet? thy ravishment shall bée an Induction to thy Tragedie, which if thou yéld not willingly, I will obtaine by force and violence: therefore prepare thy selfe either to entertaine the sentence pronounced, or yéld thy body to my pleasure. This unrecanting and vowed resolution of the Earle, added griefe upon griefe, and heaped mountaines of sorrow upon her soule: twise did the hapelesse Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pitty her distresse, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the ground might open and devoure her, and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at last when shée saw that neither tears, prayers, nor wishes could prevaile, she gave an outward signe of consentment upon some conditions, under colour to devise a present meanes to preserve her chastity, and deliver her selfe from his lustfull assailements. There is no condition said the Earle, but I will yéld unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make mée cheife commaunder of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certaine houres upon this Bed of Violets, and bewaile the losse of my good name, which shortly shall be yeelded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and daily in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet frézing cold, to flame with burning brands of love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desires. These words caused the Earle to convert his furious wrath to fayning toy, and so casting downe his dagger, hée gave her a courteous kisse, which she in his conceit graciously accepted: whereby his minde was brought into such a vaine opinion, that hee thought no Heaven but in her presence: no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her love: then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a Bed of Violets, beset about with divers sorts of flowers, whose lap he made his Pillow, whereon hee laid his head, intending

as he thought, to increase desire: But as women in extremitie have the quickest wits: so Sabra busied her selfe by all meanes possible, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep distresse, by practising his death, and so outt her selfe from her importunate Suitor: one while shee told him pleasant Tales of Love, in hope to bring his Sences to a slumber, the better to accomplish her desires: other whiles shee played and sported with his haire that hung dangling below his shoulders like to shreds of silk: But at last when neither discoursing Tales, nor her dallying pastime with his haire could bring him asleep, shee straynes forth the Organs of her voyce, and over his head sung this wofull Dittie:

Thou God of sleep and golden dreames appeare,
That bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so cleare,
Thereby to make my fortune ever blest.
His eyes, his heart, his sences, and his minde,
In peacefull sleep let them some comfort finde.

Sing sweet you pretty birds in top of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:
Till your sweet musick close his watchfull eyes,
That on my love with vaine desires doth dote:
Sleep on, my deere, sleep on, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternall night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds,
Come aide my dolefull tunes with silver sound:
Till your inspiring melody records,
Such heavenly musick, that may quite confound,
Both wit and sence, and tyre his eyes with sleep,
That on my lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streames, which murmuring musick make,
And fill each dale with pleasant harmony,
Whereat the floting fish much pleasure take,
To heare your sweet recording melody,
Assist my tunes, his slumbring eyes to close,
That on my lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let

Let whispring Windes in every senceleſſe Tree,
A ſolemn ſad, and dolfull muſick ſing:
From Hils and Dales, and from each Mountaine high,
Let ſome inſpiring ſound or Eccho ring:
That he may never wake from ſleep againe,
Which ſought my marriage bed with luſt to ſtaine.

This delightfull Song rocked his Sences to ſuch a careleſſe ſlumber, that he ſlept as ſoundly upon her lap as in the ſofteſt bed of downe; whereby ſhe found a fit opportunity to deliver her undefiled body from his luſtfull deſires. So taking the Poyniard in her hand, which he had caſt a little aſide, and gazing thereon with an irefull look, thee made this ſad complaint:

Grant you immortall Powers of Heaven (ſaid ſhe) that of theſe two extreams I chooſe the beſt: either muſt I yéeld my body to bee diſhonoured by his unchaſt deſires, or ſtaine my hands with the trickling ſtreames of his heart blood. If I yéeld unto the firſt, I ſhall bée then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the laſt, I ſhall bee guilty of a wilfull Murther, and for the ſame, the Law will adiudge mée a ſhamefull death. What, ſhall I feare to die, and loſe my vertue and renowne? No, my heart ſhall bée as tyrannous as Danaus Daughters, that ſlew their fifty Husbands in a night: or as Medeas cruelty, which ſcattered her brothers bloody ioynts upon the Sea ſhore, thereby to hinder the ſwift purſuite of her Father, when Iaſon got the golden Fléece from Calcos Ile. Therefore ſtand ſtill, you glittering Lamps of heaven; ſtay, wandring time, & let him ſléep eternally.

Where art thou, ſad Melpomene, that ſpeakeſt of nothing but of Murthers and Tragedies: Where bee thoſe Dames that ever more delight in blood? Come, come, aſſiſt me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of Progne for her raviſhment: rage Heart, and take delight in blood, baniſh all thoughts of pitty from thy breaſt, be thou as mercileſſe as King Priams Queen, that in revenge of five and twenty murthered Sonnes, with her own hands ſtained the Pavements of Agamemnons Court with purple gore.

Theſe words were no ſooner ended, but with a wrathfull and pale countenance, thee ſheathed the Poyniard up to the Hilts in the cloſure of his breaſt, whereat hee ſtarted, and

would have got up on his Feet, but the Streames of blood so violently gushed from his Wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to give the World a Dolefull Adiew.

When Sabra beheld the Bed of Violets stained with blood, and every Flower converted to a Crimson colour, shes sighed grievously: but when she saw her Garments all to besprinckled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her Feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountaine, that stood on the further side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her Clothes, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never sutter wilfull Murther to be hid, for what Cause soever it is done.

This strange Spectacle, or rather wonderfull Accident, so amazed the sorrowfull Lady, that she began anew to complaine: O that this Wicked Murther had never beene done (said she) or that my hand had beene stricken Lame by some unlucky Planet, when first it did attempt the Deed! Whither shall I flie, to shrowd me from the Company of Vertuous Women, which will for evermore shunne me as a Detested Murtherer: If I should goe into some Forraigne Countrey, there Heaven will cast downe Vengeance for my Guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and Solitary Wildernesses, yet would the Winde discover me, and blowe this Bloody Crime, to every Corner of the World: or if I should go live in Caves, or Darksome Dennes, within the Deep Foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night: so that in no place a Murtherer can live in rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppresse his Minde. After she had breathed forth this Comfortlesse Lamentation to the Ayre, she tore her blood stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountaine, where it turned the Water into the Colour of Blood, so hainous is Murther in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being Disrobed into her Pettycoat, she returned to the Slaughtered Carke, whose Face she found covered with Dolle: which added more Grief unto her Soul, for shee greatly feared her Murther was discryed; but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the Nature and kind of the Robin Red Breast and other Birds, alwayes to cover the face of any

dead

dead man, and thoſe were they that bred this Fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the day began to ſhut up his bright Windows, and ſable night entred to take poſſeſſion to the Earth, yet durſt not the Wofull and Diſtreſſed Sabra, make her repair Homewards, leſt ſhe ſhould be deſcried without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a generall Search made for the Earle by his Servants, for they greatly ſuſpected ſome Danger had befallen him, conſidering that they heard him the night before, ſo Wofully complaine in his Chamber. At laſt, with Lord Lights, they came to the Orchard Gate, which they preſently burſt open: wherein no ſooner entering, but they found their Murthered Maſter lying by a Bed of Violets covered with Bloſſe: likewiſe ſearching to finde out the Murtherer, at laſt they eſpyed Sabra in her bare Pettycoat, her Hands and Face beſprinckled with Blood, and her Countenance as pale as aſhes: by which ſignes they ſuſpected her to be the bloody bereaver of their Lord and Maſters Life: therefore becauſe ſhe deſcended from a Noble Linage, they brought her the ſame night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the Confeſſion of the Murther, gave this ſevere iudgement againſt her.

Firſt, to be conveyed to Priſon, there to remaine for the tearme of twelve Months, and at the end thereof, to bee burned like a moſt wicked Offender: yet becauſe ſhe was the Daughter of a King, and Loyall Lady to ſo Noble a Knight, his Majeſty in Mercy granted her this Favour, that if ſhe could get any Knight at Armes, before the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combate redeeme her from the Fire, ſhe ſhould live: otherwiſe, if her Champion were banquiſhed, then to ſuffer the former iudgement.

Thus have you heard the Diſcourſe of all things which happened till my Departure from England, where I left her in Priſon, and ſince that time five Moneths are fully expired: therefore moſt Renowned Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and wiſh her Delivery, make no tarrying, but with all ſpeed poſt into England, for I greatly feare, before you arrive on the bleſſed Shore, the time will be finiſhed and Sabra ſuffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cauſe.

This

This Dolefull Diſcourſe drave Saint George with the o-ther Knights and Champions, to ſuch an Extaſie of mind that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumbe ſignes of Sorrow, being not able to ſpeak one word; where for that Night they lamented the miſhap of ſo Vertuous a La-dy. The Egyptian King her Father, he abandoned the ſight of all Companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himſelf ſo faſt with Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentations: then raged he up and downe like frantick Oe-dipus, tearing his Eyes from their Naturall Cells, accuſing Heaven of Iniuſtice, condemning Earth of Iniquity, and ac-curſing man for ſuch an execrable Crime; one while wiſhing his Daughters Birth day had beene her Buriall day: ano-ther while, that ſome unlucky Planet would deſcend the Firmament, and fall upon his miſerable head. Being in this extream Paſſion, he never hoped to ſee his Daughters Coun-tenance againe: and ſo about Midnight, being a time when Deſperate men practiſe their own Deſtructions, he caſt him-ſelf headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his neck, and all beſprinckled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and Brains.

No ſooner was the Night vaniſhed, and bright Phœbus entred the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruiſed body liveleſſe and ſenſeleſſe, was found by his Servants lying in the Pallace yard all beaten in pieces againſt the ground. The Wo-full newes of this ſelf-wild Murtherer they preſently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his ſcattered Limbs and carried them to Saint Georges Chamber, whom they found arming himſelf for his Departure towards England: but at this wofull Spectacle he took a ſecond conceited Griefe in ſuch extream manner, that it had almoſt coſt him his Life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many Comfor-table ſpeeches, and by the conſent of many Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings Priby Counſell, they elected him the true ſucceeding King of Egypt, by the marriage of Ptolomies Daughter: which Royall proffer Saint George refuſed not, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Countrey, ſo that for a ſhort time his iourney towards England was ſtayed, and upon the third

day

day following, his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Péres caused S. George to be apparelled in Royall Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Grèen like an Emerauld, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly furd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chaire of Ebony, which had Plummels of Silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant, then came three of the Greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of Gold upon his Head: then followed the Knights with a Scepter, and a naked Sword, to signifie that he was Chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most Sumptuous and Stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the generall company with joyfull voyces cryed altogether, long live S. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royall Pallace, where for ten dayes he remained amongst his Lords and Knights spending the time in great Joy and Pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies Distresse constrained him to a sudden Departure: therfore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to interre the Body of Ptolomy in a Sumptuous Tomb befitting the Body of so Royall a Potentate: Also, appointing the six Champions to raise their Tents, and Muster up anew their Souldiers, and with all spéed march into Persia, and there by Dint of bloody War revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Souldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by Break of Day, he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift-footed Stéed, and bad his Friends in Egypt for a season adue: and so in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky Newes, he took his journey with all spéed towards England; In which Travell, we will leave him for a time: Also passing over the spédy provision made by the Christian Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to sorrowfull Sabra being in Prison, awaiting each Minute to receive the finall stroke of impartiall Death: for now had the rowling Planets brought their years journey to an end: yet Sabra had

no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cause therefore she prepared her Delicate Body to receive her last breath of Life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of Execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: for she had made humble submission to the World, and unfaignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many thousands, as well of woefull Personages, as of common People, to behold this woefull Tragedy, the Deaths man stripped off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet and in her Snow white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch, Turpentine, and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her Death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came pacing in upon a Rone colouzed Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold and precious stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Tusks like unto an Elephants, his Nostrils were very large, and bigge, his Head little, his Breast somewhat broad, well pitcht, and so hard that no Sword, were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Chester, a bolder and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himselfe up and downe, as though he had beene able to Encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded three several times up and downe the Fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an houre, but yet no Defendant did appeare: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying tale, and in this manner uttered she the Passion of her Heart: Be witnesse, Heaven and all your bright Celestiall Angels: be witnesse Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my Fact: be witnes thou

cleare

cleare Firmament, and all the World be witnes of my Innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my Honour and unspotted Chastity: great God of Heaven, if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail with thy immortall Power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with blood about some wicked Enterprise, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, by some Noble Champion save my Body alive. At which instance she heard the sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which Saint George caused to be winded: (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last, they beheld a farre off a stately Banner waving in the Ayre, the which a Squire carried before Saint George: then they espyed near unto the Banner, a most Valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Palfray, with a Warlike Lance standing in his Rest: by which sudden Approach they knew him to be some Champion that would defend the Distressed Ladies Life. Then the King commanded the Drummes and Trumpets to sound: whereat the People gave a generall shout, and the poore Lady half dead with Fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as Beautifull as Red Roses dipt in Milk, or Blood mingled with Snow. But when S. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, incompassed with many instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief, that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembring wherefore he came he recalled his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combate, before he would discover himselfe unto his Lady. And so when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarum, the two Knights set spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first Encounter they shivered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with their Bodies and Helmets, that they fell downe both to the Earth: but Saint George, who was the more lustier Knight, nimbly leapt upon his Feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his Head downwards, casting from his Mouth abundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he revived from his Trance, he took his Shield, drawing out a mighty Fauchion, and with a wrathfull Coun-

terrmce ran at Saint George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I sweare by all the Saints of Heaven to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithall hee stroke so violently upon Saint George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began hée to wax angry, and took his Sword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that hée cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost clean asunder in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entered halfe a foot into the Earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now frown, you fatall Starres, eternally, that did predominate at my Birth, for he is slaine and vanquished, that never stoopt to any Knight before this day: and thereupon the blood stoped the passage of his speech, and his soule went flying to Elizium: whereat the whole company admired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate Knight in the World. Then the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to Saint George, who most courteously received her, and like a kinde Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle over her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet he minded not to discover himselfe, but set her upon his portly Stéed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle raines. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bels rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens throw every place Saint George should passe, did hang forth at their Windowes, and on their Wals, Cloth of Gold and Silk with rich Carpets, Cushion coverings of grén Velvet lay abroad in every Windowe: the Cleargy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn Procession: the Ladies & Beautifull Damsels strewed every Stréet whereas he past with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned him with a wreath of grén Bayes, in sign of his tryumphant Victory & Conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not knowen by any what hee should bée, but that hee was a Knight of a strange Countrey: yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to sée his face, and know his name, for that he had adventured so farre for her sake, and that for her delivery hee had vanquisht the bravest Knight in England. Yet

for

for all her perſwaſions, hee kept himſelfe undiſcovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlaced his Beaver; whoſe countenance when ſhee beheld, and ſaw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, ſhee fell into a dead ſound for very joy: But Saint George ſprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her preſently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kiſſe, calling her the moſt trueſt, and the moſt loyalleſt Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not loſe one iot of her unſpotted Honour. Likewiſe ſhee accounted him the trueſt Knight, and the loyalleſt Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was Saint George, his Countreys Champion, which atchieved that noble Conqueſt in vanquiſhing the Baron of Cheſter, hee was ravithed with ſuch joy, that he came running in all haſte to the Chamber, and moſt kindly embraced him; and after hee was unarmed, and his Wounds waſhed in white wine and new milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting Houſe, where they Feaſted for that Evening, and after hee kept open Court for all Comers ſo long as Saint George continued there, which was for the ſpace of one Month: At the end whereof hee took his Lady and one Page with him and bade England adue, and then hee travelled towards Perſia, to the other Chriſtian Champions, whoſe dangerous iourney and ſtrange adventures you may reade in this Chapter following.

CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George in his journey towards Perſia, arrived in a Countrey inhabited only by Maides, where he atchieved many ſtrange and wonderfull Adventures: Alſo of the Raviſhment of ſeven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preſerved her honour from a terrible Gyant.



AFter Saint George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countreys, taking their direct courſes towards Egypt, and the Confines of Perſia, where the other ſix Champions remained with their Warlike Legions: At laſt, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but women: In which Region Saint George atchieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are moſt wonderfull to rehearſe, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Countrey, they found every Town and City deſolate of People, yet very ſumptuouſly Built, the Earth likewiſe untilled, the Paſtures uncheriſhed, and every Field over-grown with weeds: whereby hee deemed that ſome ſtrange accident had befallen the Countrey either by Warre, or mortality of ſome grievous Plague, for they could neither ſee eye of man, woman, nor child, whereby they were forced to feed on Berries and Roots, and in ſtead of brave Pallaces, they were conſtrained to lie on broad Paſtures, upon the Banks of Moſſe, and in ſtead of Curtaines of ſilk, they had black, and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extreamity they travelled up and downe for thirdayes: but at laſt it was their happy fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavilion, ſituate and ſtanding in the open Fields,

Fields, which seemed to bee the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest work in the World, all of green and crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Coyts of grasie Silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two great Silver Gryffins shining against the Sunne, which seemed in richnesse to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelve Wonders. They had not there remayned long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Queene crowned with an Imperiall Diadem, who was the most fairest Creature that ever bee saw. On her attended twenty Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands Silver Bowes of the Turkish Fashion, and at their backs hung Quivers full of Golden Arrowes: upon their heads they wore Silver Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attires comely and gallant: their Faces faire and gentle to behold, their foreheads plaine and white, the tramels of their haire like burnisht Gold, their browes smalt and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their Visages plaine, neither too long nor too round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their noses long and straight, their rosie cheeks somewhat smiling, their eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature framed most excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare: The Queen her selfe was clothed in a Gowne of green, straight girtwith her body with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat her round and Lilly white breast might be seen, which became her wonderfull well: besides all this, she had on a crimson Kertle, lined with violet Velvet, and her wide Sleeves were like vailes of green Silke, embroydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When Saint George had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Queen, hee was almost entrapped in her love, but that the deare affection hee bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the Treasures betwixt the highest Heavens and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himselfe unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

Most

Most divine and faire of all faires, Queen of sweet Beauty (said hee) let a travelling Knight obtaine this favour at your hands, that both himselfe and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with travell, may take our rest within your Pavillion for a night: For wee have wandred up and downe this Countrey many a day, neither seeing man, to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a Countrey, and so beautified with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange, I know, and full of wonder.

This Question being courteously demanded by Saint George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth shee, (for so you seeme both by your behaviour, and gallant Stature) what favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured of: But the remembrance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soule, and makes me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my grief: about some twelve years since, it was a Negromancers chance to arrive within this Countrey, his name is Osmond, the cunning Artist this day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hel, and with his Charmes make Heaven to raine continually showres of blood: my Beauty at that instant tempted him to love, and drowned his Senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I having Vowed my selfe to Diana's Chastity, to live in singlenesse among these Amazonian Maides, contemned his love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous as the hissing of venemous Snakes; for which hee wrought the destruction of this my Realme and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned Charms, hee raised from the Earth a mighty Tower, the Morter whereof hee mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightnesse of the Skie is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a generall darknesse ouer spreads our Land, the compasse of foure and twenty Leagues, so that this Countrey is cleane wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof.

This

This Tower is haunted Day and Night with ghastly Fiends: and at his Departure into Persia, where he now by Inchantment aids the Souldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, for shape the ugliest Monster that ever Eye beheld, or Ear heard tell of: for he is thirty Foot in length: his Head three times larger then the Head of an Ore: his Eyes bigger than two Pewter Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: his Armes big and long without any measure, and all his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brasse: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other Meat, but raw flesh of Man-kinde: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath beene Assailed with great Troops of Armed Men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Speare, Crosse-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard most Noble and Courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Countrey, by this wicked Negromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both Day and Night, that some unhappy Fortune, or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjurer.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replyed S. George) no sooner shall the Morning Sunne appeare, but I will take my journey to that Inchanted Tower: into which Ile enter in despight of the Gyant, and break the Inchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowells: which if I happily performe, then will I travell into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked and damned Negromancer, and like a Blood-hound lead him up and down the World in Chaines.

Most Dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queene) from whence as yet did never Knight returne. But if you be so Resolute and Noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprise, then happy be your Fortune, and know brave Knight, that this Tower lyeth Westward from hence some thirteene Miles, and thereupon shee took him by the hand, and caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Palfray,

and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were Feaſted moſt Royally, and for that Night lept ſecurely. But when the dayes bright Windows opened, and the morning Sunne began to glitter, in all haſte Saint George that Valiant minded Champion, aroſe from his ſweet content, and Armed himſelf: where after he had taken his leave of the Queene, and gave her thanks for his courteous Entertainment, he alſo took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in Company of the Queenes Maidens, till his Returne with Conqueſt, and ſo rode forth till it was Noone, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and ever he rode lower and lower. It was then a faire Day, and the Sunne ſhined cleare: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had loſt both the Light and the Sunne, and alſo the ſight of Heaven: for it was there as dark as Night, and more Diſmall then the deepeſt Dungeon.

At laſt he found a mighty River with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were ſo high, that the Water could ſcarce be ſeen running underneath, and it was ſo full of Serpents, that none could enter amongſt them that ever returned back with Life: about his Head flew monſtrous Birds, and divers Griffins, who were able to bear away an armed Knight Horſe and all, and were in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: alſo there were Flyes as big as Dunks, and as black as Pitch, which ſtung him and his Horſe ſo grievouſly that there iſſued down ſuch ſtore of Blood, that it dyed his Horſe from a Sable to a Crimſon colour: likewiſe the Griffins ſtruck at Saint George with their Tallons ſo fiercely, that had he not defended himſelf with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Inchanted Tower, where as the Gyant ſate in his Iron Coat, upon a Block, with a Mace of Steele in his hand, who at the firſt ſight of Saint George, beat his teeth ſo mightily together, that they rung like the ſtrookes of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, ſtriving to have taken the Champion, Horſe and all in his long Teeth, that were as ſharp as Steel, and to have borne them preſently into the Tower. But when Saint George perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword, and thruſt therein ſo far, that

that it made the Gyant to rouze so loud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble: his Mouth smoakt like a Fiery Furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his Head, like Brands of flaming Fire: the Wound was so great and the Blood issued so fast from the Gyants Mouth, that his Courage began to quail, and against his Will, he was forced to yéld to the Champions mercy, and to beg for Life, to which Saint George agréed, but upon condition, that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworne his true Servant, and to attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his owne soule, never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then Saint George demanded the Cause of the Darkenesse, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner:

There was within the Countrey about some twelve yeares since, a cunning Negromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smoak over the whole Land: whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein, are fled and famished for hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which din never man before this time without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stands a fair and Pleasant Fountain, to which if ever any Knight be able to attain, and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darknesse, ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which Cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Thus when the Gyant had ended his Discourse, Saint George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for hee would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Countrey from so grievous a Plague. Then went hee close by the Windowes of the Tower, the which were fifteene Spannes in Length and Breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must néds enter: yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steele, as the Pricks on an Vrchens skinne, to the intent that no Knight should approach neare unto the Doore, nay once Attempt to enter the Tower: yet with great Danger prospered the valiant hopefull Saint by

abundance of Smoake that the Darkneſſe of the Countrey doubled, ſo that neither Torch nor Candle would burne in that Place: Yet nevertheleſſe S. George entred, and went downwards upon Staires, where he could ſee nothing, but yet felt ſo many great Blowes upon his Burgonet, that he was conſtrained to kneele upon his Knees, and with his Shield to defend himſelfe, or elſe he had beene bruiſed to peeces. At laſt he came to the Bottome, and there he found a faire great Vault, where he felt ſo terrible a Heat that he ſweat exceedingly, alſo as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further he eſpied out the Fountaine, whereat he greatly reioyced: and ſo hee tooke his Shield, and bore therein as much Water as he could and caſt it into the Fire. In concluſion, he laboured ſo long till the Fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect Lightneſſe, and the Golden Sunne to ſhine moſt clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there ſtood upon the Staires, many great Images of Braſſe, holding in their hands mighty Maces of Steele, the which had done him much Trouble at his comming downe: but then their Power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Inchantment finiſhed.

Thus when Saint George through his invincible Fortitude had performed this Dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with Heat and Sweating, and the mighty Blowes he received from the Brazen Images, that hee returned again to the Wicket, whereas the deformed Gyant ſtill remained: who when he beheld the Champions Returne both ſafe, and ſound, he fell upon his Knees before him, and ſaid:

Sir Knight, you are moſt welcome and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Chivalry, and the braveſt Champion of the World, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilſt I live, I do proteſt by the burning Banks of Acharon, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiſſe your Golden ſpurre, which is the Noble Badge of Knighthood.

This humble ſubmiſſion of the Gyant cauſed the Champion to reioyce, not for his Overthrow, but that he had gotten ſo mighty a Servant, then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had ſufficiently

sufficiently rested himselfe, hee took his iourney in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Queen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins; who like a kind, modest, and vertuous Wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the Immortall Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Successe and happy return: otherwise resolving her selfe if the lowring Destinies should crosse his intent, and unluckily end his dayes before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remnant of her life amongst those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Queene and her Virgins were aware, S. George arrived before the Pavillion, dutifully attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his shoulder, the body of a tall Drake, by which the Queen knew that his Prowess had redeemed her Countrey from darknesse, and delivered her from her sorrow, care, and trouble: so in company of her Maids very gorgeously Attyred, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his absence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her Divine Prayers, like to a sollitary Widow, clad in Mourning Habiliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished griefe, and in all haste ran unto him, and in his bosome ravished her selfe with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen feasted them, and in what manner shee and her Maids devised Pastimes for their contents, were tiwo tedious to repeat: but when night gave end to their Pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Queene brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a Bed framed with Ebon wood, over-hung with many pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuft with Downe of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Median Silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotten, covered with Damask, and stitcht with threds of Gold. The Queene bestowed upon Saint George at his going to Bed, an imbroydered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare Devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumph of Mars, and the Loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Art her selfe had bin the Contriver.

Sabra at her going to Bed was likewise presented by the Queenes Maidens, with a light Kirtle of changeable violet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white

kerchiefe of Silk upon her Head, ſomewhat loſe and untied, ſo that under the ſame, her Ivory throat might be eaſily ſeen, and her faire golden haires lying about her neck: over them was caſt a Mantle of green Silk, which made the Lady ſeeme more beautifull than Floraes richeſt Ornaments. By them the Queen and her Virgins ſate, making ſweet Muſick upon their ſilver tuned Lutes, till golden ſleep had cloſed up their eyes; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewiſe to their naturall reſts. But all this while the Gyant never entred the Pavilion, but ſlept as ſoundly at the root of a Pine-Tree, as Saint George did in his embroydered Bed: for he knew not what Pleaſures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any womans Face. At laſt, the night withdrew her black Curtaines, and gave the morning leave to appeare, whoſe pleaſant light cauſed Saint George to forſake his Bed, and to walk ſome few miles to over-view the Countrey: In which iourney he tok ſuch exceeding pleaſure, that hee thought it the goodlieſt Realm that ever he ſaw, for he perceived well how that it was full of worldly Wealth.

At laſt, hee climed up to the top of an high Mountaine, being ſome two miles from the Queenes Pavilion, whereon he ſtood and beheld many ſtately Townes, and Towers, high and mighty Caſtles, many large Woods and Meddowes, and many pleaſant Rivers; and about the Townes, faire Vines, goodly Paſtures and Fields. At laſt, he beheld the City of Argenia ſhining againſt the Sunne, the place where the Queene in former time was wont to keep her Court: which City was invironed with deep Ditches, the Wall ſtrongly builded, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone: alſo he ſaw many faire Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spires of gold, ſhining moſt gorgeouſly, with Weather-Cocks of Silver, glittering againſt the Sunne. Alſo he ſaw the Burgeſſes Houſes ſtand like Pallaces, cloſed with high and ſtrong Walls, barred with Chaines of Iron from Houſe to Houſe: whereat in his heart he praiſed much the nobleneſſe and richneſſe of the City, and ſaid to himſelfe, that it might well be called Argenia, for it ſeemed to bee of Argent, that is as much to ſay, of Silver.

During the time of the Champions pleaſurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the cloſing of the

Evening

Evening, hapned a woful Tragedy, neere unto the Queenes Pavilion, committed by the monstrous Gyant whom Saint George brought from the Enchanted Tower: for that same morning when the Sun had mounted some few Degrees into the Firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabra's company, walked into a pleasant thicket of Trees adioyning to her Pavilion, not only to take the pleasure of the mornings Ayre, but to heare the chirping melody of Birds: in which thicket or Grove, under a Pine-Tree, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautifull Ladies under the Branches of the Trees, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustfull Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoyles of their Chastities, or end his dayes in some monstrous manner: therefore he starts up from the place where he lay, and with a lowring full countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his Armes, he bore them to the further side of the Grove, where he Ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his lothsome bowels, Sabra being the eighth of that woful number, which in her sight shee beheld butchered by that bloody wolfe: but continuing the time of their Ravishment, shee made her Supplication to the Gods; that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustfull Rape of so wicked a Monster: and immediatly upon these words, she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by Policie shee saved her life, and preserved her Honour: for that took the Toad betwixt her hands, and crushed the venome from her unpoysoned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her Face, so that presently her fair Beauty was changed into lothsome bitterness; for she seemed more like a creature devoyned with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be devoured, and the lustfull Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her Visage so inverenomed, he lothed her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her, nor proffering to devoure her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieving at the committed crime, and finely repenting himselfe of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoyle of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong proffered to so noble a Knight: who not only granted him liberty of life, but received

him

him into his service: therefore hee raged up and downe the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations: one while cursing his fortune and hour of creation: another while banning his Sire and diabolish Dam: but when he remembred the Noble Champion Saint George, whose angry frowne hee would not see for all the world, then to prevent the same, hee ran his Head most furiously against a knobbed Oake, and brayned himselfe: where we will leave him now welt'ring in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after shee had wandred up and downe the thicket many a weary step, incensing Heaven against the Gyants cruelty, the Sunne began to set, and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complaine:

O you immortall Powers of Heaven, and you Celestiall Planets, being the true Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celestiall Gates, and send some fatall Planet, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the vale of misery, for I will never more returne to my beloved Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome Face will prove a corasive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soule: my sight will bee displeasant, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile: therefore I will remaine within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witnesse Heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extreamity I have maintained my Chastity: in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chaine of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know, for his sake I have endured a world of woe. At which speeches she took her Chaine (which was doubled twenty times about her neck) and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Virgins whom the Gyant had Ravished and slain, and so betook her selfe to a sad and solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her dayes wandring in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of Saint George, who by this was returned to the Queens Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to heare the melody of Birds, and since that time no newes hath been

heard

heard of them: for as then it grew towards night, which caused Saint George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befalne his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Gyant: but answer was made, that he was neither seene nor heard of ſince morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants Treachery, and how by his meanes the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the Thicket, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra through every Bramble Bush: but there he could neither heare the voyce of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the wofull Ecchoes of his Exclamations, which ratled through the leaves of the Trees. Then began he to war something Melancholy, and Passionate, passing the time away with wofull Lamentations till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphеares, by whose glistering Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with Purple Gore, and found the Chaine that Sabra was wont to weare about her neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies hapleſſe Destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murthered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lies the Blood of my Beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enioyed: that Body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich then the Tombe of Angelica, I feare lies buried in the Bowells of that monstrous Gyant; whose Life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chaine besmeared with blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Maske: this Golden Chaine, I say, stained with the blood of my deare Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my Bosome near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true Love, Faith, and Constancy. But fond fool that I am, why doe I talke in vaine: it will not recompence her murthered Soule, the which me thinks I heare how it calls for revenge in every corner of this Grove. It was I that left her carelesly with in the Danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore will I meet her in the Elizium Shades, and crave remission for my committed Trespalle, for on this Oake I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the Love of Sillara: which Lamentation being no sooner

ended, but hee took the Chaine of Gold, and fastned one end to the arm of a great Oke, and the other end to his neck, intending presently to strangle himselfe: but Heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same Tree the brayned Gyant lay, not yet fully dead; who in this manner spake to Saint George.

O stay thy hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chiefe Wonder for admired Chivalry, and let my dying soule convert thee from so wicked a deed. Seven Virgins in this thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels: but before I could deflowre the eighth, in a strange manner her bright Beauty was converted into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby, I detested her sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this houre she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket: and thereupon with a dolefull groan which seemed to shake the ground, he made adue to the World. Then Saint George being glad to heare such tidings, revertid from his desperate intent, and searched up and downe the Grove till he found Sabra, where she sate sorrowing under the branches of a Mulberry Tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavie greeting, and as they walked back to the Queens Pavillion, shee Discoursed to him the truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained till the Amazonian Queene had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skill: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks, for her kinde courtesies, Saint George with his Lady took their tourney towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay encampt, at whose arrivall, you shall heare strange and wonderfull things, the like was never done in any Age.

CHAP. XVII.

How Saint George and his Lady loſt themſelves in a Wilderneſſe, where ſhe was delivered of three goodly Boyes. The Fayrie Queenes Propheſie upon the Childrens fortunes. Of Saint Georges return into Bohemia, where he Chriſtened his Children, and of the finding of his Fathers Grave, over which he built a ſtately Tombe.

SAint George having atchieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra, the furie of the luſtfull Gyant, they took their iourny towards Perſia, where the Chriſtian Champions lay encamped before the Soldans great City of Grand Belgor, a place moſt ſtrongly fortified with Spirits and other gaſtly illuſions, by the Enchantment of Oſmond, whom you heard before in the laſt Chapter, to be the rareſt Negromancer in the World: but as the Engliſh Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they hapned into a Deſart, and mighty Wilderneſſe overgrown with lofty Pines and Cedar Trées, and many huge and mighty Okes, the ſpreading branches whereof ſéemed to withhold the light of Heaven from their untrodden Paſſages, and tops for exceeding heighth to reach into Elements, the Inhabitants were Silvanes, Satyres, Fayries, and other woody Nymphes, which by day ſported up and down the Foreſt, and by night tended the pleaſure of Proſerpine the Fayrie Quéen. The Muſick of ſilver ſounding Birds, ſo chearefully reſounded through the Woods, and the whiſtling Winde made ſuch melody amongſt the leaves of Trées, that it raviſhed their Senſes like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the ſhades of gladſome Elizium: one while they wondred at the beauty of the Woods, which nature adorned with a Summers Livery: another while at the gréen and fragrant graſſe, drawn

out in round Circles, by Fayries Dances: so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages, not knowing how, nor by what meanes to recover the perfect Path of their intended Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wildernesse like Solitary Pilgrims, spending the Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imaginations, even as a Childe when he hath lost himselfe in a populous City runneth up and downe, not knowing how to returne to his Native Dwelling: Even so it happened to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandred many Dayes one way, and finding no end of their Toyles, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to heare the Noyse of People resound in Countrey Villages, and to meet Travellers posting from Place to Place, but now they heard nothing but blustering of Winds, ratling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle and the Trees to groane, and now and then to meet a Speckled Beast like to the Rain bow, weltring from his Denne to seek his Naturall Sustenance: in their Travell by Night they were wont to heare the crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tydings, of the chearfull Dayes approach, the neighing of Horses in pasture Fields, and the barking of Dogs in Farmers houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lions, yelling of Wolves, the croaking of Toads in Roots of Rotten Trees, and the rufull sound of Progries Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this Solitary manner wearied they the rowling Time away, till thrice three Times the Silver Moon had renewed her borrowed Light, by which time the Burthen of Sabraes Wombe began to grow painfull, and the Fruit of her Body to wax ripe, the Houre of her Delibery drew on, wherein shee required Lucinaes help, to make Saint George the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the painfull Hour of her Delibery approacht, Saint George had provided her a Bower of Vine Branches, which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills: where in stead of a Princely Cabinet, hung with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her self with a simple Lodging covered with Roses, and other Fragrant Flowers: her Bed he

made

made of Green Mosse and Thistle Downe, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orenge Tree, which made it seem more beautifull then Floraes Pavilion, or Dianaes Mansion: But at the last, when she felt the paine of her Wombe grew intollerable, and the Séed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderneſſe devoyd of Womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self downe upon her Mosse Bed, and with her blushing Countenance she discoursed her minde in this order to Saint George.

My most Deare and Loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all Times and Seasons except at this hour, for it is the painfull hour of my Delibery, therefore depart from out the hearing of my Eyes, and commit my Fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens; for it is not convenient for any mans Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a Case: stay not, I say, Deare Lord, to sée the Infant now sprawling in my womb to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation, forsake my Presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Quéen of France, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this Wilderneſs, as was her Valiant Sons Valentine and Orson: the one of them was cherisht by a King, and the other by a Beare, yet both of them grew Famous in their Déeds: my pain is great, dear Lord therefore depart my Cabinet, and before bright Phœbus lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a lifeleſſe body: Thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widdower. At which words S. George sealed the Agrément with a Kisse, and departed silently without any Reply: but with a thousand sighes he bade her adue, and so took his way to the top of a Mountaine, being in Distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile: there knéeled hee during the time of her Travell, with his bare Knées upon the bosome of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Majestie of God, to grant his Lady a spédy & easy Delibery: at whose Divine Orizons the Heavens séemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the Place with a Vaile of Darkneſse, by great flights of Birds, with Troops of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where hée knéeled, and in their kinds assisted his Celestiall contem-

plations: where I will leave him for a time, and speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her Paines, and extreamity of her Travell: for after Saint George's departure, the furie of her griefe so raged in her Womb, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrayned to breathe so many scorching sighes, that they seemed to blast the Leaves of Trees, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened torments caused her star-bright eyes, like fountaines to distill downe silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earth-quake: so grievous were her paines, and rufull were her cryes, that she caused the mercilesse Tygers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like silly Lambs to sit and bleat: her grievous cryes and bitter moanes caused the Heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours down, and the Earth to weep a spring of teares: both Hearbs and Trees did seeme to droop, hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last, her pittifull cryes pierced down to the lowest vaults of direfull Dis, where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her Fayries, and so prevailed, that in all haste she ascended from her regiment, to work this Ladies safe delivery, and to make her Mother of three goodly Boyes, who no sooner arrived in Sabras Lodging, but she practised the duty of a Mid-wife, eased the burthen of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: at whose first sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to reioyce, as a sign and token, that in time to come they would prove three of the noblest Knights in the World.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but shee layd the three Boyes in three most rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which shee caused her Fayries to fetch invisibly from three of the richest Knights in the World, and therewithall Mantles of Silk, with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Satyre to fetch from the furthest Borders of India, a covering of Damask Taffaty Embroydered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever mortall eye behold: for thereon was wrought and lively portrayed by the curious skill of Indian Weavers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring Courses both of Sunne and Moone, and likewise how the golden

golden Planets daily doe predominate: Also there is no Story in any Age remembred since the beginning of the World, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that Art her selfe could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpasse in bravery the gorgeous Bed of Iuno the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious Iove. After this Proserpine layd under every Childs Pillow a silver Tablet, whereon was written in Letters of Gold, their good and happy fortunes. Under the first was these Verses Charactred, who at that time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this royall Babe shall die:
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall conquered be:
The Towers of faire Ierusalem and Rome,
Shall yeeld to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe was Charactred these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the lap of Dido, whom Venus Transformed to the likenesse of Askanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device, and Courtly sport:
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where noble Knights resort:
Queenes shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the Pillow of the third was these Verses likewise Charactred, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when shee strove for the golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Heaven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his dayes:

Kings

Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endlesse praise:
By Pallas gift he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and lift him to renowne.

Thus when the Fayrie Quéene had ended her Prophesie upon the Children, and had left them golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady reioycing at her safe Delivery, and wondring at the Gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadowes to dazle her eyes, and things of a fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damask Taffaty, which covered her Holly Bed, and felt that it was the selfe-same form that it séemed, she cast her eyes with a chearefull look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave thanks to Immortall love for her rich received benefits, but for his mercifull kindnesse in making her the happy Mother of thrée such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion Saint George, whom we left praying upon the Mountaine top, and as you heard before, the Skies were over-spread with Sable Clouds as though they had béene mourning witnesses of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sunne had div'd into watry Thetis Lap, the Element began to cleare, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which hée supposed that Heaven had pitied his Ladies paines, and granted her a safe Delivery: therefore in all haste he retired back to the Silvane Cabinet; the which hée found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Habiliments, his Lady lying in her Child-Bed, as glorious as if she had béene the greatest Empresse in the World, and thrée Princely Boyes swétly sléeping in their severall Cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it withheld the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillowes, and had read the happy fortunes of his children, he ran unto his Lady, imbraced her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true Discourse of that strange accident, and by whose meanes the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childrens Prophesie: who with a countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replyed in this manner:

My most deare and welbeloved Lord, the paines I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Bayes, hath bin more terrible than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyfull than the pleasures of this World: the Winds carryed my Groans to every corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trées and Hearbs assisted my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowles, with every senceleſſe thing that Nature framed on this Earth, seemed to pitty my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to mée a Quéen crowned with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Iuno, and in beauty to divine Diana: her Garments for bravery seemed to staine the Rainbow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpasse the Flowers in the Fields: On her attended many beautifull Nymphes, some clad in Garments in colour like the Chrystall Ocean, some in Attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azurde Firmaments: her wisdome might compare with Apollo's, her iudgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred shee my presence, but my travels ceased, and my Womb delivered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet: likewise these Mantles, and this imbroydered Coverlet she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediatly vanished away.

At which words, Saint George gave her so many kinde imbraces, and kissed her so lovingly, as though it had bene the first day of their Nuptials. At last, her hunger encreased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except shee received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extream desire of Sabra caused Saint George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword ready to gorge the intrailes of some Beast: who swore by the honour of his Knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My Love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers than Iason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death; the flying Fowle Ile follow up and downe from Trée to Trée, till over-wearied they doe fall and die: for love

of thée and these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more deare than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers, than did Hercules for the love of Deianira, and more extreams than Turnus did in his bloody Battels: and thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no thorny brake nor mossie Cave unsearcht, till he had found a Herd of fallow Déere: from which number he singled out the fattest, to make his Lady a bountifull Banquet: but in time of his absence, there hapned to Sabra a strange and wonderfull accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygresse, and a she Wolfe, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which sight, Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her Bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vaine: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing: then like a discontented woman she turned back, beating her breasts, rending her haire, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour shee could devise against her selfe; and had not Saint George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with teares, her head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breasts all to be rent, and torn, he cast down his Venison, and in all haste asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said shée) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to mée: for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lionesse, a Tygresse, and a Wolfe came into the Cabinet, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I feare, by this time they are intombed within their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth hée) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved mée of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the entrailes of the fallow Déere, shall rive my wofull heart in twain. Accursed be this fatall day, the Planets that predominate, and Sunne that shines thereon, heaven blot it from the yeare, and let it never more bée numbred, but accounted for a dismall day through all the World: let all the Trées be blasted in these

accursed

accurſed Woods: let Herbs and Graſſe conſume away and die, and all this perish in this Wilderneſſe. But why weathe I ſuit theſe Curſes in vaine, when as me thinks I heare my Children in unchained Lyons Dens, crying for help and ſuccour: I come, ſweet Babes, I come, either to redeeme you from the Tygers wrathfull fawes, or make my grave within their hungry bowels. Then took hee up his Sword beſmeard all with blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and ſenſe, raged up and downe the Wilderneſſe, ſearching every corner for his Children; but his Lady remayned ſtill in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loſſe, waſhing their Cradles with her pearled teares that ran downe her ſtayned cheeks like ſilver drops.

Many wayes wandred Saint George, ſometime in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers Lurk; ſometime on mountain tops, where Lyons Whelps do ſport and play, and many times in diſmall thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred Saint George up and down the Wildeneſſe, for the ſpace of two dayes, hearing no newes of his unchriſtned Children. At laſt, he approached the ſight of a pleaſant River, which ſmoothly glided down betwixt two Mountaines, into whoſe ſtreames hee purpoſed to caſt himſelfe, and ſo by a deſperate deathgive end to his ſorrowes: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the Waters, and his ſoule to the pleaſure of the Heavens, he heard a far off the rufull ſcrike, as he thought of a comfortleſſe Babe: which ſudden noyſe, cauſed him to refraine from his deſperate purpoſe, and with more diſcretion to tender his owne ſafety. Then caſting his eye aſide, it was his happy deſtiny to ſpie three inhumane Beaſts lying at the foot of the Hill, tumbling themſelves againſt the warme Sunne, and his three pretty Babes ſucking from their Wombs, their moſt unkindly milk: which ſpectacle ſo encouraged the Champion that without further adviſement, with his ſingle Sword, he aſſailed at one time the three Monſters: but ſo furiouſly they purſued him, that he little prevailed; and being almoſt breathleſſe, was forced to get into an Orange Tree, leſt he had been buried in their mercileſſe bowels: but when the three wild Beaſts perceived him above their reaches, and that by no meanes they could come nere him, with their wrathfull fawes they ſo rent and tore the rot

of the Tree, that if by policy hee had not prevented them, the Tree had been pulled in pieces: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, and so over-loaden, that the branches seemed to bend, and the boughes to break: of which fruit he cast such abundance down to the Beasts, whereby they restrained their furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavie sleep. This good and happy fortune caused Saint George nimbly to leap off the Tree, and with his keene edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his children, lying comfortlesse upon a Mossie Bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoyce, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though hee had been honoured with the Conquests of Cæsar, or the Royalty of Alexander: therefore after he had given them his blessing, hee took them up in his Armes, and spake these words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your safe deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will adde long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death; From hence forth let Heaven be your Guide, and send you as happy Fortunes as Remus and Romulus, the first Founders of Imperious Rome, which in their infancies were Nursed with the milke of a Ravenous Wolfe: and as prosperous in your Adventures, as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the milke of a Bitch. At the end of which speeches, he approched the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the losse of her children: but at his returne he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyfull welcome, whereat he fell into this extream passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune (quoth he) how many griefes heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou needs entoyne mee to an endlesse sorrow? See, Sabra, see, I have redeemed our Sonnes, and freed them from the Tygers bloody jawes, whose wrathfull countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Armes, laying them sweetly upon her Ivory bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Æneas sported in the Court of Carthage. The kind imbraces, loving speeches, and joyfull conference that past betwixt

betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without further Disturbance, either of Wilde Beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed sickness: and then being conducted by a happy star, they returned back the ready way to Christendome: where after some few Dayes travell, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Countrey, with two other bordering Princes most Royally Christened his Children. The Eldest they named Guy: the Second, Alexander, and the Third David: the which being performed and the trymphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one Moneth, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare unto Saint George, provided most Honourably for his Childrens bringing up. First he appointed three severall Embassadours with all things necessary for so Princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three severall Countreyes. The first and Eldest whose Fortune was to be a Souldier, he sent to the Imperiall City of Rome, (being then the wonder of the World for Martiall Discipline) there by the Emperor to be trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentifull Countrey of England, being the Pride of Christendome for all Delightfull Pleasures. The third and last, whose Fortune was to prove a Scholler, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the Excellentest place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were Saint George's Children provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Embassadours were in readinesse, the ships for their Passage furnished, and their attendants appointed, Saint George in the company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-bord, where the Wind served them so prosperously, that in a short time they had adue to the Shore, and sailed cheatfully away. But as Saint George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his Chance to come by an old Ruinated Monastery under whose Walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain Verses that were carved in Stone over his grave by the Commons of the country (as you may read before

in the beginning of this Hiſtory.) Over the same he requested of the King, that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of obscurity.

To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave speciall commandement that the cunningest Architectors that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withall gave a Tun of Gold forth of his owne Treasury towards the performance thereof.

The sudden report of this memorable déed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their owne accord with such willingnesse, that they in short time finished it. The Foundation of the Tombe was of the purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Grove, Hils, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: the Props and Pinacles of Alablaster, beset with knobs of Jasper Stone, the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet, upon the top stood foure golden Lyons, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the golden Sunne and Moone, and how the Heavens have usuall Courses, with many other excellent things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to Discourse the Princely Procédings of Saint George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindnesse, and courtesie, and so departed towads Egypt and Persia, of whose Adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: of their Royall Entertainment in the City of Grand Cayer: and also how Sabra was crowned Queen of Egypt.

MAny strange accidents, and dangerous Adventures, Saint George with his Lady passed before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant Chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of Sabra's first creation; The twelve Peeres unto whom Saint George before time had committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before Discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendred up his Scepter, Crown, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earles, Lords, Knights, and Royall Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Cayer, being then under the subiection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in World, for it was in breadth and compasse full threescore Miles, and had by iust account within the Wals twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion: but when Saint George with his stately attendants entred the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a ioyfull sound of Bels, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring melody of Heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of Cæsar in Rome, when he returned from the Worlds Conquest. The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Schollers of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewed with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Wals hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus

Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondring at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listning to their learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Pallace, where in the first Entry of the Court was contrived over their heads, a golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to raine Nectar and Ambrosia: Likewise there descended, as it were from the Clouds, Ceres, the Goddesse of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Hearbs, Flowers, and Trees: who, at the comming by of Saint George and his Lady presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentifull Countrey, both of Wealth and Treasure. But at Ceres ascention up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant fire works, shooting from place to place, as though the firy Planets had descended Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightfull Pastimes: but as Saint George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of Warre, invironed with a Camp of armed Souldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold or invincible City: their silver Trumpets seem'd to sound chearefully, their thundring Drums couragiously, their silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to March Tryumphantly: All which seemed to give more content to Saint George, than all the delightfull Pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the World that more retoyced his heart, than to heare the pleasant sound of Warre, and to see Souldiers brandish forth their steeled Weapons. After hee had sufficiently delighted himselfe in these Martiall Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had beene kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred yeares, and held for the richest Monuments in the Countrey. Also hee presented Sabra with a Mirrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at

a Kings Ransome: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the Liberall Sciences, and by Art discover what was practised in other Princes Courts: if any Hill or Mountaine within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and Countrey, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth: by it one might truly Calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Commonwealths, with many other excellent gifts of Vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed S. George to the third Court, which was as richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twaine: for there was most lively portrayed the manner of Elizium, how Iove and Iuno sate invested on their Royall Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed Saint George with his Lady through the three Courts, till they came to the Pallace: wherein was provided against their comming, a stately Banquet than had the Macedonian Monarch, at his return into Babylon, when he had conquered the middle Earth: the curious Cates and well replenisht Dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld, since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the World had been present. Many dayes continued this sumptuous Cheere, and accompanied with such Princely Triumphs, as Art herselfe wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three Moneths following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue washt in the conservatives of the Muses honey to declare it. Egypt was honoured with Tryumphs, and Grand Cayer with Tilts and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and Feastivall Day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queene; no Tradsman nor Artificer was suffered to Work that day, but was charged upon paine of death to hold it for a day of Tryumph,

a day of ioy, and a day of pleaſure, in which Royalties Saint George was a principall performer, till ſpirit of Honour ſummoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Chriſtian Champions in Perſia, cauſed him to breviate the Paſtimes, and to buckle on his ſteeled Coriet, which had not gliſtered in the Fields of Mars in foure and twenty dayes: of whoſe Noble Deeds, and adventrous Proceedings, I will at large Diſcourſe, and leave all other Paſtimes, to the new inveſted Queen and her Ladies.

CHAP. XIX.

The bloody Battell betwixt the Chriſtians and the Perſians, and how the Negromancer Oſmond rayſed up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight againſt the Chriſtians: How the ſix Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by Saint George: The miſery and death of the Conjurer, and how the Souldan brained himſelfe againſt a Marble Pillar.

NOw muſt we return to the Chriſtian Champions, and ſpeak of their Battels in Perſia, and what hapned to them in Saint Georges abſence: for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had newes of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the murther of the Earle of Coventry, he cauſed them to March into Perſia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongfull impriſonment upon the Souldan his Provinces: in which Countrey after they had marched ſome fifty miles, burning and ſpoyling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans Power which was about the number of three hundred thouſand fighting men: but the Muſter-Rolls of the Chriſtians were likewiſe numbred, and they amounted not to above one hundred thouſand able men: at which time, betwixt the Chriſtians & Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battell, the like in any age was ſeldome fought: for it continued without ceaſing, for the ſpace

of

of five dayes, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties.

But at last, the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the Rivers for twenty miles compasse did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to faile, and incontinently fled like sheep before the Wolfe. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither young nor old, till the wayes were strowed with lifelesse bodies like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as levell with the ground, as Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himselfe, with many of his best approved Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of Warre in all the Kingdome of Persia: before whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable practises of Osmond within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Army had long time given Assault to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Stormes of Winters Hail, whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yeeld, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resigne his happy Government to Fortunes Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within thirty dayes, if they had not the Honour of the Warre, then willingly to condiscend to their Countreys Conquest: which princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yeeld up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower, where he found Osmond sitting in a Chaire, studying by Magick how long Persia should remaine unconquered: who at his entrance drove him from his Charms with these Speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the World hath made famous. Now is the time to expresse thy Loyalty and Love thou beares thy Soveraign: Now is the time thy Charming Spels must work for Persias good:

good: thou seest my fortunes are deprest; my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corne consumed, and my Country almost conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth dolefull Funerals for my Souldiers: I that was wont with my armed Legions to drink up Rivers as we Marched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing the number of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my frowns, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with blood, and stood rejoycing when I saw their Buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Wombs the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in Streams of blood, may now behold my Countreys ruine, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatall overthrow: Awake, great Olmond, from thy dreaming trance, awake I say, and raise a Troop of black infernall Fiends to fight against the damned Christians, that like swarms of Bées doe flock about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Lands Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, Ile make thée King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say, thy Charmed Spirits, leave burning Acharon empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battell.

These words were no sooner ended, but there ratled such a peale of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake: whereat the Negromancer started from his Chaire, and in this manner encouraged the Souldan.

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both lose and bind the Fiends, and call the black fac'd Furies from low Cocitus? Am not I that skilfull Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoyl? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this Enterprise, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my Charms shall cause the Heavens to raine such ratling showres of Stones upon their heads, whereby the Earth shall be overloaden with their dead bodies, e Hell overfilled with their hatefull soules; senselesse Trées shall rise

in

in humane shapes, and fight for Persia. If wise Medea were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safegard of her Fathers state, then why should not Osmond practise wonders for his Soveraigns happinesse? Ile raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth, more black than dismall night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, Legions of fierce Spirits will I up-raise from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: The Fields of Grand Belgor shall be ore-spred with venemous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, & impoysoned Toads, the which unseen shall lurk in Mollie ground, and sting the Colonels of Warlike Horses: down from the Chrystall Firmament, I will conjure a Troop of Ayrie Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in Princely Ornaments, shall intice those Christian Champions in the Charms of Love: their eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, & dazle to their Warlike thoughts, and their lovely countenances, more bright than Fayries, shall lead them Captives to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by my Magick Spels: their warlike Weapons that were wont to smoak in Pagans blood, shall in my Charmed Tent bee hung upon the boiners of Peace: their glistering Armours that were wont to shine within the Fields of Affrica, shall henceforth be evermore stained with rust: & themselves surnamed for Martiall Discipline, the wondrous Champions of the World, shall surfet with delightfull loves, and sleep upon the laps of ayrie Spirits, that shall descend the Elements in Virgin shapes: terror & despair shall mightily oppresse their merciless Souldiers, that they shall yéld the honourable Conquest to your Excellency: such strange and wondrous accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the Earth tremble to heare my Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy Gates, and March thitherward with thy Armed Souldiers: leave not a man within the City, but let every one that is able to beare Arms, fight in the Honour of Persia, and before the closing of the night, Ile make thée Conquerour, and yéld up the hateful Christians as Prisoners to thy Mightinesse.

If this prove true, renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised

(ſaid the Souldan) Earth ſhall not harbour that too deare for thee: for thou ſhalt have my ſelfe, my Kingdoms, Crowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, ſhall pay thee yearely Tribute with her Treaſure: Pactulus ſhall yeeld his Riches to thy pleaſure, the place where Midas waſht his golden wish away. All things that Nature framed precious, ſhalt thou be Lord and Sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invaſion of my Countrey: and thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Negromancer in his ſtudy, and as hee gave commandement, his Captaines made in readineſſe his Souldiers, and furniſhed their warlike Horſes, and by the Suns uprising, marched into the Fields of Belgor: where upon the North-ſide of the Enemy they pitched their Camp. On the other ſide, when the warlike Chriſtians had intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Pagans were entred the Fields, ready to give them Battell, ſudden Alarums ſounded in their eares, rumors of Conqueſt encouraged ſo their Souldiers, that preſently they were in readineſſe to entertaine the Perſians to a bloody Banquet. Both Armies were in fight, with blood red Colours wavering in the Ayre: the Chriſtian Champions richly mounted on their Warlike Courſers, placed themſelves in the fore-front of the Battel, like couragious Captains, fearing neither death, nor inconſtant chance of Fortune. But the Souldan with his petty Princes like cowards, were invironed and compaſt with a ring of armed Knights, where in ſtead of nimble Stéeds, they ſate in Iron Chariots. Divers heroicall and many princely encouragements paſt betwéen the two Armies, before they entred Battel: But when the Drums began to ſound Alarum, and the ſilver Trumpets gave dreadfull Ecchoes of death: when the Croſſe of Chriſtendom began to flourish, and the Arms of Mahomet to be advanced: even then began ſo terrible and bloody a Battell, that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Pagans received ſo great a Maſſacre, and fell ſo faſt before the Chriſtian Champions, that they were forc't to wade up to the knees in blood, and their Souldiers to fight upon heaps of ſlaughtered men: the Fields were altered from a green colour to a purple hue, the Dales were ſteept in crimſon goare, & the Hils & Mountains covered with dead mens rattling bones.

But let us not forget the wicked Negromancer Oſmond, that during

during the time of that dangerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley near unto the Camps, with his black haire hanging down unto his shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth; where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Ayre, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadfull sounds of Warre, he entred into these fatall and damned speeches:

Now is the Battel (quoth he) furiously begun, for me thinks I hear the Souldan cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Persias Victory, and Europs fatall Overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kisse the Earth, thrice beheld the Elements: and thrice bespringkled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, and after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Dæmon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chiefe Commander of those fearfull shapes, that nightly glide by misbeleeving Travellers, even thou that holdest a Snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning Steele, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chaines, even thou that tossest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like two blazing and unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let thy Furies loose, open thy brazen Gates and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of infernall Fiends that may in number countervaile the blades of grasse that beautifie these bloody Fields of Belgor.

These fatall speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire, that it is almost incredible to report, the which he caused to run unto the Christian Army: whose burning Fauchions not only annoyed the Souldiers with feare & terror, but also fired their Horse Manes, burned the trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Hearbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extream darknesse, as though the Earth had been covered with eternall night: he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a terrible Tempest, that it tore up mighty Oakes by the Roots, removed Hils and Mountaines, and blew men into the Ayre House and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any

whit

whit daunt the most noble and magnanimous minds of the six Champions of Christendom: but like unconquered Lyons they purchast Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans blood, making the Earth true witnesse of their Victorious and Heroicall Procedings, whom they had attyred in a bloodred Livery: and though S. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Martiall Discipline and Princely Atchievements) were absent in that terrible Battell: yet merited they as much Honor, and Renown, as though he had been there present: for the accused Pagans fell before their Warlike Weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from Trées, when the blustering Stormes of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceived that his Magick Spels took small effect, and how in despite of his Enchantments the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so evill and wicked an Enterprise, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some Celestiall meanes: but yet not purposing to leave of at the first repulse, hee attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First, he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compasse of the Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightsome Pleasures that either Art or Reason could invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with inticing delights, whom he purposed to kéep as Prisoners therein: then fell he again to his conjuration, and bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves into the likenesse of beautifull Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form & Beauty, like to the darlings of Venus, in comelinesse comparable with Thetis dancing on the silver sands, and in all proportions like Daphne, whose Beauty caused Apollo to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their chéeks to Roses dipt in milk, & their eyes more bright than the Stars of Heaven: also they séemed to carry in their hands silver Bowes, and on their backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows. Likewise upon their breasts they had Pictured the god of Love, dancing upon Mars his knée.

Thus in the shape of Beautious Damsels, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden baite

of

of their intising smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of love, and with their smiling Beauties lead them from their Souldiers, & to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. Which commandement being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather infernall Furies, more swift than the winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glistering beauties so dazled the eyes of the six Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their Princely valours were abated, & they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Meduſaes shadows had bin pictured upon their faces, to whō the intising Ladies spake in this maner:

Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody Warre, and hang your angry weapons on the bowre of Peace: Venus you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradise of love: there Heaven will raine down Nectar & Ambrosia swēt for you to fēd upon; and there the melody of Angels will make you Musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with intising kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their last farewell of Knight-hood and magnanimious Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies to the Negromancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guiders in danger of confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christians, that at the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose noble Atchievements I purpose now to speak: For no sooner had he entred the Battell and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernall Furies, the which Osmond had transformed, by his Charms, into the likenesse of beautifull Damsels: which unexpected newes constramed S. George to breathe from his sorrowfull heart this wofull lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth hee) why dost thou entertaine me with such bitter newes: are my fellow Champions come from Christendom to winne immortall Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with Beauty? Come they from Europe to fight in Coats of Steel, and will they lie distraught in tents of Love? Came they to Asia to purchase a

Kingdoms, and by bloody War to ruinate Countreys, and will they yéld their Victories to so foul disgrace: O shame and great dishonor to Christendom! O spot to Knighthood & true Chivalry: this newes is far more bitter to my soul, than was the poysoned dregs that Antipater gave to Alexander in his drunkennes, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, than was the juyce that Hanniball suckt from his fatall King. Come, Souldiers, come you Followers of those cowardly Champions, unsheath your Warlike weapons, & follow him whose soul hath vowed either to redéem them from the Negromancers Charms, or die with Honor in the Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures warred with damned Furies, & made a passage to enchanted Dales, where Divels dance & warlike shadowes in the night: then Souldiers, let us March unto that black Pavilion, & chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute spéeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with fear, grew so couragious, that they protested to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian Knights with Noble Iason in the Ile of Colcos. Now began the Battell again to renew, & the Drums to sound fatall knels for the Pagan Souldiers, whose souls the Christians Swords by numbers sent to burning Acharon: but S. George, that in valour excéded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest Stars in brightnesse, with his Sword made lanes of slaughtered men, and with his angry arm made passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that death had bin Commander of the Battell: he caused Crowns and Sceptors to swim in blud, & headlesse Stéeds with toyntlesse men to fall as fast before his Sword, as drops of raine before a thunder, and ever in greatest danger, he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the fame of Christendom, fight, Captaines, be now triumphant Conquerous, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromancers Charmes, nor all his flaming Dragons nor fiery Drakes that filled the Ayre with burning Lights, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of Hellish Legions, that like to Armed men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their procédings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent whereas the other Champions lay sur-

fetting

setting in love, whilst thousands of their friends fought in fearfull Coates of Steel, and merited renown by their Noble Atchievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike Followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muses: likewise his eares were almost ravished with the sugared Songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus Harp, caused both Stones and Trees to dance, and made the Elements to shew more brighter than the mornings Beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their chrystall cheeks: the Doves did kisse when they began to sing: the running waters danced, and every senselesse thing did seeme to breathe out sighes for love: so pleasant and heavenly were the sights in the Tent, and so delightfull in his eyes, that he had bin enchanted with their Charms if he had not continually born the Honour of Knight-hood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redound to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, & cut it into a thousand peeces, the which being done, he apparantly beheld where the Negromancer sate upon a block of Steele, feeding his Spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Souldiers to lay hold upon him, & after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oake: from whence neither his Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Divels could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the Ayre with Ecchoes of cryes, and speak how Saint George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike Attyre, their Furniture hung up, and themselves securely sleeping upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches.

O Heavens (said he) how my soul abhorrs this spectacle! Champions of Christendom, Arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the chosen Captaines of your Countreys, and will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies laps: for shame arise, I say, they have the teares of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant: to Armes, brave Knights, let Honor be your loves: blush to behold your Friends in Armes, and blush to see your Native Countreymen steeping the Fields of Mavors with their bloods, Champions, arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear this womanish Attyre, surfet not in silken Robes:

put on your steele Corslets, your glistering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mavors Fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroicall Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosomes, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissively craved pardon, and vowed by Protestations, never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary arms, till they had won their credits in the Fields againe: nor never would be counted his deserved Followers, till their Triumphs were enrouled amongst the Deeds of Martiall Knights. So arming themselves with approved Corslets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied Saint George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromancer Chained to the Tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter curses:

Let Hels horrour, and tormenting paines (quoth hee) bee their eternall punishments: let flaming fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their warlike Triumphs, and let their wayes be strowed with venemous thornes, that all their legs may rankle to their knees, before they march to their native Countreys. But why exclaim I thus in vaine, when Heaven it selfe preserves their happinesse? Now all my Magick Charmes are ended, and all my Spirits forsake me in my needs, and here am I fast chained up to starve and die. Have I had power to rend the Vales of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountaines with my Charms? Have I had power to raise up dead mens shapes from kingly Tombes: and can I not unchain my selfe from this accursed Tree? O no, for I am fetterd up by the immortall power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebell, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come, all you Negromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Schollars from the Learned Universities, come all you Witches, Beldames, and Fortune-tellers, and all that practise devillish Arts, come take Example by the story of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his owne hands tore his eyes from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wils, he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth hee bit in two his loathsome tongue, because

because it muttered forth so many fatall Charms: then into his thirsty bowels he devoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, wherewith hee had made his charmed Circles: and for every Letter, Mark, and Character, that belonged to his Conjurations he inflicted a severall torment upon himselfe: and at last, with sightlesse eyes, spæchlesse tongue, handlesse Arms, and dismembred body, hée was forced to give up his condemned Ghost: where after his ayre of life was banished from his earthly Trunck, the Heavens seemed to smile and triumph at his sudden fall, and Hell began to rore at the Conquest of his death: the ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Countrey, a Vale of walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damned life, and miserable fall of this accursed Negromancer Osmond, whom we willnow leave to the punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and speak of the seven noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After Saint George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his petty Kings taken Prisoner. Seven dayes the Battell continued without ceasing: they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves: some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high Trées, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yælded to the mercies of the Christians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yæld. The Souldan hapned into the hands of Saint George, and sir of his Vice-Royes to the other six Champions, where after they had sworne Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably: but the Souldan himselfe having a heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Governments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightnesse, and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his heart should yæld to their intended desires: whereupon Saint George being resolved to

revenge his former iniuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely Attyre, and in base apparell sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where hee himselfe had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: which strict commandement was presently performed: in which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomack with the bread of musty Bran, and stanching his thirst with Channell water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this wofull Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you shown a deserved plague upon my head, & all those guiltlesse souls that in former times my tyrannies have murthered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despaire my servitor: I that have famished thousands up in Wals of Stone, am now constrayned to feed upon mine own flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruell Christians know that as I lived in tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murther of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleeps with gastly visions.

This being said, he desperatly ran his Head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dasht his braines from out his hatefull Head: the newes of whose death, when it was bruited to the Champions eares, they proffered no violence to his lifelesse body, but entombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that, S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Lawes: also he gave to the other six Champions, six severall Kingdomes belonging to the Crown of Persia, and sirnamed them his Vice-Royes or petty Kings. This being done, he took truce with all the World, and triumphantly Marched towards Christendom, with the Conquest of three Imperiall Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which tourney he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroicall Atchievements, and through every Countrey that they Marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be Christned in their Faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose Worshippers were none but

Tyrants

Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, Saint George presently condiscended: not only in granting them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glistering glory through the World, that as far as ever the swelling Ocean flowed, and as farre as ever the golden Globes of Heaven extended their Lights, Saint George's Honour was bruited: and not onely his matchlesse Adventures caractred in brazen Tables, but his Martiall exploits painted in every Temple: so that the Heathen Poets contrived Histories of his Deeds, and famoused his Name amongst the Worthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of Affraca & Asia in greater Royalty, than did Darius with his Persian Souldiers towards the Camp of time-wondred Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of the watry world, and began to go aboard their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their farewels, and the Seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as Chrystall Ice, & the Winds blew such gentle Gales as though the Sea-gods had been Directors of their Fleet, the Dolphins danced above the water, and the lovely Sea-nuids, in Multitudes lay dallying amidst the Streames, making them delightfull pastime: the Skies seemed to smile, and the Sunne to shew a glistering brightnesse upon the Chrystall waters, that the Sea seemed to be of silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away committing their Fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the Bakes of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but Saint George in the presence of thousands of his Followers, kneeled down on the ground, and gave God prayse for his happy arrivall, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Ierusalem, we not only give thee condigne prayse, for our late atchieved Victories against thy Enemies, who by their wickednesse seek daily to pull thee from thy Celestiall Throne, but also doe render thee hearty thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring

devouring gulfe, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore, great King of Iuda, under whose name we have taken many things in hand, and have atchieved so many Victories, grant that these true Oblations of our thankfull hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which bee no fained Ceremonies, but the inward Devotions of our souls: and therewithall letting fall a showre of teares from their eyes, and discharging a volley of sighes from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their soules: he held his peace: then gave he commandement that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was performed, to the Honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Countrey of England, and there receive the comfort of ioyfull ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battels. This motion of S. George not only obtained their consents, but added a forwardnesse to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England; upon whose chalkie Cliffes they in a short time arrived, and after this took their iourney towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus gentle Reader, hast thou heard the First Part of the princely Atchievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these renowned and worthy Champions. The second Part Relates the Noble Atchievements and strange Fortunes of S. George's three Sonnes; the Loves of many gallant Ladies; the Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights; and the Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and places of their honourable Deaths; and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of Christendom.

FINIS.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Proweſſe, Noble Atchievements, and ſtrange Fortunes of Saint GEORGE's three Sonnes, the lively Sparks of Nobility:

The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, the Loves of many gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of mighty Potentates.

ALSO,

The manner and places of the honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being ſo many Tragedies: and how they came to be called the ſeven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Biſhop*.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD,

Richard Johnſon wiſheth encreaſe of all Proſperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleaſed your moſt Noble Brother in kindneſſe to accept of this Hiſtory, and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am I now emboldned to Dedicate this Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordſhips hands, not becauſe I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but raher that

it ſhould be, as it were, a witneſſe of the love and duty which I beare to your Right Noble Houſe.

And when it ſhall pleaſe you to beſtow the reading of theſe Diſcourſes, my humble requeſt is, that you would think I wiſh your Honour as many happy dayes, as there bee letters contained in this Hiſtory.

Thus praying for your Honours chiefe happineſſe, I remayn

Your Honours

in all dutifull Love,

to his poore power

R. F.

To the Gentle Reader.

Have finiſhed The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendom, *for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my* Firſt Part. *I will not boaſt of Eloquence nor Invention thereby to invite thy willingneſſe to read: Only thy Courteſie muſt bee my Buckler againſt the carping malice of mocking leſters, that being worſe able to doe well, ſcoffe commonly at that they cannot mend, cenſuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monky-like) make Apiſh jeſts at any thing they ſee in Print: and nothing pleaſeth them, except it ſavour*

of a ſcoffing or invective ſpirit. Well, what thoſe ſay of me I doe not care, thy delight only is my deſire: Accept it, and I am ſatisfied; reject it, and this ſhall be my penance, never againe to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayne, from this doubtfull Flood of Suſpicion, where I reſt. Walk on in the Hiſtory, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden; if among all the weeds thou finde one pleaſing flower, I have my wiſh.

Thine,

Richard Johnſon.

The Honourable HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

How Saint *George's* three Sons were entertained into the famous City of *London*, and after how their Mother was ſlaine in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorny Brake, her bleſſings ſhe gave her Sonnes, S. *George's* lamentation over her bleeding body: and likewiſe of the journey the ſeven Champions indended to *Ieruſalem* to viſit the Sepulchre of Chriſt.

AFter Saint George with the other ſix Champions of Chriſtendome (by invincible Conqueſts) had brought into ſubiection all the Eaſtern parts, and by dint of bloody Warres yoaked the ſtubborne Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the Golden Sunne begineth to ariſe, as you heard diſcourſed in the former part of the Hiſtory, they returned with the Conqueſt of Imperiall Diadems, Regall Crownes, and Kingly Scep-

ters, to the rich and plentifull Countrey of England: where, in the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of Valiant Knights and Gallant Gentlemen of Courtly Behaviour, and therewithall adorned with Troops of Ladies, of Divine and Celestiall Beauties, that tript it up and down the Stréets like to the Grecian Quéenes, when as they tyed the Phrygian Warriours in the silken snares of Love: whereby it seemed rather a Paradise for heavenly Angels, than a place for Earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Armes aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bowers of Peace, here their glistering Corslets rusted in their Armories, here was not heard the Warlike sound of Drums, nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Stéeds prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in Stéeled Coats to sléep in Champain Fields, lay dallying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with wearie Armes to wéeld the Warlike Fauchions, sate now imbracing lovely Ladies on their Knées, and they whose eares had wont to heare the rufull cryes of slaughtered Souldiers, were now ore-cloyd with Musicks pleasant Harmony.

In this Delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Oblivion, and spending their times in Honourable Tilts, and Courtly Turnaments: where Saint George performed many Atchievements in Honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, Saint George's thrée Sonnes, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all thrée born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wildernesse, and sent into thrée severall Kingdomes by their carefull Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romanes, another unto Wittenberg to the Learned Germanes, the third unto Britain to the Valiant English. But now being grown to some ripenesse of Age, and agility of Strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the Honour

of

of true Knighthood, and to weare the Golden Spur of Christendome.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutours, that they furnished them with a stately Traine of Knights, and sent them Honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the Famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their Welcomes so Honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to expresse.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightfull Showes the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemne Bels that rung them joyfull Welcomes, and the Silver strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I passe over the Fathers joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, then if he had beene made sole Monarch of the Golden Mynes of rich America: or that every hayre that grew upon his Head had beene equalled with a Kingdome, and he to give as many Golden Diadems in his Armes. Also his Mothers Welcomes to her Sonnes, who gave them more Kisses then she breatheed forth Groanes at their Deliveries from her painfull Womb in the Wildernesse.

The other Champions Courtesies were not the least nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen: but to be short, Saint George (whose Love was deare unto his Children) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that Day, and the Night following in Royall Banquetting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Mornings Sunne upon the Mountaine tops, and the cleare Countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but Saint George commanded a solemne Hunting, for the Welcome of his Sonnes.

Then began his Knights to Arme themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well Armed Boare-Speares in their hands prepared for the Game on Foot: but Saint George with his Sonnes clad in Greene Vestments like Adonis, with silver Hornes hanging at their

backs in Scarfes of coulored Silke, were still the formost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons valours displayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfray to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witnesse of these Silvane sports: she was armed with a curious breast-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand shee bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six miles from the City of London, there fell from Saint Georges nose three drops of purple blood, whereat hee suddenly started, and therewithall hee heard the croaking of a Flight of Night Ravens, that hovered by the Forrests side, all which he iudged to be disnall signes of some ensuing Stratagem: but having a Princely minde, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrustred the wofull accident that after happened, but with a noble resolution entred the Forrest, accounting such fore-telling tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compasse of halfe a mile, but they started a wild and swift Stagge, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave bridle to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas: But now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra proffering to keep pace with them, delighting to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sonnes, and being careleste of her selfe, through the over swiftnesse of her Steed, shee slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorny Brake of Brambles, the prickes whereof (more sharper than Spikes of Iron,) entred to every part of her delicate body: Some pierced the lovely Closets of her Starre bright eyes, whereby (in stead of Chrystall pearled teares) there issued drops of purest blood: her face before that blushed like the Mornings radiant countenance, was now changed into a Crimson red: her milk white hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seeme to weare a bloody

bloody Scarlet Glove: and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sonnes with the milk of Nature, were all be-rent and torne with those accursed Brambles: from whose deep wounds there issued such a streame of Purple gore, that it converted the grasse from a lively Greene to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her breast, began to enforce her soule to give the World a woefull farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowfull Sonnes, and all the rest of the woefull Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of teares, and when shee perceived that shee must of force commit her life to the fury of imperious death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Deare Lord (said shee) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the truest Wife that ever lay by any Princes side: yet mourne not you, nor grieve you my Sonnes, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Drums convey mee royally to my Tombe, that all the World may write in Brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendome) through many a bloodie Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Countrey, and have travelled with him through many a dangerous Kingdome: but now the cruell Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to performe what love hee hath deserved of mee. And now to you my Sonnes, this blessing do I leave behind: even by the paines that forty Weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Wombe, and by my Travels in the Wildernesse, whereas my grones upon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both Trees and Stones to drop down teares, when as the mercilesse Tygers and tamelesse Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to heare my lamentations, and by a Mothers love that ever since I have borne you, imitate and follow your Father in all his Honourable Attempts, harme not the silly Infant, nor the helpless Widdow, defend the honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to staine the unspotted Virgins with your lusts, and adventure evermore to redeeme true Knights from captivity: live ever professed Enemies

to Paganism, and spend your lives in the quarrell and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feele the chilnesse of pale Death closing the closets of mine eyes: Farewell vaine World, deere Lord farewell, sweet Sonnes you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adiew.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavie sigh shee yeelded up the Ghost: whereat Saint George (being impatient in his sorrowes) fell upon her liveleſſe body, rending his haire, and tearing his Hunters Attyre from his back into many peeces: and at last when his griefes were somewhat diminished, hee burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Starre (said hee) that lightned all the Northern World, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty stayned all Christian Women: for whom I le fill the Ayre with everlasting moans: Let this day henceforth bee fatall to all times, and counted for a dismall day of Death. Let never the Sunne shew forth his Beames thereon againe, but Clouds as black as pitch, cover the Earth with fearefull darkneſſe. Let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth bee blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Hearbs, and Flowers consume and wither, let Grasse and blooming buds perish and decay, and all things neare the place where shee was slaine bee turned to a dismall, black, and gastly colour, that the Earth it selfe in mourning Garments may lament her losse. Let never Bird sing cheerefully on tops of Trees, but like the mournfull musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ayre with fatall tunes: let bubling Rivers murmur for her losse, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing dolefull Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatall Woods bee covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight-killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearefull Ravens shrike, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may bee called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts.

Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why doe I thus lament in vaine, and bathe her bleeding body with my teares, when griefe by no meanes will recall her life? Yet this shall satisfie her soule, for I will goe a Pilgrimage unto Ierusalem, and offer up my teares to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stayned soule may bee washt from this bloody guilt, which was the causer of this sorrowfull dayes mishap.

These sorrowfull words were no sooner ended, but hee took her bleeding limbs betweene his fainting Armes, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of Alablaster new washt in Purple blood, and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his Sonnes whose sorrowes were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some teares upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournfull Flower, to beare remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that spring from chast Adonis blood, where Venus wept to see him slaine. Likewise the other six Champions (that all the time of their lamentations stood like men drowned in the depth of sorrow) began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spurre and golden Garter of Saint George's Legge, to accompany him unto the holy Land bare-footed, without either horse or shoe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usuall Pilgrims of the World, and never to return till they had payd their Vowes at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowfull manner wasted they the time away, filling the Woods with Ecchoes of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whistling Winds: but at last when black Night beganne to approach, and with her sable Mantle to over-spread the Chrystall Firmament, they retired with her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragicall accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the newes of her timelesse death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the

same caused both old and young to lament the losse of so sweet a Ladie, The Silver headed age, that had went in Scarlet Gownes to méet in Counsell, sate now at home in discontented Griefes: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins that had wont to beautifie the Stréets with Costly Garments, went droping up and downe in Black and mournfull Vestures: and those remorseleelle hearts that seldome were oppressed with Sorrow, now constrained their eyes, like Fountains, to distill a flood of brinish and pearly teares.

This generall grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty dayes; at the end whereof, Saint George with his Sonnes and the other Champions interred her Body very Honourably, and erected over the same a Rich and Costly Monument (in Sumptuous State like the Tomb: of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World: or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a staine to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Quéen of Chastity with her Maidens, bathing themselves in a Chrystall Fountaine, as a witnesse of her Wondrous Chastity, against the lustfull assaitments of all lascivious Attempts.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a Tréé of Gold, in signe of the true love that shée bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a Silver coloured Swan swimming upon a Chrystall River, as a token of her Beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowles in whitenesse, so she excelled all the Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, pummelled with Silver and Jasper Stones: Also I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Scutchions of Princes, and the Armes of Countreyes that beautified her Tombe, the Discourse whereof requires an Oratours Eloquence or a Pen of Gold dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, whereas the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alablaster, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of Grœn Silk, like unto Pigmalions Ivory Image, and direct-

ly

ly ober the ſame hung a ſilver Tablet, where on in Letters of gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For beauty, wit, and Princely Majeſty,
Whom ſpiteſull death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to full through ruthleſſe cruelty.
For as ſhe ſported in a fragant Wood,
Upon a thorney Brake ſhe ſpilt her blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With ſilver pearled teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuſe the fatall Siſters of deſpight,
For blaſting thus the pride of natures bloome:
For here ſhe ſleeps within this earthly grave,
Whoſe worth deſerves a golden Tombe to have,

Seven yeares ſhe kept her pure Virginity;
In abſence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did purſue her Chaſtity,
Whilſt he remaind in Priſon day and night;
But yet we ſee that things of pureſt prize,
Forſake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with dolefull melody,
And make this Monument your ſetled Bower;
Here ſhed your brackiſh teares eternally,
Lament both year, month, week, day, houre:
For here ſhe reſts whoſe like can near be found,
Her beauties pride lies buried in the ground.

Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
To faire *Ierusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake:
Because their silvane sports was chiefest guilt,
And only cause her blood was timelesse spilt.

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint George's direction, he left his Sonnes in the City of London, under the Government of the English King: and in company of the other six Champions, hee took his iourney towards Ierusalem.

They were Attyred after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Gaberdines downe to their feet, in their hands they bore staves of Ebon wood tipt at the ends with Silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lydian Steele, of such a sharpnesse, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortoys Shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of crimson Silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring time of the yeare, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Natures Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the silver waves seemed to lie as smooth as Christall Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a signe of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entred the Confines of Affrica.

There were they forced in stead of Downy Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbes upon heaps of Sunne-burnt Mosse: and in stead of silken Curtaines and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Leggs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the

stately

stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood; were forced to climbe the craggy Mountaines, and to endure the torments of pricking Byers, as they travelled through the desart places and comfortlesse solitary Wildernesses.

Many were the dangers that hapned to them in their journey, before they arrived in Iudea, Princely their Atchievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which for this time I passe over, leaving the Champions for a time in their Travell towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to Saint George's three Sonnes in visiting their Mothers Tombe in the City of London.

CHAP. II.

Of the ſtrange Gifts that Saint *George's* Sonnes offered at their Mothers Tombe, and what hapned thereupon: how her Ghoſt appeared to them, and counſelled them to the purſute of their Father: alſo, how the King of *England* Inſtalled them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furniſhed them with Habiliments of Warre.



The ſwift foot Steeds of Titans fiery Carre had almoſt finiſhed a yeare, ſince Sabra's Funerall was ſolemnized: in which time Saint George's three Sons had viſited their Mothers Tombe oftner than were dayes in the yeare, and had ſhed more ſorrowfull teares thereon in remembrance of her love, than Stars in the gliſtering Horizon: but at laſt theſe three young Princes fell at a civill Diſcord and mortall Strife, which of them ſhould beare the trueſt love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them ſhould be held in greateſt eſteem. For before many dayes were expired, they concluded to offer up their ſeverall Devotions at her Tombe: and hee that deviſed a Gift of the rareſt Price and of the ſtrangeſt quality, ſhould be held of the greateſt Honour, and accounted the nobleſt of them all. This determination was ſpædily performed, and in ſo ſhort a time accompliſhed, that it is wonderfull to Diſcourſe.

The firſt thinking to exceed his Brothers in the ſtrangeneſſe of his Gift, made repaire unto a cunning Enchan-

treſſe,

tresse, which had her abiding in a secret Cave adioyning to the City, whom hee procured (through many rich Gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a meane to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the World might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchantresse (being wonne with his promises) by Art and Magick Spels, devised a Garland containing all the diversity of Flowers that ever grew in Earthly Gardens: and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the silver Ilikles had disrobed both Hearbes and Flowers of their Beauties, and the Northern Snow lay freezing on the Mountains tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperiall Crown, with as many severall Flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glittring Raine-Bow, when it shineth in greatest pride: and casting such an odoriferous sent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down showers of Camphire, Bisse, or sweet smelling Amber-Greece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his hands, but hee left the Enchantresse sitting in her Ebon Chaire upon a block of Steele (practising her fatall Arts,) with her haire hanging about her shoulders, like wreathes of Snakes or invenomed Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tombe, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tombe, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon hee plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestiall Musick of Apollo when hee descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom hee turned into a Bay-Tree. The Musick being finished, hee tied his Lute in a Damask Scarfe, and with great humility hee hung it at the West end of the Tombe upon a knob of Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward Devotion or worldly Gift: but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an in-

nocent Lambe going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mothers soule.

This strange manner of Repair, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively. and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a showre of silver Teares from the Cisternes of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timelesse Tragedy, he prickt his naked Breast with a silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence there trickled down some thirty drops of Blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers Tombe in a silver Bason, as an Evident signe that there could be nothing more deare, nor of more precious price, then to offer up his own Blood for her Love. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swel in hatred like two chased Lyons, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the haire of the Head, and to dragge him round about their Mothers Tombe, till his Brains were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinckled upon her Grave: but this wicked Enterprise so moved the Majesty of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noyse of dead mens bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (loking fearfully about them) the Tombe seemed of it self to open, and thereout to appeare a most Terrible and Gastly Shape, pale, like unto Ashes, in Countenance resembling their Mother, with her Breast besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismall and rufull Look thee spake unto her desperate Sonnes in this manner:

O you degenerate from Natures kinde, why doe you seek to make a Murther of your selves? can you indure to see my Body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Wombe dismembred? Abate this Fury, staine not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tombe a Spectacle of more Death. Unite your selves in Concord that my discontented Soule may sleep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbrideled Humour. Make haste I say, Arm your selves in Steeled Corslets, and follow your Valiant

Valiant Father to Ierusalem, he is there in Danger, and distresse of Life; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but haunt you up and downe with Ghastly Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the brittle Ayre, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of wits, through the terrours of her words: but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continuall Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to live in Brotherly Concord, till the Dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had happened: and falling upon their Knées before his Majesty, requested at his Hands the Honour of Knighthood, with Leave to depart in pursuit of their Father and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distresse.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfill their Requests, presently condiscended, and not onely gave them the Honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with Rich Habiliments of Warre, answerable to their Magnanimous Mindes. First, hee franckly bestowed upon them three Stately Palfreyes, bred upon the bright Mountaines of Sardinia, in Colour of an Iron Gray, Beautified with Silver Hayres, and in pace swifter then the Spanish Jennets, (which are a kinde of Horse ingendered by the Windes upon the Alpes, certaine cragged Mountaines that divide the Kingdomss of Italy and Spain) for boldnesse and Courage like to Bucephalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsars Steed, that never dauted in the Field, and they were trapped with rich trappings of Gold after the Morocco fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chaires with backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with Spangled Plumes, of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many Golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords wrought of purest Lydian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brasse, at the tops whereof hung Silken Streamers beautified with the English Crosse, being the Crimson badge of Knighthood, and Honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royall manner rode these three.

three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Traine of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducting them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are Saint George's Sons floating on the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enrole their Fames in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successefully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for three braver Knights did never crosse the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countreys.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Saint *George's* Sons after they were Knighted by the Engliſh King, travelled towards *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from Raviſhment, that was aſſayled in a Wood by three tawny *Negroes*: and alſo of the Tragicall tale of the Virgins ſtrange miſeries, with other accidents.

MAny dayes had not theſe three magnanimous Knights indured the danger of the ſwelling waves, but with a proſperous and ſucceſſefull Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France: where being no ſooner ſafely ſet on ſhore, but they bountifully rewarded their Marriners, and betook themſelves fully to their intended Travels. Now begainne their coſtly trapped Stéeds to pace it like the ſcudding Winds, and with their Warlike hoves to thunder on the beaten paſſages: now began true Honour to flouriſh in their Princely breaſts, and the renown of their Fathers Atchievements to encourage their deſires. Although tender youth ſate but budding on their cheeks, yet portly man-hood tryumpht in their hearts: and although their childiſh armes as yet never tried the painfull Adventures of Knight-hood: yet bore they high and Princely cogitations in as great eſteeme as when their Father ſlue the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preſervation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further parts of the Kingdome of France (guided onely by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding thorow a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Lutsinia, they heard (afarre off as it were) the rufull Cryes of a distressed Woman: which in this manner filled the Ayre with the Ecchoes of her Moanes.

Oh Heavens (said shee) be kinde and pitifull unto a Maiden in distresse, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This wofull and unexpected Noyse, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the Event of this Accident. So after they had tyed their Steeds to the Body of a Pine Tree, by the Reines of their Bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their Weapons drawne, ready to withstand any Assailment whatsoever: and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breath forth this pity moving Lamentation, the second time.

Come, come, some Courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious Jewell, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to runne the nearest way for the Maidens succour. Where approaching her presence, they found her tied by the Lockes of her own hayr to the trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruell and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoile her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her deare and unspotted Virginity.

But when Saint George's Sonnes beheld her Lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautifull as Roses in Milk, and her Christall Eyes (the perfect Patternes of Bashfullnesse) imbrued in Flouds of Teares, at one instant they ranne upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry Weapons in their Loathsome Bowells: the Leachers being slaine, their Bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for Ravenous Beasts to feed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like Courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what meanes she came into that solitary Forrest: Most

Noble

Noble Knights (quoth shee,) and true Renowned men at Armes, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but considering your Nobilities, the which I doe perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kinde Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distresse, under the hands of these lustfull Negroes whom you have justly murthered, shall so much imbolden mée, though unto my hearts great Grief, to discourse the first Cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth shee) whilst Gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was a Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdome of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his Prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as Stately a Traine, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe: whereat the King of France greatly envyed, and by Bloody Warres deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for Safegard of his life, in company of me his onely Heire and Daughter, betooke us to these solitary Woods, where ever since wee have secretly remained in a Poore Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious Paines hath béene builded with Plants of Vines and Oaken Boughs, and covered over-head with Clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grasse: seven yeares wée have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hungers with the Fruites of Trées, and quenching of our Thirsts with the Dew of Heaven, falling Nightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here in stead of Princely Attire, Imbroydered Garments, and Damask Vestures, we have béene constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully wouen up together.

Here in stead of Musick, that had wont each Morning to delight our Eares, we have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods: our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandring Nights, are Snakes and Toads that slépe in roots of rotten trées: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their Silver Lombs, but the Sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chearfull day hath closed her Christall Windowes up.

Thus in this manner conntinued wee in this solitary Wilderneſſe, making both Birds and Beasts our Chief companions, making those merciless Woꝛes (whose hatefull Bꝛeasts you have made to water the parched Earth with Streames of Bloud) who as you sée came into our Cell, oꝛ simple Cabbinet, thinking to have found some stoꝛe of Treasure. But casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were pꝛesently inchanted with lustfull Desires, onely to cꝛop the swéet bud of my Virginity. Then with Furious and Dismall Countenances, moꝛe black then the Sable Garments of sad Melpomine, when shée mournfully wꝛites of bloody Tragedies, and with Hearts moꝛe Cruel, then was Neroes the Tyrannous Romane Emperour, when hee beheld the Entrailes of his Naturall Mother laid open by his Inhumane and Merciless Commandement, oꝛ when hee stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to sée that Famous and Imperiall City of Rome set on Fire by the remoꝛseleſſe Hand of his unrelenting Ministers, that added unhallowed Flames of his unholy Furies.

In this kinde I say these Mercileſſe and Wicked minded Negroes with Violent Hands toke my Aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oake, standing befoꝛe the Entry of his Cell: where neither the Reverend Honour of his Silver Hayres, glittering like the frozen Ickles upon the Noꝛtherne Mountaines, noꝛ the strained Sighes of his Bꝛeast, wherein the Pledge of Wisdome was Inthꝛonized, noꝛ all my Teares, oꝛ Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father fast bounde unto the Trée, and like Egꝛegious Vipers took me by the Trammells of my Golden Hayre, dꝛagging me like a silly Lambe unto this Slaughtering Place, intending to satisfie their Lusts with the Flower of my Chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble Supplication to the Highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties: I repoꝛted to them the Rewards of Bloody Ravishments by the Example of Tereus sometime King of Thrace, and his Furious Wife, that in Revenge of her Sisters Ravishment, caused her Husband to eat the Flesh of his owne Sonne. Likewise (to pꝛeserve my undefiled Honour) I told them that foꝛ the

Rape

Rape of Lucrece the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole name was for ever banished out of Rome: with many other examples: thus like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther.

Yet neither the feares of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickednesse, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trées that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearle, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streames of Pactolus, where Midas washt his golden Wish away, yet should they not redéeme my Chastity from the staine of their insatiable and lustfull desires.

This being said, they bound mee with the trammels of mine owne haire to this Orange Trée, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redéemed mée from their tyrannous desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest creatures that ever Nature framed. For which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins Prayers may prevaile, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Princes eare, as farre as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragicall Tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorsefull hearts sobbing with sighes) imbraced the sorrowfull Mayden betwixt their Armes, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place, whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oake. To which shewillingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindnesse: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the griefe of his banishment, and the violent usage of his Daughter, hee was forced to yéeld up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoydable death.

When Saint George's valiant Sonnes (in company of this sorrowfull Mayden) came to the Trée, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiffe, devoid of sense and féeling, also his hands and face covered with gréene Mosse, which they supposed to be done by the

Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who doe use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they finde dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of griefe.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the losse of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortlesse sorrow of the Virgin, and how shee had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her dayes in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to Bury him under a Chesnut-Tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senselesse Grave with her teares, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tyed to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where wee will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendome, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Ierusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travels.

CHAP.

CHAP. IIII.

Of the Adventure of the golden Fountaine in *Damaſco*: how ſix of the Chriſtian Champions were taken Priſoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by S. *George*: and alſo how he redeemed fourteene Jewes out of Priſon: with divers other ſtrange accidents that hapned.



LEt us now ſpeak of the favourable clemency that ſmiling Fortune ſhewed to the Chriſtian Champions in their Travels to Ieruſalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrimes Attyre through many ſtrange Countreys, at laſt they arrived upon the Confines of Damaſco, which is a Countrey not only beautified with ſumptuous and coſtly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but alſo furniſhed with all the precious gifts that nature in her greateſt liberality could beſtow.

In this fruitfull Dominion long time the Chriſtian Champions reſted their weary ſteps, and made their abode in the Houſe of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that ſpent his wealth chiefely for the ſuccour and comfort of Travellers, and wandring Pilgrims: his Houſe was not curiouſly erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with quarries of blew Stones, and ſupported by many ſtately Pillars of the pureſt Marble: the Gates and Entry of his Houſe

House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountifull minde: over the Portall thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the picture of Ceres the Goddesse of plenty, dect with Garlands of Wheat, Wreathes of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitfull things: the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly reposes and golden sleepes, was garnished with as many Windowes of Chrystall Glasse, as there were dayes in the year, and the Wals painted with as many Stories as were years since the Worlds Creation: it was likewise built foure square, after the manner of Piramides in Greece, at the East end thereof was most lively portrayed, bright Phœbus rising from Auroraes golden bed, with a glistring countenance disdayning the Element for her departure. At the West-side was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the silver sands when as Hyperions Carre drives to the watry Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers bosome: on the North side was painted high Mountaines of Snow, whose tops did seeme to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with Silver-Ickles, which is the nature of the Northen Climate.

Lastly, upon the West-side of the Chamber, sate the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a troop of Mer-maides following him, with their Golden trammels floating upon the silver waves, there the Tritons seemed to dance above the Chrystall Streames: with a number of other silver scaled Fishes that made it seeme delightfull for pleasure.

Over the Roofe of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the foure Ages of the World, which seemed to overhang the rest of the curious works.

First, the Golden Age was Pendant over the East: the second being the Silver (a Nettle somewhat baser) seemed to over-spread the freezing North. The third which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Western Parts: The fourth and last being of Iron, (the very basest of them all) seemed to bee fixed toward the Southerne Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these wearie Champions

Champions a long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholsome, and their Services not curious, but comely: answerable to the brave minds of such Heroycall Champions as they were: the courteous Jew their friendly Host, whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sonnes, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiosity of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant Situation of his Countrey, how the Townes and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperiall Pallaces of Iove, where are heard most delightfull Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Medowes so beautified with Natures gladsome Ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Pallace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approached, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jewes Children, being seven as brave and comely Boyes as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Christian Champions eares, with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes, that not Arion (when all the Art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voyce, and Hand, when hee woone favour of the Dolphine, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions were Enchanted with such Delights that their sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joyes of Elizium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admirall martiall Champions, whom Fame had Canonized to be the Wonders of the World for martiall Discipline and Knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as hee walked in their companies upon an Evening under an Arbour of Vine-Branches, hee revealed to them the secrets of his Soule, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing beare-headed in the middle of the Champtions, with his white haire hanging downe to his shoulders, in colour like the Silver Swanne, and softer than the

Downe of Thistles, or Median like untwisted, hee began with a sober countenance and gallant demeanour to speak as followeth:

I am sure (quoth hee) you invincible Knights, that yée marvell at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my selfe from the company of Worldlings, except my seven Sonnes, whose sights be my chiefe comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Therefore prepare your eares to entertaine the strangest Discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or over-wearied old man in the heigth of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former yeares (whilst Fortune smil'd upon my happinesse) the principall Commander and chiefe owner of a certaine Fountaine, of such wonderfull and precious vertue, that it was valued to bee worth the Kingdome of India: the water thereof was so strange in operation, that in four and twenty houres it would convert any Metall, as of Brasse, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tinne, into rich refined Gold: the stony Flint it would turn into pure Silver, and any kind of Earth into excellent Metall. By the vertue whereof I have made the leaves of Trées a flourishing Forrest of Riches, and the blades of Grasse valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Countrey of America.

The vertue whereof was no sooner bruited through the World, but it caused many forraine Knights to try the Adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the Honour of this Fountaine.

But at that time Nature graced mè with one and twenty Sonnes, whereof seven be yet living, and the only comfort of my Age: but the other fourteen (whom frowning fortune hath bereaved me of) many a day by their valiant Prowesse and matchlesse fortitudes defended the Fountaine from many great and furious Assayers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to Encounter with any of my valiant Sonnes, they were either taken Prisoners, or slaine in the Combat.

The fame of their Valours, and the riches of the Fountaine rung through many strange Countreys, and lastly came to the eares of a furious Gyant, dwelling upon the

the Borders of Arabia: who at the report thereof came armed with his Steely Coat, with a mighty Bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the brazen Gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountaine Atlas upon his Shoulders: he was the Conquerour of my Sonnes, and the first causer of my sudden down fall. But when I thus had intelligence of the over-throw of fourteene of my Sons, and that hée had made conquest of my wealthy Fountaine, I with the rest of my children thinking all hope of recovery to be past, betook our selves to this solitary course of life, where ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage wée have made our abode and residence, spending our Wealth to the releefe of travelling Knights and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once againe that smiling Fortune would advance us to some better hap: and to be plaine, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at the heighth of full perfection till this present time, wherein your excellent Presences almost assure mé that the hideous Monster shall be Conquered, my Fountaine restored, and my Sonnes deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave eare to the strange Discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in requitall of his extraordinary kindnesse to undertake this Adventure. And the more to encourage the other, Saint George began in this manner to utter his minde, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his valiant fellow-Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountaine, and do not a little lament that one of so kinde and liberall a disposition should bee dispossessed of such exceeding riches: neither am I lesse sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and knowne Enemy to all courtesie and kindnesse should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure; for to the Wicked Wealth is the cause of their more wickednesse.

But that which most grieveth mee, is: that having had so many valiant Knights to thy Sonnes, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that relentlesse Monster. But bee comforted kinde old man, for I hope by the power of my Maker, wée were directed hither to punish that hatefull

Gyant, revenge the iniuries offered to thine Age, satisfie, with his death, the death of thy Children, (if they bee dead) and restore to thy bounteous Possession that admirable rich Fountaine againe.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with mee through many dangers have adventured: let us courageously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such happinesse to our Friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged, and punishing rightfully the Wrongers of the Oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all of you thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots bee made, and to whomsoever the chiefe Lot falleth, let him be formost in allaying the Gyant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The exceeding joy which the old Jew conceived at the Speeches of Saint George, had neare-hand bereft him of the use of Sense, for above measure was hee over-joyed. But at length recovering use of Speech, hee thus thankfully brake forth:

How infinitely I find my selfe bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ablenesse is not able to expresse: only thankfulnesse from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims Attyre, every ons selected forth an Armour fitting to their portly Bodies, then ready in the Jewes House, and in stead of their Ebon Staves tipt with Silver, they weilded in their hands steeled Blades, and their feet that had wont to indure a painfull Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready prest to mount the lofty Stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assaile the Gyant, but singly every one to try his own Fortune, thereby to obtaine the greater Honour, and their Deeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to Saint Dennis, the Noble Champion of France, who greatly reioyced at his Fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readinesse: but the next morning no sooner had the golden Sunne displayed his beauty in the East, but Saint Dennis arose from his

his ſluggiſh Bed, and attyred himſelfe in coſtly Armour, and mounted upon the Steed of Iron Gray, with a ſpangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, ſpangled with Stars of Gold, reſembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glittring Starres.

Where after hee had taken leave of the other Champions, and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his reſidence, hee departed forward on his journey, and before the Sunne had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants preſence, who as then ſate upon a Block of Steele directly before the golden Fountaine, ſatisfying his hunger with raw flesh, and quenching his thirſt with the Juyce of ripe Grapes.

The firſt ſight of his ugly and deformed proportion almoſt daunted the Valour of the French Champion, that hee ſtood in a maze, whether it were better to try the Adventure, or return with diſhonour back to his other Fellow Knights. But having a heart furniſhed with true magnanimity, he choſe rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with Infamy: ſo committing his truſt to the unconſtant Queen of Chance, he ſpurred forth his Horſe, and aſſayled the Gyant ſo furiouſly, that the Strokes of his Sword ſounded like a weighty blow hammered upon an Anvile.

But ſo ſmally regarded the Gyant the puiſſant Force of this ſingle Knight, that hee would ſcarce riſe from the place where hee ſate: but yet remembring a ſtrange Dreame that a little before he had in his ſleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Clymates of the Earth, which ſhould alone end the Adventure of the Fountaine, and vanquiſh him by fortitude: therefore not minding to be taken at advantage, hee ſuddenly ſtarted up, and with a grim and Furious countenance hee ran upon Saint Dennis, and took him, Horſe, Armour, Furniture and all, under his left Arme, as lightly as a ſtrong man would take a ſucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with Barres of Iron, ſtanding neare unto the Fountaine, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountaines. In which Priſon he cloſed the French Champion, amongſt fourteen other Knights, that were all Sonnes to the courteous Jew,

as you heard before discourſed, and being proud of that attempt, hee returned to the block of Steele, where we will leave him ſitting, glorying in his own conceit, and ſpeak of the other Champions remaining in the Iewes Houſe expecting the French Knights fortunate return: but when the ſable Curtaines of darkneſſe were drawn before the Chriſtall windowes of the Day, and Night had taken poſſeſſion of the Element, and no newes was heard of the Champions ſucceſſe, they iudged preſently that either hee was ſlaine in the Adventure, or diſcomfited and taken Priſoner.

Therefore they caſt Lots againe which of them the next morning ſhould try his Fortune, and revenge the French Knights quarrell, ſo the Lot fell to Saint Iames, the Noble Champion of Spaine, whereat his Princely heart more reioyced than if hee had beene made King of the Weſterne World.

So in like manner on the next morning by break of day hee attired himſelfe in rich and coſtly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spaniſh Gennet, in pace moſt ſwift and ſpeedy, and in portly ſtate like to Bucephalus the proud Steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Capariſon was in colour like to the waues of the Sea, his Burgonet was beautified with a ſpangled Plume of ſable Feathers: and upon his breaſt he bore the Arms of Spaine.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Iewes Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their Diuine contemplations for his happy ſucceſſe, but his Fortune chanced contrary to his wiſhes, for at the Gyants firſt Encounter hee was likewiſe borne to the Rock of Stone, to accompany Saint Dennis.

This Gyant was the ſtrongeſt and hardieſt Knight at Armes that euer ſet foot upon the Confines of Damaſco, his ſtrength was ſo inuincible, that at one time hee durſt Encounter with an hundred Knights: but now returne we againe to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewiſe miſſing the company of Saint Iames, they caſt Lots the third time, and it fell to the Noble Champion of Italy, Saint Anthony, who on the next morning Attired himſelfe in coſtly Habiliments of Warre, and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the valiant Iaſon

when

when hee adventured into the Ile of Colcos, for the golden Fleece, and for Medea's love: his Helmet glittered like an Aſſe Mountaine, deckt with many ſilver Pendants. But his ſhining glory was ſoone blemiſhed with a cloud of miſchance, for although hee was as valiant a Knight as ever brandiſht weapon in the Fields of Mars, yet hee found a diſability in his fortitude, to withſtand the furious blowes of the Gyant, in ſuch ſort that hee was forced to yeeld himſelfe Priſoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was caſt, chanced to Saint Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martiall Diſcipline as any of the reſt: his Steed was clad with a Capariſon after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour varniſhed with greene Dyes, like the colour of the Summer Fields, upon his breaſt hee bore a Croſſe of purple Silk, and on his Bargonet a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune ſo frowned upon his Enterprize, that hee nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewiſe impriſoned him with the other Knights.

The fift Lot fell to Saint Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Atchievements: If ever Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the Streets of Troy, and made that Age admire his fortitude, this Irish Knight might countervaile his valour.

For no ſooner had the ſilver Moone forſook the Azure Firmament, and had committed her charge to the Golden burniſht Sunne, but Saint Patrick approached the ſight of the Gyant, mounted upon his Iriſh Hobby, clad in a Coſſet of proofe, beautified with ſilver Nayles: his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgins hayre, his Horſe covered with a Mayle of Orenge tawnie Silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of Steele, like to an Iron Chaire.

The ſight of this Valiant Champion ſo daunted the courage of the Gyant, that hee thought him to bee the Knight that the Vilion had revealed, and by whom the Adventure ſhould bee accomplished: therefore with no cowardly fortitude hee aſſayled the Iriſh Knight, who with as Princely Valour indured the Encounter: but the unkind

Deſtinies

Destinies not intending to give him the Honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yéeld to the Gyants force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next Lot fell to Saint David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but as the Morning Sunnes up-rise into the Azure Firmanent, glistered in his silver Armour before the Fountaine, with a Golden Gryffon shining on his breast, where he endured a long and dangerous Combate with the Gyant, making the Skies resound with Echoes of their stroaks, but at last when the Gyant perceived that Saint David began to grow almost breathlesse, in defending the huge and mighty blowes of his stælie Bat, and chiefly through his long Encounter, the Gyant renewed his strength, and so redoubled his stroaks, that Saint David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions, to yéeld to the Gyants mercy.

But now the Invincible and Heroycall Champion of England Saint George, he that is Fames true Knight, the Map of Heaven, and the Worlds Wonder, remaining in the Jews Pavillion, and pondring in his minde the bad successe of the other six Champions, and that it was his turne to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure: he fell into great contemplation (quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of Purple blood, and made my Enemies to swim in streames of Crimson gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slue the burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept the Enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians, then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud thy name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy Successe of the next dayes Enterprize, whereon he bowed by the Honour of his golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conquerour, or to die with Honour Valiantly.

And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a faire Purple colour, hee repaired to the Jewes Armory, and clad himselfe in a black Corslet, mounting himselfe upon a Pitchie coloured Stéed, adorned with a blood-red

Caparison,

Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragicall Adventure: his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of fire quencht in blood, as a token of speedy revenge: hee armed himselfe not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Brasse, but took a Javelin made of Steele, the one end sharpened like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club.

Being thus Armed according to his wished desires, hee took leave of the Jew and his seven Sonnes, sitting all attired in black and mournfull Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Successe: and so departed speedily to the golden Fountaine, where he found the Gyant sleeping carelesly upon his Block of Steele, dreadmg no ensuing danger.

But when the valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Gyant: how the Haire of his Head stood starting upright like to the Bristles of a wilde Boare, his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharpe like to Spikes of Steele, the Nayles of his Hands like the Tallents of an Eagle, over which was drawn a paire of Iron Gloves: and every other Limbe huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oake, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise (said hee) thou unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delibery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly selfe to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and deadly-prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep: and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his hands, and with great terrour let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimblenesse defended himselfe from that danger, by speedy avoyding the blowes violence, and withall returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving, turned his heavie round Ball end of his Massie Javelin, and so mightily assayled the Gyant, redoubling his heavie blowes with such courageous fortitude, that at last hee beat his braines out of his deformed head: whereby the Gyant was constrained to yeeld up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous roare, as though the whole frame of the Earth had beene shaken with the violence of some clap of Thunder.

This being done, Saint George cast his loathsome Carkasse as a prey for the Fowles and ravenous Beasts to seize upon: and after very diligently searched up and downe, till hee found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned: the which with his steelie Javelme hee burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jewes Pavillion, in as great Majestie and Royalty as Vespasian with his Romane Nobles and Peeres returned into the Confines of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

But when the reverend old Jew saw the English Champion returne with Victory, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteene Sons safely delivered, his joy so mightily exceeded the bounds of reason, that hee suddenly swouned, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure hee conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, hee gladly conducted them into their severall Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Milke, and after banqueted them in the best manner hee could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the Jewes seven younger Sonnes could devise, extolling in their sweet Sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Gyants deserved death, their aged Father to the repossession of his golden Fountaine.

Thus

Thus after Saint George with the other ſix Champions had ſojourned there for the ſpace of thirty dayes, having placed the Jew with his Sonnes in their former deſired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the Golden Fountaine; they cloathed themſelves againe in their Pilgrims Attyre, and ſo departed forward on their intended journey to viſit the holy Sepulchre at Ieruſalem.

Of whoſe noble Adventures you ſhall heare more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to *Ieruſalem*, and after how they were almoſt famiſhed in a Wood: and how Saint *George* obtained them food by his Valour in a Gyants Houſe, with other things that hapned.

THe Champions after this Battell of the golden Fountaine never reſted travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Sion, and had viſited the Sepulchre, the which they found moſt richly Built of the pureſt Marble, garniſhed curiouſly by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jaſper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple wherein it was erected, ſtod ſeven degrees of Staires down within the Ground, the Gates whereof were of burniſht Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver, cut as it did ſeeme, out of a moſt excellent beautified Alablaſter Rock.

But in it continually burned a ſweet ſmelling Taper, allwayes maintained by twelve of the Nobleſt Virgins dwelling in all Iudea, attending ſtill upon the Sepulchre, clad in ſilken Ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flouriſhing pride of Summer: the which coſtly Attyre, they continually wore as an evident ſigne of their pure and unſpotted Virginities: many dayes offered up theſe worthy Champions theſe Ceremonious Devotions, to that ſacred Tombe, waſhing the Marble Pavement with their true

true and unfained Teares, and witnelling their true and hearty zeales, with their continuall Volleys of diſcharged ſighes.

But at laſt upon an Evening, when Titans golden beames began to deſcend the Weſterne Element, as thoſe Princely minded Champions, in company of theſe twelve admired Maydens, knéeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orizons, an unſéene voyce (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered theſe words:

You magnanimous Knights of Chriſtendome, whoſe true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whoſe bare feet for the love of our ſweet Saviour, have ſet more weary Steps upon the partched Earth, than there be Starres within the golden Canopy of Heaven: Return, return into the bloody Fields of Warre, and ſpend not the Honours of your time in this Ceremonious manner: for great things by you muſt bee accompliſhed, ſuch as in time to come ſhall fill large Chronicles, and cauſe Babes as yet unborne to ſpeak of your Honourable Atchievements.

And you chaſte Maidens that ſpend your time in the Service of your God, even by the plighted promiſe you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furniſh forth theſe warlike Champions with ſuch approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royall Sepulchre, by thoſe travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Chriſtendome. This is the pleaſure of the high Fates, and this for the redreſſe of all wronged Innocents in Earth, muſt bee with all immediate diſpatch forthwith accompliſhed.

This unexpected Voyce was no ſooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) ſéemed ſtrangely to reſound, like the melody of Celeſtiall Angels, or the holy harmony of Cherubins, as a ſigne that the Gods were pleaſed at their Proceédings: whereupon the twelve Virgins aroſe from their Divine Contemplations, and conducted the ſeven Champions to the further ſide of Mount Sion, and there beſtowed frankly upon them, ſeven of the braveſt Stéeds that they ever beheld, with Martiall

Furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such esteeme: Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good fortunes, Attyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Corslets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adiew, betook them to the Worlds wide iourney. This Travell began at that time of the yeare, when the Summers Queene began to spread her beauteous mantles amongst the greene and fresh boughes of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kinde of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well-esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendome, took the way from Ierusalem, which they thought to bee most used: in which they had not many dayes travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountaine top, but they were marvellously feeble for lack of their accustomed and daily victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the Warre which they sustained with hunger, was farre greater than the Battels that they had fought against their Enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers Evening, when they had spent the day in great extreamity, and night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver Mone with her bright beames glistred most clearely, yet to them it seemed to bee as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustaine them, and their faces did shew and declare the perplexities of their stomacks.

So they sate them downe upon the greene and fresh Hearbes, very pensive of their extream necessity, providing to take their rests that night: but all was in vaine, for that their corporall necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and downe for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed Travell and Journey, thinking to finde some food for the cherishing of their stomacks, and had their eyes alwayes gazing about, to spie some Village

or House, wherein they might satisfie their hunger and take their rests.

Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evenings light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to the ground with feeblenesse: Oh what a sorrow was it to Saint George, not only for himselfe, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves! and so parting a little from them, hee lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given mee many Victories: thou that hast made mee Conquerour of Kings and Kingdomes: and thou by whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark Cositus, that maskt abroad the World in humane shapes: look downe sweet Queene of Chance I say, from thy Imperiall Seat: shew me some favour, and doe not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of Victuals: make no delay to remedy our great necessity: let us not bee meat for Birds hovering in the Ayre, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous beasts ranging in these Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriers in the universall World, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hunger:

These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtaines of coale black night were withdrawne. Then turned hee to the rest of his Company, where hee found them very weak and feeble: but hee encouraged them in the best manner hee could devise, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their utmost unkind Fortune.

Although Saint George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of minde for want of food: yet rode hee first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well doe, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grasse that grew in those Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

By

By this time the golden Sunne had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great Field very plaine, where in the midst of it was a little Mountaine, out of the which there appeared a great smoak, which gave them to understand that there should bee some habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall bee our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, bee all assured: whether hee bee pleased or no, hee shall give us Lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithall he set spurres to his Horse, and swiftly scoured away, like to a Ship with swelling Sailes upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his haste was so speedy, that in a short time hee approached the Mountaine, where at the noyse and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Gyant, of so great heigth, that hee seemed to be a big grown Tree, and for hugenesse like to a Rock of Stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates, or two Torches ever flaming, hee layd his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightnesse to meet Saint George, but when hee approached his presence, hee thinking him to bee a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, hee threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his Fists to buffet and beat out his Braines, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that hee forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himselfe in his Stirrops, otherwise hee could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keene edged Fauchion, that hee cut his Head halfe in sunder, and his Braines in great abundance ranne downe his deformed body: so that amazed he fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a Stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth, he seemed to bee a great Oake blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous whirle-winde.

At

At that inſtant the reſt of the Champions came to that place, with as much joy at that preſent, as before they were ſad and ſorrowfull.

And ſo when Saint Dennis with the other Knights did ſée the greatneſſe of the Gyant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valeur beyond imagination, and deemed Saint George the fortunateſt Champion that ever nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Iaſons Prize, when hee returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fléece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearefull labours of Hercules: but after ſome few ſpéeches paſſed, Saint George deſired the reſt of the Champions to goe and ſée what ſtore of victuals the Gyant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and ſo generally entred the Gyants Houſe, which was in the manner of a great Barne cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron ſtanding upon a Trevet of Stéele, the féet and ſupporters thereof were as bigge as great Iron Pillars: under the ſame burned ſuch a huge flaming Fire, that it ſparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boyling the Fleſh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Gyants Dinner: the ſight of this enſuing Banquet gave them ſuch comfort, that every one fell to worke, hoping for their Tradell to eat part of the meat: one turned the Béeke in the Cauldron: another encreaſed the Fire, and others pulled out the Coales ſo that there was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their deſire to eat, cauſed them to fall to their meat before it was halfe ready, as though that it had béene over ſodden: but the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to Dine without Bread and Drink, ſearched in a ſecret hollow Cave, whereas they found two great Loaves of Bread, as bigge in compaſſe as the circle of a Well, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they taſted, the which with great joy and pleaſure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

In stead of knives to cut their Victuals, Saint George used his Curtle-axe, which lately had beene stained with the hatefull Gyants detested blood, and imbrewed with his loathsome braines.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pinching paines and torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyfull a repast as if they had banquetted in the richest Kings Pallace in the World.

So being joyfull for their good and happy fortunes, Saint George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himselfe upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence thorow a narrow path, which seemed to bee used by the Gyant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountaine, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playnes, the which were inhabited with faire Cities and Townes: at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made hast onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the middest of the way they found an Image of fine Chrystall, the Picture and lively forme of a beautifull Virgin, which seemed to bee wrought by the hands of some most excellent Work-man, all to bespotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible Cuttings of Irons, as with cruell Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Armes did seeme as though they had beene Martyred, and wrung with Cords, and about the Neck, as though shee had beene forcibly strangled with a Napkin or Towell. The Chrystall Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloathes, under an Arbour of purple Roses: by the curious faire formed Image, sate a goodly aged man in a Chaire of Cypresse Wood, his Attyre was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure signe of some deadly discontent, his haire hung downe below his

his shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in whitenesse like Downe of Thistles, his Beard over-grown dangling downe, as it were frozen Ikikles upon a Hawthorn Tree, his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his eyes almost blinde in bewailing the griefes and sorrowes of his heart.

Which strange and woefull Spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of meanes refraine from shedding some few sorrowfull teares, in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman of such excellent Beauty, which had beene oppressed with cruelty. But the pittifull English Knight had the greatest compassion, when hee beheld the counterfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking truce with his sorrowfull heart, hee courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this woefull Spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrow, and the Discourse of that Ladies passed Fortunes, for whose sake hee seemed to spend his dayes in that solitary Order: to whom the old man with a number of sighes thus kindly replyed:

Brave Knights, for so you seeme by your courtesies and Behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter Woes, and the causes of my endlesse Sorrowes, will constraine a spring of Teares to trickle from the Conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the mansion of my Heart rive in twaine, in remembring of my undeserved Miseries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my Heart, as there bee silver Haires upon my Head, and as many sighes have I strained from my Breast, as there be minutes in a yeare, for thrice seven hundred times the mornings Dew hath wet my silver Hayres, and thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts hath nipt the Mountaine tops since first I made these rufull Lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Chrystall Image, hourely praying that some courteous Knight would bee so kinde as to aide me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to worke a just Revenge for the inhumane Murther of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Chrystall, as the continuall object of my griefe: and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timelesse Tragedy, I have written it downe in a Paper-Book with mine owne Blood, the which my sorrowfull

tongue is not able to reveale, and thereupon he pulled from his bosome a golden covered Book with silver Clasps, and requested Saint George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the gréene grasse, hee opened the bloody written Book and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowfull words following.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

What hapned to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Chryſtall, in the form of a murthered Mayden: where Saint *George* had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in blood, the true Tragedies of two Siſters: and likewiſe how the Champions intended a ſpeedy revenge upon the Knight of the black Caſtle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.



IN former times whileſt Fortune ſmiled upon mée, I was a wealthy Shepheard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not only held in great eſtimation for my Wealth, but alſo for two faire Daughters which Nature had made moſt excellent in Beauty: in whom I took ſuch exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefeſt happineſſe: but yet in the end, that which I thought ſhould moſt content mée, was the occaſion of theſe my endleſſe ſorrows.

My two Daughters (as I ſaid before) were endued with wonderfull Beauty, and accompanied with no leſſe honeſty: the Fame of whoſe Vertues was much blazed into many Parts of the World: by reaſon whereof there repaired to my Shepheards Cottage, divers ſtrange and worthy Knights, with great deſire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight

of a black Castle (wherein hee now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Iland encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that hee desired mee to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the Treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might redound thereof, for that hee was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens holy Rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, she was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princesse in state, than a Shepheards Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retayned in my company the youngest, being of farre more Beauty than her elder Sister: of which this Trayterous and unnaturall Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time hee forgot his new married Wife and sweet companion, and wholly gave himselfe over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that hee had married her Sister. So this inordinate and lustfull love kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and hee was so troubled with this new desire, that hee daily devised with himselfe by what meanes hee might obtaine her, and keep her in despight of all the World: in the end he used this Policy and Deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should bee delivered, hee came in great Pomp, with a stately Traine of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested mee with very faire and loving words, that I would let my Daughter goe unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which shee desired, for that shee did love her more dearely than her owne Soule: Thus his crafty and subtill perswasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame an excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demand: so straight-way when hee had in his power that which his Soule so much desired, hee presently departed, giving mee to understand

understand that hee would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight shee had so much desired, and at whose comming shee would receive so great joy and contentment: her sudden departure bred such sorrow in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountaines of my Eyes rained downe a showre of Salt Teares upon my aged breast, so deare is the love of a Father unto his Child: but to bee short, when this lustfull minded Caitiffe with his Pompous Traine came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly conferre of serious matters, and so staid lingring behind, till hee saw his Company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then hee found opportunity to accomplish his lustfull desires, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Rivers side, where without any more tarrying hee carryed her into the thickest part thereof, where hee thought it most convenient to performe so wicked a deed.

When hee beheld the Branches of the thick Trees to withhold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over spread with the sable mantles of Night, hee alighted from his Horse, and willed my welbeloved Daughter that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart raigned no kinde of suspition, presently alighted, and sate her downe by the Rivers side, and washed her faire white hands in the Streames, and refreshed her Mouth with the Chrystall Waters.

When this dissembling Traytour could no longer refraine, but with a Countenance like the lustfull King of Thrace when hee intended the Ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when hee deflowred Lucrecia, hee let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences, the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end hee did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarryed Daughter being troubled in minde with his lustfull Mayments, began in this manner to reprehend him: will you (said shee) defile my Sisters Bed, and staine the Honour of your House with Lust? Will you bereave mee of that pretious Jewell, the which I hold more deare

deare than my life, and blot my true Virginity with your false desires? Brought you mee from the comfortable sight of my Father to bee a joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoyle of my true Chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thée Brother) look I say how the Skies blush at thy attempts, and sée how chast Diana sits upon the winged Firmaments, and threatens vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustfull thoughts with showers of repentant Teares, and séek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage Bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accursed Knight, séeing the chast and vertuous Mayden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity, with his rigorous hand hee took fast hold by her neck, and with a wrathfull countenance hee delivered these words: doe not think stubborne Damsell to preserve thy Honour from the purpose of my desires, for I sweare by the Chrystall Tower of Iupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thée to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Damsell or Mayd: at which words the most sorrowfull and distressed Virgin, with a showre of Pearled Teares trickling downe her séemely blushing Chéeks, replyed in this order. Think not, false Traytour (quoth thée) that feare of death shall cause mee to yéeld to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroak ten times more happy, and welcome to my soule than the joyes of Wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian Fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to behold the bud of my Maydens glory withered with the nipping Frosts of thy unnaturall desires.

Those words being well understood by the lustfull Knight, who with a countenance more furious than the savage Lyons in the Desarts of Lybia, took her by the slender waste, and rigorously dasht her body against the ground, and therewithall spake these words: Understand said hee, and bee well perswaded, thou unrelenting Damsell, that either living or dead, I will performe my will and intended purpose: for in my heart there burnes a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the drizling Clouds of raine, if they

should

should drop eternall showers: but it is the water of thy sweet Virginity that must quench my furious burning love: and thereupon in a madnesse hee cut off a great part of the traine of her Gowne, and bound it very fast to the hayre of her head, which glittered like to golden Wyers, and drag'd her up and downe the Grove, till the green Grasse turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from her Body: by which cruelty hee thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but shee respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her Honour.

When this cruell and inhumane Monster saw that neither his flattering Speeches, nor his cruell Threats were of sufficiency to prevaile, hee began to forget all Faith and Loyalty hee ow'd unto the Honour of Knight-hood, and the respect hee should beare unto Woman-kinde, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her Cloathes all to peeces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Raines of the Bridle of his Horse, hee cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and setled blood, with such extream cruelty, that it was a very grievous and sorrowfull sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for shee continued in her former resolution.

Hee seeing that shee still persevered in the defence of her Honour, hee straight wayes, like a bloody Monster, heaped cruelty upon cruelty: and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, and Chrystaline Armes, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying: Oh cruell, and more cruell than any Woman in the World hath ever beene: why dost thou suffer thy selfe to bee thus tormented, and not give consent to procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented life? and therewithall his anger so encreased, that hee stood staring on her face with his accursed eyes, fixed in such sort that hee could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one farre more desirous of death than of life, with a furious Voyce shee said: Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster,

thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou shameleſſe Creature, more cruell than the Lyons in the Deſarts of Hircania: thou ſtaine of Knighthood, and the bloodieſt Wretch that ever Nature fraued in the World, wherein doſt thou contemplate thus thy ſelfe? thou fleſhly Butcher, thou unmercifull Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogge, and diſhonourer of thy Progeny: make an end (I ſay) of theſe my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, goze my unſpotted breaſt with thy bloody Weapon, and ſend my ſoule into the boſome of Diana, whom I behold ſitting in her Celeſtiall Pallace, accompanied with numberleſſe Troopes of Veſtall Virgins, ready to entertaine my bleeding Ghoſt into her pleaſant Manſion.

This mercileſſe Knight ſeeing the ſtedfaſtneſſe that ſhee had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruell and infernall heart took a ſilken Scarfe which the Damſell had girded at her Waſte, and with a brutall anger doubled it about her Neck and pinched it ſo ſtrait, that her ſoule departed from her terreſtriall body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Proweſſe come to the reading of this diſmall Tragedy, and come to the hearing of theſe bloody lines contained in this golden Book: conſider the great conſtancy and chaſtity of this unfortunate Mayden, and let the griefe thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty ſhewed without any deſert.

So when this infernall minded Knight ſaw that ſhee was dead, hee tok his Horſe and rode after his Fellowes, and in a ſhort time he overtook them, and looked with ſo furious and direfull a Countenance, that there was none durſt bee ſo hardy to aſk him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore mee great affection for the kindneſſe and courteſie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Nuptials, who having a ſuſpition by the great alteration that appeared

appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsell, for that hee came alone without bringing the Damsell with him, neither could hee have any sight of her: hee then presently withdrew himselfe back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not untill hee came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: whereas hee found the Mayden dead, at the view whereof hee remained almost beside himselfe, in such sort that hee had well neare fallen to the Ground: The sorrowfull Squire remained thus a good while before hee could speak, but at last when hee came againe to himselfe, hee began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because shee had suffered so great a cruelty to bee committed upon this Damsell.

And making this sorrowfull Lamentation, hee unlosed her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her Apparrell, the which he found lying by all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittifull sort.

O cruell Knight (quoth hee) what infernall heart remayned in thy breast, or what hellish Fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pitty, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibali to remorse, and constraine eden Savage Monsters to relent: so with these, and other like sorrowfull words that the wofull Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut downe Branches from the Trees, and gathered Grasse from the Ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to bee a Mountaine of greene Grasse, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himselfe in the best manner that he could, to dissemble the knowledge of the bloody Fact: so hee took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which hee rode so fast that he ober tok the Knight and his Company at the entring of the Gates, whereas the lustfull Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kinde and courteous Squire had time to declare all things hee had seene to the new marryed Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsell her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with

anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that shée caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, untill such time as more occasion serued, and to kéep all things in secret that hee had séene, and shee her selfe remained sorrowfull, making marvellous and great Lamentations to her selfe all in secret, for that shée would not bée perceiued, yet with a soft voyce shée said:

Oh unfortunate Lady, borne in a sorrowfull houre, when some blazing and unlucky Comet raigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made mee Wife unto so cruell a Knight, whose foule misdéeds have made the very Elements to blush, but yet I know that Fortune will not be so farre unkind, but that shee will procure a strange revenge upon his purple-stayned Soule: Oh you immortall Powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide: if not, I sweare that I will with mine owne hands put in practise such an enterprise, and so staine my unspotted heart with wilfull Murther, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestiall Planets shall sit and look from their immortall Pallace, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, shée took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Sonne, being but of the Age of forty dayes, saying: Now doe I wish so much evill unto the World, that I will not leave a Sonne of so wicked a Father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King Priams Children: and so in this irefull order entred shee the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken Ornaments, where with a sorrowfull, weeping, and terrible voyce she called him Traytor: and like a fierce Tygresse, with the Dagger that she brought in her hand, before his face shee cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithall said: Take there (thou cruell Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked Séed created in my Body, and then threw she the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Testern of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she returned

turned upon her ſelfe her out-ragious fury: ſo taking the bloody Dagger, ſhee thruſt it to her heart in ſuch ſort, that it parted it in two pieces, and ſo ſhe fell down dead betwixt his Armes that was the occaſion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great ſorrow hereat that this falſe and unhappy Knight received, was ſo ſtrange, that hee knew not what counſell to take: but thinking upon a ſevere vengeance that might ſucceed theſe cruell Acts, hee ſtraight-wayes deviſed that the body of the Lady ſhould be ſecretly buryed, which being done by himſelfe, in the ſaddeſt time of the night, in a ſolitary Garden under his Caſtle Wall, he heard a hollow voyce breathe from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this manner of Speeches following:

For the bloody Fact which thou ſo lately haſt committed, thy life draws neare to a ſhamefull end: and thy Caſtle, with all the Treaſure therein ſhall be deſtroyed, or fall into the hands of him whoſe Daughters thou haſt ſo cruelly Murthered.

Upon this hee determined to uſe a ſecret Policy: which was, to ſet Watch and Ward in every Paſſage neare unto his Caſtle, and to Arreſt all ſuch Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Iland, not ſuffering them to paſſe untill ſuch time as they had promiſed by Oath to Aid and Aſſiſt him, even unto death, againſt all his Enemies.

In the meane time, the afore-named Squire which had ſeene and heard all the Tragicall dealings that have beene here declared, in the beſt wiſe he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very ſorrowfull and heavie Newes: judge here then gentle Knights and yee Beholders of this wofull Tragedy, what ſorrow I unfortunate Wretch ſuſtained, and what anguiſh I received: for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a ſenſeleſſe ſwoun, and being come again to my ſelfe, I all to beſmeared my milk-white hayres in duſt, that before were as clear as tryed Silver, and with my teares, being the true ſigns of ſorrow, I bathed the boſome of my mother Earth, and my ſighes paſſed with ſuch abundance from my tormented heart, that they ſtaid the paſſage of my ſpeech, and my tongue could not reveale the griefe that my wofull thoughts conceived.

In this dumbe silence and sorrow of minde I remained three dayes, and three nights, numbring my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefes with the Starres when frosty bearded Winter hath clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds: but at last, when my amazed griefes were something abated, my eyes (almost blinde with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mittigate the sorrowes of my heart, I made my repayre into a certaine Meddow adioyning neare unto my Cottage, where amongst the greene springing Downes, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the closets of my fearefull eyes with golden slumbers, thinking it to bee the greatest content my sobbing heart required: But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was constrayned to breathe this woefull Lamentation from my oppressed soule:

Oh unhappy Chance (quoth I,) oh cruell and most spightfull Fortune! Why didest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowfull life in my childhood? Or why didst thou not permit and suffer mée to be strangled in my Mothers Wombe, or to have perished in my Cradle, or at my Nurses Pap: then had my heart never felt this sorrow, my eares never heard the Murther of my Children, nor mine eyes had never wept so many helpelesse teares.

Oh you Mountaines, you untamed Beasts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernall Powers of revengefull Hell! come all I say and willingly assist me in this mortall Tragedy, that these my aged Hands, which never yet practised any hainous Crime, may now bee stayned in his accursed blood that hath bereaved mee of the prop and stay of declined Age, my Daughters (I meane) whose bleeding Ghosts will never bee appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyfull Banks of the Elyzian Fields, but wander up and downe the World, filling each Corner of the Earth with fearefull and dolefull clamours of Murther and Revenge, nor ever shall the furies of my angry Soule bee pacified, untill mine Eyes behold a streame of purple gore runne trickling from the detestable breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty heart like a Fountaine with a number of Springs, whereby the Pavements of his Castle may bee sprinkled with the same, and the Walls of his Turrets

coloured

coloured with a crimson hue, like to the Streets of Troy, when as her Channels ranne with blood: at the end of this sorrowfull Lamentation, what for griefe, and what for want of naturall rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavie sléep.

But as I lay slumbring in the gréene Meddowes, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat mée thought I was so frighted, that I gave (in my troublesome Dreame) many terrible shrikes, calling for succour to the empty Ayre. Then mee thought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which said unto mée, Feare not old man, for we bee come from the Soules of thy Daughters to ayde and succour thée: but yet for all this the wild-man banished not away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my breast, whereat it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart: where, at the same instant, mee thought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my heart, and they strove together with much contention, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the wild-mans kéeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they banished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine Eyes the Image of my murthered Daughter, in the selfe same manner and forme as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto mee the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told mée in what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Buriall: Also desiring mee not of my selfe to attempt the revengement, for it was impossible, but to Intombe her Corpes by her Mother, and cause the Picture of her Body to bée most lively Portrayed and wrought of fine Chrystall, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it neare unto a common Passage, where Adventurous Knights doe usually travell. And assuring mee that thither

would

would come certaine Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and inhumane Murther.

Which words being finished, mee thought shée vanished away with a grievous and heavie grosne, leaving behind her certaine drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grasse: Whereat with great perplexity and more sorrow, I awaked out of my Dreame, bearing it in my grievous minde, not telling it, not so much as to the bast Ayre, but with all expedition performed her bléeding Ghosts request.

Where, ever since, most courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her dolefull Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I sée with great griefe you have read in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most courteous Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take revengement, for the great cruelty that hath bèn used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowfull History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many teares, wherewith there did encrease in them a further desire of revengement, and being moved with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the Honour of Knight-hood, to persevere spéedily on their vowed revenge and determined purpose: so sealing up a Promise to their plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the lives of all the famous Romanes bée raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Cæsar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be perswaded to returne from their Promises, and never to Travell back into Christendome till they had performed their Vowes, and thus burning with desire to sée the end of this sorrowfull Adventure, Saint George clapsed up the bloody written Book, and gave it againe to the Shepheard, and so they proceeded forwards toward the Iland where the Knight of the black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the old man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lusty in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky event: in which journey wee will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderfull

provision

prevision that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his defence, the successe whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and returne and speak of Saint George's three Sonnes in the pursuit of their Father, where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Normane Lady from the tawny Moores.

I CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A wonderfull and ſtrange Adventure that hapned to Saint *George* his Sonnes, in the purſuit of their Father, by finding certaine drops of blood, with Virgins haire ſcattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the black Caſtle againſt the Queen of *Armenia*.

MAny and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young valiant Princes in the purſuit of their Father Saint George, and many were the Countreys, Ilands, and Princes Courts, that they ſearched to obtaine a wiſhed ſight of his martiall countenance, but all to ſmall purpoſe, for Fortune neither caſt them happily upon that Coaſt where hee with his famous Champions had their reſidence, nor luckily ſounded in their eares the places of their Arrivals.

In which purſuit I omit and paſſe over many Noble Adventures that theſe three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firme Land, and only Diſcourſe upon an accident that hapned to them in an Iland bordering upon the Confines of Armenia, neere unto the Iland where the Knight of the Black Caſtle remained, as you heard in the laſt Chapter, upon which

Coaſt

Coast after they were Arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight path, untill such time as they came to a very faire and pleasable Forrest, whereas sundry chirping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shrowd themselves from the parching heat of the golden Sunne, filling the Ayre with the pleasures of their shrill tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two houres, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountaine which was at hand, from the which they discovered very faire and well towred Townes, with Princely Pallaces very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a faire Fountaine wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed foure Spouts running with water, which fell into a great Cesterne, and comming to it, they washed their Hands, and refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them one every side, and towards their right hand they espied amongst a company of greene Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent awhile, harkening if they could heare any stirring, but they could neither see nor heare any thing, but only they found the print of certaine little feet upon the sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose foot-steps they were, for that they seemed to bee some Ladies or Damsels: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste: so long they pursed after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountaine, whereas they found scattered about certaine locks of yellow haire, which seemed like threeds of gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimson blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountaine, and having lost the foot-

 steps,

steps, they recovered it againe by gathering up the haire, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountaine, but towards the Waters side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voyce of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these: O Love, now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over mee, for death I see is ready to cut my thréd of life, and finish these my sorrowfull Lamentations: how often have I askt revengement at the hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath béne the Causer of my Banishment, but yet shée will not heare my Request? How oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell? yet have the fatall Furies stopt their eares against my wofull cryes.

And with this shee held her peace, giving a sorrowfull sigh: which being done, the thrée Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among certaine gréene Trées, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their hearts, and captivated their Senses in the snares of love, which liberty as yet they never lost: shée had her hayre about her eares, which hung defusedly downe her comely Shoulders, through the violence shée used against her selfe, and leaning her Chéek upon her delicate white Hand that was all to bespotted with Blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her Nayles upon her Rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damsell which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for shee was clad in Virgin coloured Silke as white as the Lillies of the Fields: and as pleasant to behold, as the glistring Moone in a cleare Winters frézing Night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the thrée Princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behinde thrée of the Trées which grew neare unto the Mountaine, to heare the Event of this Accident: where, as they stood cloked in silence, they heard her thus to conferre with her Beautifull Daughter:

Oh my Rosana (quoth shée) the unhappy figure of him, that without pitty hath wounded my heart, and left mee comfortlesse with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it béene possible that I have had the

force

force to bring up thée the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty! O you Soveraign Powers, grant that I may establish in my minde the remembrance of the love of thy Adulterous Father: Oh Girle, borne to a further griefe, here doe I desire the Guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glittring Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beames thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give eare deare Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art borne in the dishonour of thy generation, by the losse of my Virginity, here doe I charge thée upon my Blessing even at my houre of death, and sweare thée by the bands of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to bée enjoyed by any one, untill thy disloyall Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soule, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Quéene, to the wonderfull amazement of the three yoong Knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the Event, for they conjectured that her woefull complaints were the induction of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behinde the Trées, they saw the young and Beautifull Damsell give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Inke, the which she pulled from her faire Bosome, with which the grieved Quéene subscribed certaine sorrowfull Lines unto him that was the Causer of her Banishment: and making an end of her writing, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowfull words following:

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gaspe, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brasse, that it never may be forgotten: time will not give me longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thée my déep affections, for I féele my Death approaching, and the fatall Sisters ready to cut my three'd of Life asunder betwéene the edges of their Sheares, insomuch that I most miserable Creature doe féele my Soule trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatall Houre, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) doe I desire of thée before I die: which is, that thou wouldest procure that this

Letter may bée giuen to that cruell knight thy disloyall Father, giuing him to vnderstand of this my troublesome death, the occasion whereof was his vnreasonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Quéene fell down, not hauing any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowfull Daughter presently took up, and falling vpon her Mothers Breast, she replyed in this sorrowfull manner:

Oh my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it addes a torment more grieuous vnto my Soule than the punishments which Danaus Daughters feele in Hell: I had rather bée torne in pieces by the fury of some mercilesse Monster, or to haue my heart parted in twaine by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remaine without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthfull Yeares, and this my grééne budding Beauty encourage you still to reuiue, and not to leaue me comfortlesse, like an Orfe in the World: but if the gloomy Fates doe triumph in your death, and abridge your breathing Trunk of life, and that your Soule must néeds goe wander in the Elizian Shades, with Trusa's Shaddow, and with Didoes Ghost, here doe I protest by the great and tender loue I beare you, and by the due Obedience that I owe vnto your Age, either to deliuer this your Letter into the hands of my vnkinde Father, or with these my rufull Fingers to rent my Heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Vow, the siluer streamed Tygris shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glistring Quéene of Night her vsuall Changes: neither shall any forgetfulnesse bee an occasion to withdraw my minde from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Quéen (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her houre of death drew neare at hand,) with a feeble voyce she said, O you sacred and immortall Gods, and all you bright Celestiall Powers of Happinesse, into your Diuine Bosomes now doe I commend my dying Soul, asking no other reuengement against the Causer of my death, but that hee may die like me for want of loue.

After this the dying Quéene neuer spake word more, for at that instant the cruell Destinies gaue end vnto her life: but when Rosana perceiued her to bee dead, and shée left to

the

the World devoyd of comfort, shée began to teare the golden trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her white and Ivory Breast, filling the empty Ayre with clamors of her moanes, making the Skies like an Eccho to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter in her hands, washing it with floods of teares, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, shée said: Here lie thou, neare adjoyning to my bleeding heart, never to bée removed untill I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh work, and the last work of those her dying hands, here doe I sweare by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved bosome untill such time as love hath rent the disloyall heart of my unkind Father, and in speaking this shée killed it a thousand times, breathing forth millions of sighes, and so with a blushing countenance, as radiant as Aurora's glittring Beames, shée rose and said to her selfe: What is this Rosana; dost thou think to recall thy Mothers life with ceremoneous complaints, and not performe that which by her was commanded thée? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thy selfe strength and courage, and wander up and downe the World, till thou hast found thy disloyall Father, as thy true heart hath promised to doe.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George's Sonnes like men whose hearts were almost overcome with griefe, came from the Pine Trées, and discovered themselves to the Damsell, and courteously requested her to Discourse the Story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to release her sorrowes, and to give end unto her miseries. Rosana when shée beheld these courteous and well demeanour'd Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting minds, and considering how kindly they desired to bée partners in her griefes, she stood not upon curious terms, nor upon vaine exceptions, but most willingly condescended to their requests: so when they had prepared their eares to entertaine her sad and sorrowfull Discourse, with a sober countenance, she began in this manner:

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on mée) the only Child and Daughter of this loveliest Queene that you behold here lying dead, and she before my Birth whilst Fortune

granted

granted her prosperity, was the Mayden Queene of a Countrey called Armenia, adioyning neare unto this unhappy Iland: whom in her young yeares when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renowne to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the love of a disloyall Knight called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after hee had flouriſht in the spoyle of her Virginity, and had left his fruitfull Seed springing in her Wombe, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Countrey, and a staine unto her Kindred, and after gave himselfe to such lustfull and lascivious manner of life, that hee unlawfully marryed a Shepheards Daughter in a forraigne Land, and likewise ravished her owne Sister, and after committed her most inhumane slaughter in a Desart Wood: this being done, hee fortified himselfe in his Black Castle, only consorted with a cunning Negromancer, whose skill in Magick is now growne so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despight of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the Tragicall Story of my unhappy Mother. When as I her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Wombe, wherein I wish I had béene strangled: she heard newes of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had wholy given himselfe to the spoyle of Virginity, and had for ever left her love, never intending to returne againe, the griefe whereof so troubled her minds, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the Séed of dishonour planted in her Wombe, she fell into a wonderfull and strange Trance, as though shee had beene oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made signes with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandement was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were deare unto her. This afflicted Queene, when shee saw that she was alone, began to exclaime against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations:

Oh unconſtant Queene of Chance (ſaid ſhee) thou that haſt wrapped ſuch ſtrange Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gaveſt my Honour to that Tyrants luſt, which without all remorſe hath left me comfortleſſe, it is thou that didſt conſtraine me to ſet my life to ſale, and to ſell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling mée to doe that which hath ſpotted my Princely Eſtate, and ſtained my bright Honour with black infamy: woe is me for my Virginity! that which my Parents gave mee charge to have reſpect unto, but I have carelelly kept it, and ſmally regarded it: I will therefore chaſtiſe my body, for thus forgetting of my ſelfe, and be ſo revenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it ſhall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Eſtate in the whole World.

Oh miſerable Queen, oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy ſpeeches be too fooliſh, for although thy deſperate hand ſhould pull out thy deſpiſed heart from thy bleeding breaſt, yet can it not make ſatisfaction for thy diſhonour.

Oh you Clouds! Why doe you not caſt ſome fiery thunder-Bolt downe upon my Head: or why doth not the Earth gape and ſwallow my infamous Body: Oh falſe and deceiving Lord, I would thy loving and amorous words had never béene ſpoken! nor thy quick-ſighted Eyes never gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flouriſht ſtill with glory and renowne, and lived a happy Virgin of chaſte Diana's Traine.

With theſe and other like Lamentations this grieved Queene paſſed away the time from day to day, till at laſt ſhe felt her Wombe to grow big with Child: at the which ſhe received double paine, for that it was impoſſible to cover or hide it, and ſeeing her ſelfe in this caſe like a woman hated and abhorred, ſhe determined to diſcover her ſelfe publikely unto her Subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be Sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination, one day ſhe cauſed certaine of her Nobles to bee ſent for, who ſtraight-way came, according to her commandement, but when ſhee perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, ſhe covered her ſelfe with a rich Robe, and ſate upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being ſo pale and leane, that all they that ſaw her had

great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, shee revealed to them the cause of her grieke in this manner:

My Lords (quoth shee) I shame to entitle my selfe your Queene and Soveraigne, in that I have defamed the Honour of my Countrey, and little regarded the welfare of our Common Wealth: my glistring Crowne mee thinks, is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely Attyre converted into unchaste Habiliments: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to endure perpetuall paine, and an ever-pining death: for I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Queene, and sold my selfe to a slavish sinne, only mine owne is the fault, and mine owne shall bee the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse: I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an evill Queene) sacrifice mee unto your Gods: for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, hee hath planted a Vine within my fruitfull Garden, and also sowne a Seed within my accursed Wombe, that hath made Armenia infamous: hee it is that hath committed hourely evils in the world, hee it is that delights in Virgins spoyles, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my consent I must needs confesse, and left me for a testimony of this my evill deed, big with Child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandall: and with this shee made an end of her Lamentable Speech: And being grievously oppressed with the paine of her burthenous Womb, shee sate her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wils.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queene had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, loking one upon another, without speaking any word, but printing in their hearts the fault done by their Queen, to the great disgrace of their Countrey, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both of

of Crowne and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetuall Banishment from Armenia, like Subjects not to be Governed by such a defamed Prince, that hath grafted the Fruit of such a wicked Tree within her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored her selfe with sufficient Treasure, and betook her selfe to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustfull Queen wandring in unknown Ilands, big with Child, devoid of succour and relefe, where in stead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly repose upon the grœne Grasse, shadowed with the sable Curtaines of the Skies, and the Nurses that were provided against her delivery, were Nymphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandement. Thus in great griefe continued shée many dayes contenting her selfe with her appointed Banishment: making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her conceit to reanswer her complaints: at length the glistring Moone had tenne times borrowed light of golden Phœbus, and the Nights cleare Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the houre of her laboursome Travell, where without help of Woman, she was Delivered of mée her unhappy Daughter, where ever-since I have béene nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion, my wofull Mother would Discourse unto me this Lamentable Story of both our miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise shee told me, that many times in my Infancy, when shee wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyonesse, and sometimes a shé-Beare, and gently give mée suck, and contrary to the nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortall Powers had preserved mee for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my Breast, directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively forme of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosome with a vermilion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named mee Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

After this we lived many a yeare in great distresse, penury, and want, intreating time to redresse our woes, more often then wee had lived houres: the abundance of our teares might suffice to make a watry Sea, and our sighes counterbaile the Starres. But at last, the fatall Sisters listning to my Mothers moanes, and to my great sorrowes, depriued her of her life, where now I am left a comfortlesse Orphant to the World, attending the time untill I finde some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyall Father hath his residence, that I may there performe my Mothers dying Will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreame griefe hindred the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled teares upon the lifelesse body of her Mother, that it constrained Saint George's Sonnes to expresse the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt teares down from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with griefe, they took Rosana by the hand, (which before that time never touched the hand of any man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pittifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buryed her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Beasts teare it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devoure it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay Tree, which words were these that follow:

The EPITAPH over the Grave of the unfortunate Queene of ARMENIA.

Here lies the Body of a helpleſſe Queene,
Whoſe great good-will to her ſmall joy did bring:
Her willing minde requited was with teene:
Though ſhe deſerv'd for love a regall King,
And as her Corps incloſed here doth lie,
Her luckleſſe Fate, and Fame ſhall never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave with greene Turves, they departed forward on their journey towards the Black Caſtle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the diſloyall Leoger, and how he Fortified his Caſtle by Magick Art, according to the learned skill of a cunning Negromancer, and of the Adventures that happned to Saint George with the other Chriſtian Champions in the ſame Caſtle, therefore grant you immortall Powers of Invention, that my Pen may bee dipt in the Water of that Learned Fountaine, where the nine Siſters doe inhabite, that by the help of that ſweet liquor my Muſe may have a delightfull vaine, ſo that mixing the Speech of Mercury, with the Proweſſe of Mars, I may Diſcourſe the ſtrangeſt Accident that ever happned to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made by Magick Art, to withſtand his Enemies, and how the ſeven Champions entred the ſame Caſtle, where they were enchanted into a dead ſleep; ſo long as ſeven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an enchanted fountaine.

THE wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Caſtle, and one that for Wealth and Treaſure ſurpaſſed moſt of the Potentates, when hee grew deteſted and abhorred in every company, as well by Noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the ſpoyle and Murther of thoſe three Virgin Dames, whoſe pittifull Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing ſudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, hee fortified himſelfe ſtrongly in his Caſtle, and with his Treaſure hired many furious Gyants to defend it: wherein if they failed, and ſhould chance to bee overcome, hee conſorted with a wicked Negromancer, that hee with Charmes and Spels ſhould work Wonders in his Caſtle, which Magicall accompliſhments wee will paſſe over till a more convenient time

time, because I purpose to explaine the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of Saint George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepheard and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good successe arrived upon the shoare of the Iland, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified their Black Castle: In which Countrey the Christian Champions like the invincible Followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frownes of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in which journey they were almost ravished with the pleasures of the Iland: for entring into a narrow and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trées of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant melodies, and made their swéet and accustomed Songs without feare of any man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trées that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the gréene Lawrell, so much estéemed of learned Schollers: nor the swéet Myrtle Trée, loved by Ladies: nor the high Cypresse, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing height is called the Prince of Trées: whereby they judged it to bée rather an Habitation for Goddesses, than any Terrestriall Countrey, for that the golden Sun with his glistring Beames did passe through those gréene and pleasant Trées without any hindrance of black Clouds: for the Skies were as cleare as tryed Silver: likewise the Westerne Winde did softly shake the shivering leaves, whereby it made as swéet a harmony as if they had bèen Celestiall Cherubins: a thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon the inameled Ground, making sundry fine works by their crooked turnings, and joyning one Water with another, with a very gentle méeting, making such silver Musick, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and small regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvellous great and wide Meddow, being of such exceeding faireneſs, that I am not able with Pen to paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were féeding both wilde and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Hornes: Likewise the furious wilde Boare, the fierce Lyon, and the

simple

simple Lambes were all together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature, they were enemies.

Whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in their owne conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love cleane contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wilde Beasts and tame: in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle: and casting their eyes toward the same, they beheld neare unto the principall Gate, right over the Castle, twelve Marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with severall colours.

Downe below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his draw-Bridge, all made of red Bords, which seemed as though they had beene bathed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of this goodly Castle, wondring at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espyed a Pillar of beautifull Jasper-stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange works, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished with Chaines of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certaine Letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with feare the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blowes that entrest in this Gate,
Returne in time; repentance comes too late.

The

The which when Saint George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mysticall Letters, without any more tarrying, hee set the Silver Trumpet to his Mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to echo in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principall Gate presently opened, and the drawe-Bridge, was let downe, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to returne, like Cowards daunted with a puffe of winde, they alighted from their Warlike Steeds, and delivered them into the old Shephards hands, to bee fed upon the fragrant and greene Grasse, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to returne: so locking downe their Beavers, and drawing forth their keene-edged Fauchions, they entred the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could espie any body, but they saw nothing but a paire of winding Staires, whereat they ascended, but they had not gone many steps therein, when as there was so great a darkenesse, that scarse they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the Wals, they kept their going downe those narrow and turning Staires, which were very dark, and of such length, that they thought they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Staires, but in the end they came into a very faire and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a place provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Negromancer upon a large Gallery supported with huge Pillars of Brasse: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steele: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted Courage and lowd Voyce in this manner, saying:

Come downe thou wicked Knight, thou spoyle of Virginity, thou that art inviron'd with these monstrous

Gyants, these the wondring works of Nature, whose daring looks seeme to scale the Clouds, much like unto the pride of Nimrod, when hee offered to Build up Babels confused Tower.

Come downe I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thée thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge we come, now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we bow never to depart out of thy Castle, till wee have confounded thée, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words hee held his peace, expecting an answer. Whereat the wicked Knight when hee heard these Heroycall Spéeches of Saint George, began to fret and fume like to the starved Lyon, famishes with hunger, or the cruell Tyger mussing in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfie his thirst: or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as hee fraited with Alcides Flesh; even so raged Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatning forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner hee re answered the Noble Champion of England:

Proud Knight (said he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I passe not the smallest haire of my head, for thy upbraiding mée with thy unruly tongue, I will return thy Spéeches on thy selfe, for the Pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy Followers shall bee burred in the Sinks of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of invincible Cæsar, that made all Lands to tremble where hee came, yet were they but as a blast of winde unto my Forces. Seest thou not my Gyants which stand like Makes upon our Brazen Gallery? they at my Commandement shall take you from the places where you stand: and throw you over the Wals of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Ayre, more than terme fathomes high. And for that thou hast upbraided mée with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thée, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the ayre of life, my hand should split her Wombe, that thou mightest sée the Bed of thy Conception, as Nero did in Rome: or if thy Wife and Children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses

of

of their bloody Murthers: so much wrath and hate now rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy Body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants which hee had hyred to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with sturdy Weapons in their hands, and requested him to bee quiet, and to abate his so incensed anger, and they would fetch unto his presence, all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietnesse and anger: and so without tarrying for any answer, they departed downe into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the Following Encounters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallant Natures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in words but in blowes.

Then on of the fiercest and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Saint George to bee the forwardest in the Enterprise, and judging him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a sterne countenance to speak unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Gyant) that with thy witlesse words hast so angred the mighty Leoger the Lord of this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek to appease his furious wrath before revengement bee taken upon thy person.

Also I doe charge thee (that if thou wilt remaine with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour, and yeld thy selfe, with all these thy Followers, with their hands fast bound behind them, and goe and aske forgivenesse at his feet: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Gyant (said hee) thy counsell I doe not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather doe we hope to send thee and all thy Followers, without tongues, to the infernall King of fiery Phlegeton: and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishnesse, either return your wayes from whence you came, and repent you of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to mortall Battell.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how lightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight-way fell upon Saint George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steele to beat them as small as Flesh unto the Pot, but the Queene of Chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants finally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battell, in such danger that the Victory hung wavering on both sides, not knowing to whom it would fall: the Bats and Fauchions made such a noyse upon ons anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blowes of the Cyclops working upon their Anviles: and at every blow they gave, fire flew from their Steeled Corslets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the Eechoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had beene oppressed with an Earth-quake: the Pavement of the Court was over-spread with an entermixed colour of blood and sweat, and the Wals of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol the Dayes bright Candle, began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (wearied in fight) began to faint: whereat the Christian Knights with more Courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such rigour allayled the Gyants, that before the golden Symne had dived to the Western World, all the Gyants were quite discomforted and slaine: some lay with their heads dismembred from their Bodies, weltring in purple gore: some had their Braines sprinkled against the Wals: some lay in Channels with their Intrales trailing down in streames of Blood: and some joyntlesse, with their Bodies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat Saint George with the other six Knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the immortall Rector of all good Chances for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slaine by the Prowesse of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered

into

into the hands of his Enemies, and preſently would have caſt himſelfe headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dasht out his Braines againſt the Pavement, had not the Negromancer, who likewiſe beheld the Event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended drift, promiſing to performe by Art, what the Gyants could not doe by force.

So the Negromance fell to his Magick Spels and Charmes, by which the Chriſtian Champions were mightily troubled and moleſted, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearefull and ſtrange manner, as ſhall bée hereafter ſhowne.

For as they ſtood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armors to take the freſh Ayre, and to waſh their bloody wounds received in their laſt conflict: the Magician cauſed by his Art a Spirit in the likeneſſe of a Lady of a marvellous and faire Beauty, to look through an Iron Grate, who ſéemed to leane her faire Face upon her white Hand very penſively, and diſtilled from her Chriſtall Eyes great abundance of teares. When the Champions ſaw this beautifull Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themſelves, that by ſome hard misfortune ſhée was impriſoned in thoſe Iron Grates: at which this Lady did ſéeme to open her faire and Chryſtalline Eyes, looking earneſtly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and ſorrowfull ſigh, ſhée with-drew her ſelfe from the Grate; which ſudden departure cauſed the Chriſtian Knights to have a great deſire to know who it ſhould bee, ſuſpecting that by the force of ſome enchantment, they ſhould be overthrowne: but caſting up their eyes againe to ſée if they could ſée her, they could not, but they ſaw in the very ſame place, a Woman of a great and Princely ſtature, who was all Armed in Silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her Waiſte, ſheathed in a golden Scarberd, and had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a guilt Quiver: this Lady was of ſo great Beauty, that ſhee ſeemed almoſt to exceed the other, but in the ſame ſort as the other did, upon a ſudden ſhee vaniſhed away, leaving the Champions no leſſe troubled in their thoughts than before they were.

The Chriſtian Knights had not long time bewailed the

absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken with such furious blowes upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose againe, and looking upon them to see who they were that struck them, they perswaded themselves to bee the likenesse of certaine Knights which in great haste seemed to runne in at a Doore that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed lightnesse after the Knights, in at the same Doore: wherein they had not entred three steps, but that they fell downe into a deep Cave which was covered over in such subtill sort, that whosoever did tread on it, straight way fell into the Cave, except hee was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feared some further mischiefe would follow, to their utter overthrowes, so with their Swords drawne, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darknesse that they could not see any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against some thing, either Post, Piller, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Doore that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and downe, they found that they trod upon no other things but dead mens bones, which caused them to stand still: and not long after, they espyed a secret Windowe, at the which entred a little clearnesse, and gave some light into the Den where they were, by which they espyed a Bed most richly furnished with Curtaines of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Roome of a Cave, behung with rich Tapestry of a sable colour: which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Gyants in the Court of the Castle, they required

some

some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed: but not all at one instant: for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch man, and keep Centinell in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their reposes upon the Bed, and hee would bee as wakefull as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents: so the six Christian Knights repayred to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid but presently they fell into a heavie and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not bee awaked by any manner of violence, not all the Warlike Drums in Europe if they were sounded in their eares, nor the rating Thunder-claps of Heaven were sufficient to recall them from their sleeps: for indeed the Bed was enchanted by the Negromancers Charmes in such manner that whosoever but sate upon the sides, or but touched the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavie a sleep, as if they had drunk the Juyce of Diwaile, or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little misdoubting of their Enchantments, stood like a carefull Guard, keeping the furious Wolfe from the spoyle of the silly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and his haire to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, hee purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himselfe to withstand whatsoever hapned: so being in this Princely cogitation, there appeared to him, as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a Visage leane, pale, and full of wrinckles, with locks of black hayre hanging downe to his Shoulders, like to wreathes of invenomed Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despightfull manner: In an evill houre (said the Magician) camest thou hither, and so shall thy Lodging bee, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt look for no other thing but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting strength shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreame wrath, Answered, O false and accursed

Charmer

Charmer (said hée) whom ill Chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tombe in Hell, what Fury hath incenst thée, that with thy false and Devilish Charmes thou dost practise so much evell against travelling and adventurous Knights? I hope to obtaine my Liberty in despight of all thy mischiefe, and with the strength of this Arme to breake all thy Bonds in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt doe will I suffer at thy hands, replyed the Negromancer: onely for the revengement that I will take of thee for the slaughter of my Masters Gyants, which as yet lie Murthered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithall hée went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back hée heard a sudden noyse, and beheld as it were a Window opening by little and little where as there appeared a cleare light, by the which Saint George plainely perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dasht with blood, and likewise saw that the Bones whereon they did tread at there first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their Flesh was torne off with hard and cruell Teeth. But this consideration could not long meure with him, for that hee heard a great rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw comming forth of another Den, a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in Body as an Elephant, hee had onely two Feet which appeared out of that monstrous Body but of a spanne length, and each Foot had three Clawes of three spans in length, shée came with her Mouth open, of so monstrous and hugh a bignesse, and so deformed, that a whole Armed Knight, Horse and all, might enter in thereat: she had upon her Jawes two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as Needles, and all her Body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury shée came with her Wings all abroad. Saint George although he had a baliant and an undaunted minde, yet could he not chuse but hée troubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast.

But considering with himselfe, that it was then time and great need to have Courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, hee took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himselfe under his hard

and

and strong shield, and tarried the comming of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious Beast saw that there was a prey whereon shee might employ her sharp teeth, shee struck with her invenemous Wings, and with her piercing Clawes she gript, and laid fast hold upon Saint George's hard Shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this corragious Warriour, and fastning her sharp Tuskes upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let goe her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight struck at her head a most mighty and strong blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her, by reason of the hard scales wherewith it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that shee felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoyle to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Taile: then this valiant Knight made great hast to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was in vaine, for that upon a sudden, she stretched her selfe so high, that hee could not reach her head: but yet kinde Fortune so favoured his hand, that hee struck her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but feathers, whereout issued such abundance of black blood, that it besprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her selfe so sore wounded, struck at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Taile, that if hee had not seene it comming it had beene sufficient to have parted his Body in pieces: The Knight to cleare himselfe from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for hee had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but streight-wayes hee recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exployt, that all former Adventures that have beene ever done by any Knight, may bee put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetuall memory: for that hee threw his Sword out of his hand, and ran unto the Serpent, and imbraced her betwixt his Armes, and did so squeeze her, that the furious Beast could not help her selfe with her sharp Clawes, but only

with her wings she beat him on every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his armes continuing this perillous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her beastiall blood, by which occasion shee lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long indured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernall Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant breast of the English Knight, till such time as hée plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not bée otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight hée had so lately with the Gyants. Notwithstanding, when hée felt the great weakneste of the Serpent, hee did animate himselfe with Courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantitie of blood that issued from her wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that hee clove it in two pieces: so this infernall Monster fell downe dead to the ground, and carryed the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, hee quickly cleared himselfe out of her Clawes and recovered his Sword. But when hée saw certainly that hee was cleare from the Monster, and that shée had yeelded up her detested breath into the brittle Ayre, hee kneeled downe and gave thanks to the happy Queene of Chance for his delivery. The venome was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not béene of a precious vertue, hee had béene impoysed to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, hée grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and coole himselfe by a Well which was full of water, standing by in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when hee found himselfe refreshed, hee repaired to the enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had happned to him: to whom hée purposed to reveale the true

Discourse

Discourse of all the dangers that had befalne him in that Accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and had set himselfe downe upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his Discourse, but hee presently fell into a heavie and dead slumber.

There will wee leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the enchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any meanes, and returne to the Negromancer, that was busied all the time of the Serpents Encounter, with Leoger in burying of the dead Gyants, but now hee knew by his Art, that the Serpent was slaine, and likewise Saint George oppressed with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon the enchanted Bed, from whence hee purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their fortunes in eternall sleeps.

Whereupon by his Devillish Arts he caused seven Lamps to burne continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the fires should never bee quenched but by the water of an enchanted Fountaine, the which hee likewise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court, gaurded most strongly with fearfull Spyrights: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the forme of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himselfe elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling: for hee accounted no joy so pleasing unto his soule, as to see his mortall Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could perform by Prowesse. Wee will not now onely leave the Champions in their sleeps, dreaming of no mishap, but also the Magician with Leoger in the Black Castle, spending their time securely, careless of all insuing danger, and speak now of the old Shepheard whom the Champions at their first entring in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Palfries, as they fed upon the greene grasse: which old man, when hee could heare

no newes of the Champions returne, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted in their vowed revengement, therefore hee protested secretly with his owne soule, in that for his sake so many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his dayes in such sorrow as did that hapless King of Babylon, that for seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the Flowers of the Fields, and to drink the dew of Heaven, till the haires of his Head grew as stiffe as Eagles Feathers, and the Nailes of his Fingers like unto Birds Clawes: the like extreamity he vowed to endure untill hee either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the Flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of Nature to yeeld up his loathed life to the fury of those fatall Sisters: In this deep distresse will my weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepheard mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turne unto Saint George's valiant Sonnes, whom we left travelling from the Queene of Armenias Grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take revengement of her disloyall Lord being the Knight of this Black Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint *George*'s three Sonnes after their departure from the Queene of *Armenias* Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter *Roſana*, met with a wilde man; with whom there hapned a ſtrange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Caſtle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendome, after they had ſlept ſeven dayes upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the ſame Caſtle.



The budding Flowers of Chivalry the valiant Sonnes of Saint George to perform their Knightly promiſes, and to accompliſh what they had protеſted to Roſana, at the Queene her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her ſafely unto the Black Caſtle, where her unkinde Father had his reſidence. Firſt, they provided her a Palfrey, or Jennet, bred upon the Borders of Spaine, which was furniſhed with black Capariſons, in ſigne of her heavie and diſcontented minde, and his fore-head beautified with a ſpangled Plume of Feathers.

Wherewith in her company travelled they day and night from the Confines of Armenia, with successfull fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Iland of the Black Castle: where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of green leaved Trées, where the melodie of silver-tuned Birds brought to them sweet sléeps: and in stead of delicate Fare, they were forced to satisfie their hungers with sweet Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Iland.

But at last, upon a morning, when the Skies appeared in their sights very cleare and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sunne began to spread his glistring Beames upon the lofty Mountaines and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the dayes bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wisht for Haven and desired Port. But entring into an unknowne way and narrow Path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderfull adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Iland: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore-féet, and turned backward into the Ayre in such sort, that they had almost unsadled their Masters: whereat the valiant knights upon a sudden looked round about them to sée who or what it was that caused so much feare: but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should bee the occasion of such terrour, they grew wonderfully troubled in minde. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying: Beléeve mée Brethren, I muse what should bee the cause of this alteration in our Horses: hath some Spirit glided by us: or remayneth some Devill among these Bushes: Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our Warlike weapons revenge the frighting of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the prowesse of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great Courage and Majestie, caused Rosana to smile with a chearefull countenance,

nance, and to imbolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both cleare and deep, the which they judged to run quite thorow the middle of the Iland: and so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses began agains to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timerous, they espyed a terrible Monster in the shape and forme of a Satyre or a wilde man, which did crosse overthwart the Iland, of a wonderfull great and strange making, who was as bigge and broad as any Gyant, for hee was almost foure square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glistred like unto a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet: his body was covered all over with long and shagged heire, and in his breast there was as though it had bene glasse, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certaine Rocks of Stone which stood in the Iland, and by reason of the straggling and great noyse that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espyed the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom hee had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devilish fury hee ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his comming, they cheared up their Horses, and pricked their sides with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in signe of encouragement, and withall drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blowes, so that his Club fell downe to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrown a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses, thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assaile the Satyre. Many were the

blowes

blowes on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without signe of victory inclining to either party.

During the Battell, Rosana (through the griefe and feare that she received) swounded upon her Palfrey, and had fallen beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pummell of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her selfe, shee made humble Supplication unto Lady Chance, soliciting her that shée might rather bee buried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfie his wrath, than to sée such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest hairs upon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeale she bore unto those thrée Knights.

But Saint George's Sonnes so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Prowesse of their Fathers minde, that they made very déep wounds in the Monsters Flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the gréene Grasse was covered with his black blood, and the Ground all to besmeared and strewed with his maugled Flesh.

When the Devillish Monster felt himselfe wounded, and saw how his blood flood upon the Earth like congealed gore, hee fled from them more swifter than a whirle-winde, or like to an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood there by, where presently he threw himselfe into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightnesse, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondring with themselves to sée such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the Stone, and to clear the mouth of the Cave, the which they did, not without great difficulty.

But for all that they could not finde which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock to sée if they could espie any entry, and at last they found a great cliffe on the one side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, spyed the Monster, lying upon the Flore licking of his bléeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And séeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the High-wayes, O thou infernall Devill

and

and Enemy unto the World: thou that art the devourer of humane Flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy selfe in this Rock of Stone shall availe thée, or that thy devilish body shall escape unslaughtred out of our hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested bowels, and rive thy damned heart asunder, and therewithall they thrust their Weapons through the Cleft of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in tryumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her halfe dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when shée saw them returne in safety, with a joyfull and lowd voyce shee said, O sweet Queene of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Prowesse than any other, in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have béene overcome by this remorcelesse Monster, which séemed to be of force to destroy Kingdomes, therewithall shée alighted in good state from her Palfrey, and sate her downe under the shadow of a Pine-Tree, where the three Knights likewise sate downe, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sléep, upon whose Faces she Fanned a cole breathing Ayre, and wiped their sweaty Browes with her Handkercher, using all meanes shee could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their wearie Bodies with a golden slumber, but they awaked and mounted upon their Steeds, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven portly Steeds, feeding within a grœne Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the Barks of Trees the true subject of all his passed griefs: this man was the old Shepheard which the seven Champions of Christendome (before their enchanted sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to over-sée their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Saint Georges Squire (after they had awhile beheld the manner of the Shepheards silent Lamentations)

demanded the cause of his griefe, and wherefore hee remained so neare the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner:

Brave Knights (said he) for you seeme to be no lesse, by your Princely demeanors, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide, called Leoger, whose Tyranny and Lust hath not onely ravished but murthered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young yeares, in whose revenge there came with mee seven Christian Knights of seven severall Countreys, that entred this accursed Castle about seven dayes since, appointing mee to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either newes of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrowes: but never since by any meanes could I learne whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words strook such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechlesse, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when Saint George's Sonnes had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveale what they imagined) said to the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoyle of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queene, done by the same lust-inflamed Tyrant.

When the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armours, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle-Gate, the which glistered against the Sunne like burnisht Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Stormе of Thuner in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a night-

Gowne

Gowne of Damask Velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, bee thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countreys, said he, for so doth it appeare by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buryed in the Vaults of our Castle, turne back unto the Jasper Pillar, behind you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your comming forth miraculous, And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: whereinto (without disturbance) they entred: and comming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Gyants, they espyed the enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silver Tablet in an Iron Chaine, in it was written these words following.

These fatall Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth counfounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguisht be,
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountaine fram'd by Furies raisd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth feare and terrour dwell:
No earthly water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No wight alive this water may procure,
But shee that is a Virgin chast and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Vpon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were conceived in the manner of a mysticall Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie:

but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the Adventures should be finished, and therefore shee encouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seek out the Enchanted Fountaine, that by the water therefore the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountaine was: for as they went towards the North side of the Court, they espyed another little Doore standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portall of Steele, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat presently (unto their wonderfull amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowfull Voyce breath forth these words following:

Let no man be so fooliſh hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terrour and confuſion.

Yet for all this they entred in thereat, and would not bee daunted with any ceremonious feare, but like Knights of an Heroicall estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entred, but they saw that it was wonderfull dark, and it seemed unto them that it should bee a very large Hall, and therein they heard very fearefull howlings, as though there had beene a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Pluto's Dogge had beene vice-gerent of that place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed Courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entred in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, and Devils, with other strange Visions framed by Magick Art, onely to terrifie the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them

them on every side, they espyed the Enchanted Fountaine standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident whatsoever should happen.

But comming to the Fountaine, and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gryphon, which seemed to bee all of flaming fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoyle back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderfull lightnesse, accompanied with no lesse anger, they threw their Shields at their backs, and taking there Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assayle the Gryphon with mortall and strong blowes. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with flesh-hooks in their hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoaking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights whose yeares although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Helleish Crew, striking such terrible blowes, that in spight of them they came unto the Fountaine, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vaine, for they were not only put from it by this devillish Company, but the water it selfe glided from their hands.

Oh in what great travell and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and devillish Generation, for to defend themselves that they might attaine to the finishing of this Adventure, according to their Knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous Encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terrour of the same: but at last remembring her selfe of the Superscription written in the silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the Lights should bee accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively forme of a Rose natu-

rally pitcred upon her Breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to bee comprehended in her selfe, therefore whilest they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountaine, and filled it with water, wherewith shee quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to bee over-spread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundrings and Lightnings, and such a terrible noyse as though the Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gryphon with all that deluding Generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their enchanted sleeps, the Castle yelded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except hee preserved it by sudden flight, so presently hee departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Iland unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries and death, you shall heare more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Negromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yelded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charmes and Magick Spels nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two Ayrie Spirits in the likenesse of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayre in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devillish Attempts, and Damned Enterprises, which shall bee Discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had laine in obscurity for the space of seven dayes. For

When

when they were risen from their sléep, and had rowsed up their drowsie spirits, like men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long time gazed on each others Face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing looks, being the silent speakers of their extream sorrowes. Yet at last, Saint George began to expresse the extremity of his griefs in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europs Champions (said hee) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World: what is become of your surmounting strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Helmets, and quaild the power of mighty multitudes: what is become of your terrible blowes, that have subdued Mountaines, hewed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdomes under your subjections: Now I sée that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that wée have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothfull slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knées, and said, thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, to thée I invocate and call, and desire thée to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this dishonour, and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renownes may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes, as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole Volums with our Princely Atchiements.

These and such like Spéeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phœbus glistred with splendant brightnesse into the Cave through a secret hole, which séemed in their conceits to dance about the Vayle of Heaven, and to rejoyce at their happy deliveries.

In this joyfull manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armours buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not béen unbraced in seven dayes before, where they met with the thrée Knights comming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knighthood.

But when Saint George saw his Sonnes, whom hée had not

not seene in twice two yeares before, hee was so ravished with joy, that he swounded in their Bosomes being not able to give them his Blessing, so great was the pleasure hee took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyfull greeting betwixt the Father and his Sonnes, to those that knowes the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what deare affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Soules each to other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they begun first their intended Pilgrimage to Ierusalem as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to finde out Leoger with his Associats the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters Traps, and had left the empty Castle to the spoyle of the Christian Champions: but when Rosana saw her selfe dismist from her purpose, and that she could not performe her Mothers will against her disloyall Father, shee protested by her Mothers Name, never to close up her carefull Eyes with quiet slumbers nor never rest her weary Limbes in Bed of Downe, but travell up and downe the circled Earth, till shee enjoyed a sight of her disloyall Father, whom as yet her Eyes did never see. Therefore shee conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights ought for to beare unto poore distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Travell.

The Knights considered with themselves that shee was a Lady of a Divine Inspiration, born unto some strange fortune, and one by the Heavens appointment which had redeemed them from a wonderfull misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a minde.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magick

magick Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it wayed no heavier than a Tygers Skin: it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nailes: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrests of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed, big of stature, and of a very good haire, for the halfe parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolfe, and the other halfe was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that hee needed not at any time to be shod: his Neck was somewhat long, having a little Head, with great Eares hanging down like a Hound: his pace was with great majesty, and hee so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tuskes like unto an Elephant, and hee did exceed all Horses in the world in lightnesse, and did runne with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her minde, than any thing that ever her eye had seene before that time. Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamonds Rings, continuall to weare upon her Fingers, in perpetuall remembrance of their courtesies.

This done, without any longer tarryance, but only thinking them for their great kindnesse shewed unto her in distresse, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of Stirrop or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights as a shower of raine driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepheard, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy meetings: hee as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relefe of poore Travellers.

This being performed with their generall consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banqueting and other pleasant conference of their passed Adventures: And when the Night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the dayes delightfull countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many Windowes as there were dayes in the yeare, the old Shepheard by himselfe in a rich furnished Parlor, and Saint George's three Sonnes in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How after the Chriſtian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Caſtle : Saint *George* was awaked from his ſleep in the dead time of the night, after a moſt feareſull manner, and likewiſe how hee found a Knight lying upon a Tombe that ſtood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the ſame.

MOſt ſweet were the ſleeps that theſe Princely minded Companions took in the Caſtle all the firſt part of the night without moleſtation either by diſquiet Dreames or diſturbing motions of their minds, till ſuch time as the glittering Queene of Night had run halfe her weary Journey, and had ſpent the better part of the night: for betwixt twelve and one, being the chiefeſt time of feare and terrour in the night, ſuch a ſtrange alteration did worke in Saint Georges thought, that hee could not enjoy the benefit of ſweet ſleep, but was forced to lie broad waking, like one diſquieted by ſome ſudden feare: but as hee lay with wakefull eyes thinking upon his paſſed Fortunes, and numbring the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of night-Ravens, which flew beating their

fatall Wings against the Windowes of his Lodging, by which hee imagined that some direfull Accident was neare at hand: yet being not frighted with this fearefull noyse: nor daunted with the croaking of these Ravens, hee lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six severall Beds in the same Chamber: but at last being betweene sleeping and waking, hee heard as it were the Voyce of a sorrowfull Knight that constrayned these bitter passions from his tormented Soule, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowfull dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish Bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the Charm of my Enchantment.

And therewithall he seemed to give a most terrible groan and so ceased. This unexpected noyse caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might finde the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowfull Lamentation.

So going up and down by-corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange Voyce, or disturbance by any other meanes but that he was hindred from his naturall and quiet sleeps, by the break of day, when the dark night began to with-draw her sable curtaines, and to give Aurora liberty to explaine her purple brightnesse, hee entred into a foure square Parlor, hung round about with black Cloath, and other mournfull Habiliments, where on the one side of the same hee saw a Tombe all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certaine times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighes, caused by burning Flames that proceeded from under the Tombe, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should bee converted into Coales: the Flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retyre himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearfull Spectacle.

Yes

Hee which lay upon the Tombe, casting his eyes aside, espyed Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Sir Knight that art come into this place of sorrow, where nothing is heard but clamours of feare and terrour?

Nay, tell me said Saint George, who thou art, that with so much griefe dost demand of mée, that which I stand in doubt to reveale to thée?

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruell hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter: woe bé to me, and woe unto my Soule therefore: for thée at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many Torments doe die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, hée saw come forth from under the Tombe a Damsell who had her haire of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down about her shoulders, and by her Face thée seemed that thée should be very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowfull voyce she said:

Oh unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernall Lodging, where cannot be given thée any other pleasure, but mortall torment, and there is but one thing that can cleare thée from them, and this cannot be told thée by any other but by mée: yet I will not expresse it except thou wilt grant mée one thing which I will aske of thée.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowfull Damsell, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seene, answered and said: The Powers which were Governours of my Liberty, will doe their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denyed any lawfull thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made to fulfill the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is, for I am ready to doe any thing that may work thy remedy.

And with that the Damsell threw her selfe into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce she said: Now most courteous Knight perform thy promise: strike but three stroks upon this fatall Tombe, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continuall torments.

Then the invincible Knight replyed in this order, whether you be humane creatures said hee, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or Furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernall Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may beléeve thy words or not: but yet Discourse unto mée the truth of all your passed Fortunes, and by what meanes you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrell of Christendome, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lyeth in my power.

Then the Damsell began with a grievous and sorrowfull Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told: And lying in the fatall Sepulchre, unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to heare her Discourse and Lamentable Storie: with a hallow Voyce like a murthered Lady, whose bleeding Soule as yet did féele the terrible stroke of her death, thée repeated this pittifull Tale following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragicall Diſcourſe pronounced by a Lady in a Tombe, and how her enchantment was finiſhed by Saint *George*, with other ſtrange Accidents that hapned to the other ſix Champions of Chriſtendome.



IN famous Babylon ſometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and vertuous Cuſtomes, and had onely one Daughter that was very faire, whoſe name was Angelica, humble, wiſe, and chaſte: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderfull cunning in the Black Art. This Magician had a ſage and grave countenance, and one that for wiſdome better deſerved the Goverment than any other in the Kingdome, and was very well eſteemed throughout all Babylon, almoſt equally with the King: for the which there ingendred in the Kings heart a ſecret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician caſt his love upon the young Princeſſe Angelica, and it was ordained by deſtiny that ſhee ſhould repay him with the ſame affection, ſo that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they indured ſundry great paſſions.

Then

Then love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting Maide of Angelica's, named Fidela: the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortall power of the Goddesse Venus: Oh in what feare the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to bewray the secrets of his love-sick soule: but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting Maide (whose name was answerable unto her minde) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This faire Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her owne naturall Countrey and Father: and with this intention being one night with her Love, shee cast her Armes about his Neck and said:

Oh my sweet and welbeloved Friend, seeing that my Destinies have beene so kinde to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast let no man finde in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight: and doe not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I beare to you, constraineth mee to make it manifest. And this beleeve of a certainty, that if thy sight bee absent from mee, it will bee an occasion that my heart will lack his vitall recreation, and my soule forsake her earthly habitation. You know (my Lord) how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soule, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined) if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Countrey, and to goe and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life: but I know you will not deny mee, for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithall shedding a few teares from her Christall eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one halfe ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said:

My Love and sweet Mistresse, wherefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfill and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore out of hand put all things in a readi-

nesse

nesse that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatall Destinies give end to our lives? Or if it so fall out that Fortune frown upon us, that wee bee espyed and taken in our Enterprise, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto mee, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy Armes? therefore doe not trouble your selfe deare Lady and Mistresse, but give mee leave for to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readinesse for our departures: and so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecie as might possibly bee devised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawne by two flying Dragons, into the which without being espyed of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting Maide, and in great secrecie they departed out of the Kings Pallace, and took their journey towards the Countrey of Armenia: in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock, upon the which stood an old and ancient Building, wherein they intended to inhabite, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all feare of being found, live peacefully, enjoying each others love.

Not farre from that place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary Provision for the maintaining of their bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to goe a hunting with certaine Countrey Dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that strong Houle, so in this order they lived together foure yeeres, spending their dayes in great pleasure: but in the end, Time (who never resteth in one degree)

did take from them their Rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extream misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and griefe was so much that hee received, that hee kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Foure years hee passed away in great heavinesse, filling the Court with Eechoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt Teares his Drink, and Griefe his chiefe companion.

But at last, upon a time as hee sate in his Chaire, lamenting her absence with great heavinesse, and being over charged with griefe, hee chanc't to fall into a troublesome Dreame, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that hee saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return to Babylon, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyres, and wild men ready furnished with Habiliments of Warre to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chaire as though it had beene one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and caused foure of the chiefest Peeres of his Land to be sent for, to whom hee committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that hee intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom hee dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except hee sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom hee had offended, hee should be Deposed from his Kingdom.

None could with draw him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of his whole Land: therefore within twenty dayes hee furnished himselfe with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martiall Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffring any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to beare him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after many Ceremonious Order, but like a blood-Hound searching Countrey after

after Countrey, Nation by Nation, and Kingdome by Kingdome, that after a barbarous manner hee might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as hee travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderneſſe, but hee furiously entred, and diligently ſearched for his Angelica.

At laſt, by ſtrange Fortune hee hapned into Armenia, neare unto the place whereas his Daughter had her reſidence, where after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that ſhée remained in an old ruinated Building on the top of a Rock neare at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at ſuch a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accuſtomed Hunting: where comming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat ſo furiously that hee made the noyſe reſound all the Houſe over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knock, ſhée came unto the Gate, and with all ſpéed did open it, where when ſhee thought to imbrace him, thinking it to be her Lover, ſhée ſaw that it was her Father, and with a ſudden alteration ſhee gave a great ſhrike, and ran with all the ſpéed ſhée could back into the Houſe.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, ſaying: It doth little avayle thée Angelica to run away, for that thou ſhalt die by this revengefull hand, paying mée with thy death, the diſhonour that my Crowne hath received by thy flight.

So hee followed her till hee came to the Chamber where her waiting Maide Fidelia was, who likewiſe preſently knew the King: upon whoſe wrathfull countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, ſhe put her ſelfe over her Ladies body, and gave moſt terrible, lowd, and lamentable ſhrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the naturall love of a Father towards his Child, hée laid hands upon his Sword, and ſaid: It doth not profit thée Angelica to flie from thy death, for thy deſert is ſuch, that thou canſt not eſcape from it: for here mine owne Arme ſhall bee the killer of mine own fleſh, and I unnaturally hate that, which Nature it ſelfe commandeth me eſpecially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red than Scarlet, answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father, will you bee now as cruell unto mée, as you had wont to be kinde and pittifull? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmercifull Sword, and hearken unto this which I say in discharging my selfe of that you charge me withall. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love for to love, forgetting all Fatherly love and duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more liker a Dragon in the Woods of Hercania, than a man by nature, answered and said.

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Natures kinde, thou wicked Traytor to thy Generation: what reason hast thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict? And in saying these words, hee lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood: whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shrike, and threw her selfe upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only to set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistresse.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the haire of the Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his Feet, thereby to make a way that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when shee saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, shée hung about his Neck, and said: Thou monstrous Murtherer, more cruell than the mad Dogges in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and Loyallest Lady in the World, even shée within whose lap untamed Lyons will come and sléep?

Thou art thy selfe (I say) the occasion of all this evill, and thyne only is the fault, for that thy selfe wert so malicious

and

and so full of mischiefs, that she durst not let thée understand of her love.

These words and teares of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wilde Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a company of Dogs, most irefully shooke his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dasht her Braines against the Chamber Walls, and with double wrath hée did proceed to execute his fury. Yet for all this, Fidelia with terrible shrikes sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruell hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soule was forced to leave her terrestriall habitation, and flie into the wide Ayre, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when shée was most at quiet, and content with her meane kind of life, then Fortune turned her unconstant Wheele, and cast her from a glorious delight to a sudden death.

The irefull King, when hee beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled about the Chamber and that by his own hands it was committed, hee repented himselfe of the deed, and accursed the houre wherein the first motion of such a crime entred into his minde, wishing the hand that did it ever after might bée lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to bée plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus: or to be terrified with her ghastly spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus shadow, whom hee cruelly murthered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination not to stay till the Magician returned from his Hunting Exercise, but to exclude himselfe from the company of all men, and to spend the remnant of his loathsome life among untamed Beasts in some wilde Wilderness. Upon this resolution hee departed the Chamber, and withall said, Farewell thou lifelesse Body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which I have split, crave vengeance of the Fates against my guilty Soule, for my earthly Body shall indure a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure hee Writ upon the

Chamber Walls these Verses following with his Daughters blood:

Now unto Hils, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I goe.
To spend my dayes in shame, in sorrow, griefe, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her selfe, both by rending the golden trammels of her haire, and tearing her Rose-coloured Face with her furious Nayles, that she rather seemed an infernall Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: shée sate over Angelica's Body, wiping her bléeding bosome with a Damask Scarfe, which shée pulled from her Waste, and bathing her dead Body in luke-warme Teares, which forcibly ranne downe from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountaine.

In this wofull manner spent the sorrowfull Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus went into the Westerne parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and riding the Doore open, hee entred into Angelica's Chamber, where when hee found her Body weltring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia sate wéeping over her bléeding wounds, hee cursed himselfe, for that hée accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that hée had not left her in more safty. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her owne Father shee was slaughtered, hee began like a frantick tyrant to rage against black destiny, and to fill the Ayre with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruell Murtherer (said hee) crept from the wombe of some untamed Tyger: I will bée so revenged upon thée, O unnaturall King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatall Déed unto my Eares: the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continuall torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And

And in ſaying theſe words, hee drew a Book out of his Boſome, and in reading certaine Charmes, and Enchantments that were therein contained, hee made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible and haſty winds, in the which hee took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Caſtle, where ever ſince they have remained in this Tombe cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and muſt for ever continue in the ſame extremity, except ſome courteous Knight will vouchſafe to give but three blowes upon the Tombe, and breake the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard, yon magnanimous Knight, the true Diſcourſe of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love ſhe bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my ſelfe, and this pale Body lying upon the Tombe, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murthered his owne Daughter: and the Magician which committed all theſe villanies, is that accurſed wretch, which by his Charms and Devilliſh Enchantments hath ſo ſtrongly withſtood your Encounters.

Theſe words were no ſooner finiſhed, but Saint George drew out his ſharp cutting Sword and gave three blowes upon the enchanted Tombe, whereat preſently appeared the Babylonian King ſtanding before him, attyred in rich Robes, with an Imperiall Diadem upon his Head: and the Lady ſtanding by him, with a countenance more beautifull than the Damask Roſe.

When Saint George beheld them, hee was not able to ſpeak for joy, nor to utter his minde, ſo exceeding was the pleaſure that hee took in their ſights. So without any long circumſtance hee took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas hee found the other Knights newly riſen from their Beds. To whom hee revealed the true Diſcourſe of the paſſed Adventure, and by what meanes hee redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for ſome ſix dayes refreſhed themſelves in the Caſtle, they generally intended to accompany

the

the Babylonion King into his Countrey, and to place him againe in his Regiment.

In which Travell we will leave the Christian Knights to the Conduct of Fortune, and returne againe to Rosana, whom (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuits of her disloyall Father: of whose strange Accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Caſtle after conqueſt of the ſame by the Chriſtian Champions, wandred up and downe the World in great terrour of conſcience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his owne daughter, in whoſe preſence he deſperately ſlew himſelfe, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOu doe well remember when that Chriſtian Champions had ſlaine the ſeven Gyants in the enchanted Caſtle and had made conqueſt thereof, diſloyall Leoger, being Lord of the ſame, ſecretly fled: not for any anger of the loſſe, but for the preſervation of his life. So in great griefe and terrour of conſcience he wandred like a fugitive up and downe the world; ſometimes remembring of his paſſed proſperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how diſloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with Child, bearing in her Womb the ſtaine of her honour, and the confuſion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty minde imagined that the bleeding Ghoſts of the two Siſters (whom hee both raviſhed and murthered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghoſt

with fearfull exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of revengement.

Such feare and terrour raged in his soule, that he thought all places where hee travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countreys pursued him, to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby hee cursed the houre of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a flash of Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and downe, filling all places with Ecchoes of his sorrowes and griefe, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times hee would have slain himselfe, and have rid his wretched soule from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, hee entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow hee travelled till such time as glistring Phœbus had passed the halfe part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great waight of his Armour, hee was forced to take some rest and ease under certaine fresh and greene Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did shadow a very faire and cleare Fountaine, whose stream made a bubbling murmur on the pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty, and complayning of Fortune, hee thus published his great griefe: and although he was weary of complaynting, yet seeing himselfe without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease unto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these Verses following.

MOurnfull *Melpomene* approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with teares bespreut:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your moanes sweet Muses all assist
My mournfull Song that doth on woe consist.

That

That ſo I may at large paint out my paine,
Within theſe deſart Groves and Wilderneſſe:
And after I have ended to complaine,
They may record my woes and deep diſtreſſe:
Except theſe Myrtle Trees relentleſſe be,
They will with ſobs aſſiſt the ſighes of me,

Time weares out life, it is reported ſo,
And ſo it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryed ſo long, and this doe know,
Time gives no end to this my miſery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nympes that in theſe Woods do ſhrow'd,
To you my mournfull ſorrowes I declare:
You ſavage Satyres, let your eares be bow'd,
To heare my woe your nimble ſelves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, in rurall Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, doe you ſome ſilence ſhow.

Sweet *Philomel*, ceaſe thou thy Songs awhile,
And will thy mates their melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournfull ſtile,
Which will of mirth your ſugred notes bereave:
If you deſire the burthen of my Song,
I ſigh and ſob, cauſe Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beaſts that feed on Mountaines high,
And reſtleſſe run with rage your prey to finde,
Draw neare to him whoſe brutiſh cruelty
Hath cropt the bud of Virgins chaſte and kinde:

This only thing yet reſts to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to encreaſe my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themſelves prepare
To work againſt my ſoule their full deſpight,
I know no meanes to yeeld my heart reliefe,
'Tis only death which can diſſolve my griefe.

I muſe, and may, my ſorrowes being ſuch,
That my poore heart can longer life ſuſtain,
Sith daily I doe finde my griefe ſo much,
As every day I feele a dying paine.
But yet alas, I live afflicted ſtill,
And have no hope to heale me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleaſures paſt,
Now turn'd to paine, it makes me rue my ſtate:
And ſince my joy with woe is over-caſt,
O death give end to my unhappy fate,
For only death will laſting life provide,
Where living thus, I ſundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that here my mournfull Song,
And taſted have the griefe that I ſuſtain,
All luſtfull Raviſhers that have done wrong,
With teare-fill'd eyes aſſiſt me to complain,
All that have being doe my being hate,
Crying haſte, haſte, this wretches dying ſtate.

This sorrowfull Song being done, he layd himselfe all along upon the grèen grasse, closing up the cloſets of his eyes in hope to repose himselfe in a quiet sléep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts, in which silent contemplation we will leave him for awhile, and returne to Rosana the Queenes Daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black Castle (clad with enchanted Armour) in the pursuite of her disloyall Father, whom shée never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to perform her Mothers Will) travelled up and down strange Countreys with many a weary step, yet never could shee méet with her unkinde Father, unto whom shée was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could shée heare in any place whereſoever she came, where shee might goe to séek him. In the which travell shee met with many strange Adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still shee wandred ober Hils and Dales, Mountaines and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she hapned by fortune into the Wilderneſſe whereas this discontented Knight lay sléeping upon the grèen grasse, néere to which place she likewise reposed her selfe under the branches of a Chesse-nut Trée, desiring to take some rest after her long Travell.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sléeping, shee heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groane, as it were of some sorrowfull Knight, which was so terrible, heavie, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive eare unto the sound, and to sée if shée could heare and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noyse that shée could possibly, shee arose up and went towards the place, whereas she might sée who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the grèen grasse, under a certaine faire and grèen Myrtle Trée, his Armour was all rust-it, and full of bars of black Steele, which shewed to bee a very sad, sorrowfull, and heavy enamelling, agréeable to the inward sadnesse of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there séemed by his disposition to be in his heart great griefe: where after shée had a while stood, in secret, be-

holding his sorrowfull countenance, in a wofull manner hee tumbled his restlesse body upon the green grasse, and with a sad and heavy lok he breathed forth this wofull Lamentation.

Oh heavie and perverse Fortune (said hee) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruell a wretch doe breathe so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked head the golden Sunne disdaines to shine, and the glistring Elements deny their chéerfull lights?

Oh that some ravenous Harpey would issue from his Den, and make his lothsome bowels my fatall Tombe, or that my eyes were sightlesse, like the miserable King of Thebis, that I never might againe behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance, for wronging that Mayden Quéene of Armenia, in the spoyle of whose Virginity I made a tryumphant conquest.

Oh Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thée to commit so great a sinne, in leaving her stained with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruell and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and borne into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princesse, who not only yéelded to thée her Liberty, Love, and Honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem? and therefore woe unto me Drayton, and more woes fall upon my soule, than there be haires upon my head, and may the sorrowes of old Priam be my latest punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the Ayre with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? This being said, hee gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana, by those heavie and sorrowfull Lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyall Father, whom she had so long travelled after to finde out: but when she remembred how that his unfaithfulnesse and unkindnesse was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extream pain and sorrow, that shee was constrained (without any féeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her couragious heart could not remaine long in that passion, but strait-wayes shée rose up again upon her

féet,

feet, with a desire to perform her Mothers Will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveale unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, shee went unto the place where Leoger was, who when hee heard the noyse of her comming, straitwayes started upon his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voyce somewhat heavie, and Leoger did return his salutation with no lesse shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delivered it into his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetful and disloyall Knight, which left the unfortunate Quéen of Armenia (with so great paine and sorrow) big with child amongst those unmercifull Tyrants her Countrey-men, which banished her out of her Countrey in revenge of thy committed crime, where ever since she hath béen companion with wild Beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment?

Leoger when he heard her to say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbered and weary of weeping, yet hee most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner:

I will not deny to thée gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very Clouds dos blush at, and the low Earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after: Tell me therefore what is thy will?

My will is, said she, thou most ungratefull Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Quéen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in minde, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soule from his body: and therewithall putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set him down very sorrowfull upon the grèen grasse, without any power to the contrary, his griefe so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian

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Queene, and with great alteration both of heart and minde hee read the sorrowfull lines, which contained these words following:

The Queen of *Armenia* her Letter.

TO thée thou disloyall Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queene of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my selfe, I cannot send it unto him whose cruell minde hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea, and complaine unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a crowned Queene to a miserable and banished Captiue, where as savage beasts are my chiefe companions, and the mournfull birds my best solliciters. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why didst thou leave mee comfortlesse without all cause, as did Æneas his unfortunate Dido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thée forget her that ever shall remember thée? Oh Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day bee fatall evermore, and counted for a dismall day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foule mischances, for it was unhappy unto mee: for in giving thée joy, I bereaved my selfe of all, and lost the possession of my Liberty and Honour: although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowfull fortunes, yet thou shouldest not have mocked my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have born thée, in that I have yeelded to thée that precious Jewell, the which hath béen denyed to many a noble King. O Love, cruell and spitefull Love, that so quickly didst make me blinde, and depriuedst me of the knowledge that belonged to my royall Highnesse. Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy love, the Queen of Armenia stayned her honesty, which thee ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of disloyall love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much as I did forgoe for thy sake.

Tell mee, why didst thou not suffer mee to execute my will, that I might have opened my white breast with a

piercing

piercing Sword, and ſent my ſoule to the ſhady Banks of ſweet Elizium? then had it been better for mée to have dyed, than to live ſtill and daily die.

Remember thy ſelfe Leoger, and behold the harme that will come hereof: have thou a care unto the pawne which thou haſt ſealed in my womb, and let it be an occaſion that thou doſt (after all thy violent wrongs) return to ſée me ſleeping on my Tombe, that my child may not remaine fatherleſſe in the power of wild Beaſts, whoſe hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Doe not conſent that the perfect love which I beare thée ſhould be counted vaine, but rather perform the promiſe which thou haſt made to me.

O unkind Leoger, O cruell and hard heart! is falſhood the ſtrive love that ſo unfainedly thou didſt profeſſe to mée? What is hee that hath beene more unmercifull than thou haſt beene? There is no furious beaſt nor lurking Lyon in the Deſarts of Lybia, whoſe mercileſſe pawes are all beſmeared in blood, that is ſo cruelly hearted as thy ſelfe, elſe wouldeſt thou not leave me comfortleſſe, ſpending my dayes in ſolitary Woods, whereas the Tygers mourn at my diſtreſſes, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations: the unreaſonable torments and ſorrowes of my ſoule are ſo many, that if my pen were made of Lidian Steele, and my Inke the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertiſe thée of my deſired death, for in writing this my laſt Teſtament, the Fates are cutting aſunder my thred of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I deſire thée by the true love which I beare thée, that thou wilt read with ſome ſorrow theſe few lines, And now I deſire of the Deſtinies that thou mayſt die the like death that for thée I now doe. And ſo I end,

By her which did yeeld unto thee
her Life, Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

When this ſad and heavie Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, hee could not reſtraine his eyes from diſtilling ſalt teares, ſo great was the grieke that his heart ſuſtayned: Roſana did likewiſe beare

him company to solemnize his heavinesse, with as many teares trickling from the conduits of her eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other: but afterwards their griefes being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say:

Oh Messenger, from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evill rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is: shew unto me her abiding place, that I may goe thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yelding unto death.

Oh cruell and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buryed: only by the oration of such a forswom Knight.

This penitent and grieved Knight, when hee understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury hee struck himselfe on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowfull sighes, hee threw himselfe to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward grieve which at that time hee felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, hee called continually on the Armenian Queene, and in that devilish fury wherein he was, drew out his dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Maile, hee thrust it into his body, and giving himselfe this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady) hee finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heavie Lady when shee beheld him so desperately to gore his martiall Breast, and to fall lifelesse to the Earth, shee greatly repented her selfe that shee had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that shee was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld: and as a Lyon (though all too late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lyoness evill intreated of the Hunter, even so shee ran unto her murthered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his

his wounded head, and unbraced his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also thee took away his Shield which had on it a russet Flag, and in the middest thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very faire and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a faire linnen cloath shee wiped off the blood from his wounded body. And when shee was certaine that it was hee after whom shee had travelled so many weary steps, and that hee was without life, with a furious madnesse shee tore her Attyre from her Head, and all to rent her golden Haire, tearing it in pieces, and then returned againe and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowfull lamentation, that whosoever had seene her would have beene moved to compassion. Then shee took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, shee joyned her Face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowfull words shee said:

Deare Father, open thine eyes and behold mee, open them sweet Father, and look upon mee thy sorrowfull Daughter: if Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy selfe to look upon mee wherein such delight may come to me, that we may either accompany other, Oh my Lord and onely Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers teares were not sufficient to reclaime thee, make mee satisfaction for the great travell which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without seeing her: open thine eyes that shee may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began againe to wipe his body, for that it was againe all to be bathed in blood, and with her white hands shee felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face, and Head, till such time as shee touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortall wound, where shee held it still and looked upon him whether hee moved or no. But when shee

felt him without sence or feeling shee began anew to complaine, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, shee said.

Oh my hapelesse Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thée, watering the Earth with her Teares, and allwayes in vaine calling for thée: Oh how many times in naming thy name hath thé béene answered with an Eccho, which was unto her great dolour and griefe: and now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoyce her selfe in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into griefe and dolour. Oh cruell and unconstant Quéene of Chance, hath Rosana deserved this, to bée most afflicted when shee expected some joy: Oh Leoger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of my eyes be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when he saw himselfe in her Arms, and understood by her words, that thée was his Daughter, whom hee had by the unfortunate Quéene of Armenia, hee suddenly strove against weakneſſe, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yeelding Armes about the milk-white Neck of the faire Rosana, and they joyned their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter teares, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble and weak voyce the wounded Knight said:

Ah my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my selfe, in enjoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remaine alive, and before my silly soule doth depart the company of my dying body: I doe confesse that I have been pittileſſe unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travell with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found mee, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowfull place with my dead body pale and wan: yet before my death sweet Girle give me some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterward I desire thee to intombe my body in thy Mothers Grave, though it bee farre in distance from this unlucky Country.

Oh

Oh my deare Lord (answered shée) doe you request mée to give your body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite, to séek some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive mée of your loving company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, shee kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighes, and having within her selfe a terrible conflict, shee tarryed for the answer of her dying Father, who with paine and great anguish of death, said:

O my Child, how happy should I bee, that thus imbracing one in anothers Armes, we might depart together? then should I be joyfull in thy company, and account my selfe happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thée, and for ever may she take thée into her favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his Neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowfull Lady saw that the Soule had got the victory and departed from the body, shée kissed his pale lips, and giving déep and dolorous sighes, shée began a marvellous and most heavy Lamentation, calling her selfe unhappy and unfortunate, and layd her selfe upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to heare.

Oh my deare Father, said shee, what small benefit have I received for all my travell and paine, the which I have suffered in séeking of thée, and now in the finding of thee the more is my griefe, for that I came to sée thee die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my minde when I saw that fatall Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? whereon was my thought? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatall blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have borne thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why doe you not come and take pitty upon my griefe in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pittifull, for that I doe abhorre this dolorous life. Yet all this while shee did not forget the promise that shée made him, which was to give his body burial in her Mothers Tombe. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto her selfe more courage than her

sorrowfull griefe would consent unto, shée put the dead body under a broad branched Pine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and gréene grasse, and withall hung his Armour upon the boughes, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some adventrous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindnesse would assist her to intombe him. This done, here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Negromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found *Leogers* Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by *Roſana* the Queenes Daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battell: alſo of the deſperate death of the Lady: and after how the Magician framed by Magick Art an enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he incloſed himſelfe from the ſight of all humane creatures.



I Am ſure you doe well remember, when the Chriſtian Knights had conquered the Black Caſtle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Negromancer to preſerve his life, fled from the ſame, carried by his Art through the Ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot he croſſed ober many Parts and Plaines of the Eaſterne Climates.

At laſt, being weary of his journey, he put himſelfe into the thickeſt of a Foreſt, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, hee never reſted till hee came unto a mighty and broad River, the which ſeemed to bee an arme of the marble coloured Ocean: there hee alighted from his Chariot for to

to refresh himselfe, and took water with his hands and drunk thereof, and washed his face: and as hee found himselfe all alone, there came into his minde many thoughts of his fore-passed life, and how hee was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger hee gave terrible sighes, and began to curse not only the houre of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generation of Mankinde.

Likewise hee remembred the great sorrow and travell that hee ever since had endured, and what toyle travelling Knights doe endure: In these variable cogitations spent hee the time away till golden Phœbus began to with-draw himselfe into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidentall parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his paine did the more encrease: all that night hee passed away with such sorrowfull Lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountaines did resound his wofull exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering beames began againe to cover the Earth.

The which being seene by the Magician, with a trice hee arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey: but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, hee discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of raine that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of great value and of a wonderfull richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, hee took downe the Knights Armour, and armed himselfe therewith, and when hee lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, hee heard a voyce that said; Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undoe this Trophie, except thou prepare thy selfe to win it by sword.

The Magician at this unexpected voyce, cast his Head on the one side, and espyed Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep, most richly Armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that hee did not let to make an end of arming himselfe, and having laced on his Burgonet, hee went towards the Demander with his

sword

sword ready drawne in his hand, inviting her to a mortall battell.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend her selfe, and offend her enemy.

Oh my Muse! that I had but learned Eloquence for to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two gallant Warriours: Rosana though shee was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in heroicall Adventures as any Knight in the world, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valian Amazonian when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his Head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noyse thereof it made a sound in all the Mountaines. And so began between them a marvellous and fearefull Battell. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the foyle to neither party, nor as yet gave she conquest to any: all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blowes, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senselesse: and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force shee might strike and hurt her Enemy: and therewithall gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonied to the Earth without any feeling.

But when the Magician came againe to himselfe, hee returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her selfe thereof, in such sort that it was stricken in vaine, and with great lightnesse she retyred, and struck the Magician so furiously, that shee made him once againe to fall to the ground all astonied, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently hee revived and got up in a trice, with so great

anger, that the smoak which came from his mouth, seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not bee seene.

Then this furious Devill (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any feare of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blowes at once; but it fortuned that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steele, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into peeces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yeeld to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that hee would be a meanes to convay her fathers dead body to an Iland neare adjoyning to the Borders of Armenia, and there to intomb it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his ayre of life fleeted from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art hee prepared his Iron Charict with his flying Dragons in a readinesse, wherein he layd the murthered Body of Leoger upon a Pillow of Pickle-loe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with Necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thorow the Ayre more swifter than a Whirle-winde, or a Ship sayling on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The Wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to expresse them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger encreased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the Skies, and yeeld themselves unto their pleasures, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead Body, carryed through the Ayre by Magick Art, over Hils and Dales, Mountaines and Vallies, Woods and Forrests, Townes and Cities, and through many both wonderfull & strange places and Countreys.

And at last, they Arrived neare unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their enchanted Chariot, and bore Leogers Body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) over-grown with Mosse and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Ladies consumed Carkasse: which being done, the Magician covered againe the grave with Earth, and layd thereon green Turves, which made it seeme as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremoneous Funerall, Rosana watered the Earth with her teares, never withdrawing her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, shee fell into this sorrowfull lamentation following.

Oh cruell Destinies (sayd shee) sith your rigours have bereaved mee of both my parents, and left me to the world, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity, in payment of your vengeance: and let my blood here shed upon this Grave, shew the singlenesse of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in peeces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As shee was uttering these and the like sorrowes, shee took forth a naked Sword which shee had ready for the same effect, and putting the Pummell to the ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which shee did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that the Magician although hee was there present, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her selfe so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soule, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow, and recovering his former speech) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave:

and ouer the same hee hung up an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorrowes of his heart for the desperate death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himselfe from the company of all humane creatures, hee erected ouer the Graue by Magick Art a very stately Tombe, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed foure Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrystall: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two faire Ladies; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so leane of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corslet of fine Steele, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spred abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepheard and his sheephook lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them distilled many pearled teares: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murthered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lyon, his breast and body like a Wolfe, and his taile like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with foure Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly ouer the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle earth
The framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a wondrous birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed bee.

This

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's legions, and maintained by their devillish powers, but the Negromancer inclosed himselfe in the Walls, where hee consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable seales sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witnesse that hee had given both his soule and body to their governments after the date of his mortall life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre wee will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the Christian Knights where wee left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdome.

CHAP. XIIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at *Rome*, where S. *George* fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nunne: of the mischiefe that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of *Rome*.

THe valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the adventure of the enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdome of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome: for all the Countrey raged with intestine Warre, foure severall Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnaturall causers and stirrers up to this blood-devouring controversie, were the foure Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of

of his Realme, when hee went in the Tragicall pursuit of his faire Daughter, after his dreaming illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this hurliburly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two yeares after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick States in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole Possession of the Babylonian Kingdome.

To this end, they all made severall friends: for this had they contended in many Fights, and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this maine chance of Warre, intending to Fight till three fell, and one remained Victor over the rest, whose Head should be beautified with a Crowne.

But of Traytors and Treason the end is sudden and shamefull: for no sooner had Saint George (placing himselfe between the Battels) in a briefe Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and hee himselfe to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and hating the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed in his Ancient Dignity, their true, lawfull, and long lookt for King.

The King being thus Restored, marryed Fidelia for her faithfulnesse: and after the Nuptiall Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of Saint Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertaine those never daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendome.

At that time of the yeare when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments, Saint George (in company of the Emperour) with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the River Tybur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautifull prospect of the Countrey.

Before

Before they had walked halfe a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Nunnery, which was very faire and of a stately building, and likewise encompassed about with christall streames and many grëen Medowes, furnished with all manner of beautifull Trées and fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to Diana the Quéene of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to kéep their Virginities for ever unspotted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter lived as a professed Nunne, and exempted her selfe from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overséers of the Nunnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were comming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach shée attyred her selfe in a Gown of white Satten, all layd over with Gold Lace, having also her golden Locks of Haire somewhat layd forth: and upon her Head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her séeme like some celestiall or divine creature.

Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery excéeded the Paphyan Quéens. Never could Nature with all her cunning frame more Beauty in any one creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Nunnery, hee was so ravished with her sight, that hee was not able to withdraw his eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Chéeks, like one bewitched with Medusaes shadowes. And to be short, her Beauty séemed so Angelicall, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that hée must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely meanes.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his griefe, and revealed it not to any one, but

but departed with the Emperour back againe to the City, leaving his heart behinde him cloſed in the Stony Monaſtery with his lovely Lucina.

All that enſuing night hee could not enjoy the benefit of ſleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his minde with a thouſand ſeverall cogitations how hee might attaine to her love, being a chaſte Virgin and a profeſſed Nunne.

In this manner ſpent hee away the night, and no ſooner appeared the mornings brightneſſe in at the Chamber Window, but hee aroſe from his reſtleſſe Bed, and Attyred himſelfe in watchet Velvet, to ſignifie his true love, and wandred all alone unto the Monaſtery, were hee revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as farre from granting to his Requeſts, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepeſt Seas from the higheſt Elements: for ſhee proteſted while life remayned within her Body, never to yeeld her love in the way of marriage to any one, but to remaine a pure Virgin, and one of Diana's Traine.

No other reſolution could Saint George get of the chaſte Nunne, which cauſed him to depart in great diſcontent, intending to ſeek by ſome other meanes to obtaine her love; ſo comming to the reſt of the Chriſtian Champions, hee revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counſelled him, that hee ſhould provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawne, and to enter the Monaſtery at ſuch time as ſhee little miſtruſted, and firſt with faire promiſes and kinde Speeches to ſeek her love, but if ſhee yeelded not, to fill her eares with cruell threatnings, proteſting that if ſhee will not grant to requite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monaſtery ſtanding upon another, and likewiſe to make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well Saint George, though hee intended not to proſecute ſuch cruelty: ſo the next morning by breake of day he went unto the Nunnery in company of no other but the Chriſtian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their gliſtring Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their ſide Cloaks to prevent ſuſpition.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Orisons) Saint George first proffered her kindnesse by faire promises, but finding that thereby hee nothing prevailed, hee then made knowne his pretended unmercifull purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous Breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except shee would yéeld to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bathe their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with feare, sunck downe presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering herselfe, she lifted up her Angelicall Face, shrowded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her minde.

Most renowned, and well approved Knight (said shée) it is as difficult to mee to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my minde to yéeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddesse Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yéeld to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my dayes in this religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yéeld the flower of my Virginity to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by Honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you beare to your native Cruntreys, to grant mée the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an Answer to your Demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddesse Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soule for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented,

and

and moreover proffered themselves to bée all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nunnes, and declared to them the whole discourse of her allayment, where after amongst this Religious Company, with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since bèen the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have bèen committed.

The next morning after six dayes were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden beames abroad, but the Nunnes began to prepare all things in readinesse for the Sacrifice: for directly before the doore of the Monastery, they hyred cunning Work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a faire Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chafing-dish of Coales burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the Ceremoneous Sacrifice, little mistrusted the dolefull Tragedy that after hapned.

The Assembly being silent, there was strait-wayes heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Woll more soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty cragged Hornes bound about with Garlands of Flowers: after them followed a certain number of Nunnes attyred in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the Honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nunnes of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of Gold full of most precious and sweet Wines: then after all this came the beautifull Lucina apparrelled with a rich Robe of estate, being of a great and inestimable value.

Thus ceremoneously they ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafingdish of Coales that was there burning: and the rest of the Nunnes continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned their inward parts in the Chafingdish of Coales.

Thus, with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfetting Lover Saint George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she rayled her selfe upon her feet, and with a heavie voyce, distilling many salt teares, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosome wee undefiled Virgins doe recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency doe I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotlesse Maiden of thy most beautifull Traine.

O Heavens! shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him, whose soule desires to have the use of it? or shall I my selfe commit my utter ruine and sorrowfull destruction, which proceedeth only by the meanes of my flourishing Beauty? the which I would it had been as black as the nightly Ravens, or like to the tawny tanned Moores in the furthest Mountaines of India.

O sacred Diana! thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so royall a Race as I am, should suffer the worthinesse of her Predecessors to be spotted by yeelding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love, without respecting the chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my selfe against

againſt all hvmane nature, I beſéech thée to receive the ſolemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy divine excellency: for I am here conſtrained with mine owne trembling hand to cut off the flouriſhing branches of theſe my dayes. For this I ſweare before the Majeſty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my ſoule into the ſociety and ſacred boſome of that great Goddeſſe, than to yéeld the caſtle of my chaſtity to the conqueſt of any Knight in the world.

And now to thée I ſpeak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yéeld unto thy hands my liveleſſe body, to uſe according to thy will and pleaſure, requeſting onely this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedſt me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a mercifull Champion ſuffer me, to receive a Princely Funerall.

And laſt of all to thee Divine Diana doe I ſpeak, accept of this my bléeding ſoule, that with ſo much blood is offered unto thée.

So, in finiſhing this ſorrowfull ſpéech, thée drew out a faire and bright ſhining Sword, which thée had hidden ſecretly under her Gowne, and ſetting the Hilt againſt the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and thoſe that were preſent) thée ſuddenly threw her ſelfe upon the point of that Sword, in ſuch furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in ſunder, and ſo rendred her Soule to the tuition of her unto whom ſhee offered her moſt bloody and ruthfull Sacrifice.

What ſhall I here declare the lamentable ſorrowes and pittifull Lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were preſent at this unhappy miſchance: ſo great it was that the Walls of the Monaſtery Ecchoed, and their pittifull ſhrieks aſcended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in minde than the afflicted Engliſh Champion, who (like a man diſtraught of ſenſe) in great fury ruſhed amongſt the people, throwing them downe on every ſide, till hee aſcended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead body of Lucina, hee took her up in his Armes, and with a ſorrowfull and paſſionate voyce hee

said: O my beloved joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the sacrifice wherein (through thy desperatnesse) thou hast deceived mée, who loved thée more than thy selfe: is this thy respit that thou requiredst for seven dayes, wherein thou hast concluded thy owne death and my utter confusion?

Oh noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy divine beauty? Woe bee unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy Enterprize: for by it is thée lost, who was made soveraigne Lady of my heart.

Oh Diana, accursed by this chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I doe here protest, that never more shalt thou bée worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Champion commeth, shall Lucina bee adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy name, and blot it from the gorgeous of the Firmament, yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so that there shall never more memory remaine of thée, for this thy bloody tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed with fury hee drew out his sword, and parted the Image of Diana into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the device of this bloody sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extream griefe of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the murther of his Daughter, that hee fell to the Earth in a senselesse swound, and was carried by certaine of his Knights, halfe dead with griefe, home to his Pallace, where hee remained speechlesse by the space of thirty dayes.

The Emperour had a Sonne, as valiant in Armes as any borne Italian except Saint Anthony. This young Prince whose name was Lucius, seeing his Sisters timelesse death, and by what meanes it was committed, hee presently intended with a traine of an hundred Armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to allayle the dis-

discontented Champions, and by force of Armes to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Sonne, that betwixt these two companies began as terrible a Battell as ever was fought by any Knights; the fiercenesse of their blowes so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Echoes, which yeelded a terrible noyse in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battell did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two houres, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slaine: some had their Heads parted from their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathlesse, welt'ring in their own bloods, in which Encounter many a Roman Lady lost her husband, many a Widdow was bereaved of her Sonne, and many a Child left fatherlesse, to the great sorrow of the whole Countrey.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, hee presently set spurres to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of dust forced by a whirlewind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to tryumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following:

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie
Luckleſſe *Lucina*, yet of beauty bright:
Who to maintaine her ſporleſſe chaſtity,
Againſt th'aſſaylment of an Engliſh Knight,

Upon

Vpon a blade her tender Breast shee cast;
A bloody offring to *Diana* chaste.

So, when hee had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bade adue to the unhappy Confines of Italy, hoping to finde better Fortunes in other Countreys. In which Travell wee will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, hee like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, untill such time as hee entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his mis-fortunes. After hee had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernall Furies began to visit him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery revenge. In the end hee cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said:

Oh you fatall Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournfull Habiliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternall darknesse? or shall I bee made a scorn in Rome for my cowardise? or shall I returne and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blood mee thinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? Me thinks I heare their bleeding Soules fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to bee termed a fearefull Coward, but die couragiously by mine owne hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtaine the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall.

This being said, hee drew out his Dagger, and clave his heart in sunder. The newes of whose desperate death, after it was bruited to his Fathers eares, hee interred his body with his Sister Lucina's, and erected ober them a stately Chappell, wherein the Nunnes and Ceremonious Monks, during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Soules.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamation through all

all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to travell in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of Armes to bring him back, or deliver his Head unto the Emperour, hee should not onely be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his Decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many Adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of Saint George, but their attempts were all in vaine.

V CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Titles and Turnaments, that were ſolemnly held in Conſtantinople, by the Grecian Emperour, and of the Honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the Chriſtian Champions, with other ſtrange Accidents that hapned.



IN the Eaſtern Parts of the World the Fame and valiant Déeds of the Champions of Chriſtendome was noyſed, with their honourable Victories, heroicall Acts and feates of Armes, naming them the Mirrours of Nobility, and the types of bright Honour. All Kings and Princes (to whoſe eares the report of their Valours were brutted) deſired much to behold their noble Perſonages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Conſtantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant Déeds, hee thirſted after their ſights, and his minde could never be ſatisfied with content, untill ſuch time as hee had deviſed a meanes to Traine them unto his Court, not only in that hee might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the preſence of ſuch renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accompliſhed.

The Emperour dispatched Messengers into divers Parts of the World, giving them in charge to publish throughout every Countrey and Province as they went, of an Honourable Turnament that should bee holden in the City of Constantinople within six Moneths following: thereby to accomplish his intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the eares of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the Honourable Triumphs.

At the Fame whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength: among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of Noble Persons: and the Prince of Fesse with many well proportioned Knights. Likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state: and with no lesse Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Gyants. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that hee was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs: so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the company that the King of Sicilia would gaine by his Prowesse the Dignity from the rest, for that hee was a Gyant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight: who determined not to Just, for that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Turnament was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in places to behold the Justing, and attyred themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the faire Alcida, who was of so great Beauty that shee seemed more like a Divine Substance than an Earthly Creature, and sate glistering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies like unto Phœbe in the Christall Firmament, and was noted of all Beholders to be the fairest Princesse that ever mortall eye beheld, so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperiall Throne under a Tent of greene Velvet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entred, was the King of Arabia, mounted upon a very faire and well adorned Courser, hee was armed with black Armour, all to bee spotted with silver knobs, and hee brought with him fifty Knights all apparrelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty hee rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the Honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with Armour of Lyons colour, accompanyed with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Velvet of the same colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, hee beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Just: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter: whereto these Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with couragious valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his Encounter, and strok the Pagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Pagan at the next Race, being heated with furie, strok him so surely with his Lance, that hee heaved him out of his Saddle, and hee fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and downe with great pride and gladnesse.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowne, there entred into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Maile, and a Breast-plate of bright

Steele

Steele before his Breast; his pomp and pride excéded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogancie served: for at the first Encounter he was overthrown to the ground: in like sort did this Pagan use fiftéene other Knights of fiftéene severall Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters, Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a farre off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be séene in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after hee had rode some six Courses up and down the place, and séeing none entring the Tilt yard, he thought to beare all the Fame and Honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entred the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for Courage the onely Pride of his Country, hee was a marvellous well proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and hee brought in his Company a hundred Knights, all attyred in white Satten, and riding about the place, hee shewed his obedience unto the Emperour, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noyse whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their Encounters so strong, and such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entred the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glistering Corslet of very fine Steele, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparrelled with rich Cloth of Gold, having every one a severall Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon most delightsome Melodie.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compasse and curteste in the place, hee locked down his Bevor, and put himselfe in readinesse to Just.

So, when the signe was given by the chiefe Harrold at

Armes, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the Ayre, and the peices thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirle-winde.

At the second course the young Prince of Fesse was carryed over his Horse buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great griefe unto the Emperour, and all the company that did see him, for that hee was well beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses overthrow, and was so enraged and so furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on Horse-back in their Saddles that durst attempt to Just with him, but every one of what Countrey or Nation soever he unhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question among either Nobles or the Multitude, but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a Tumult drawing neare, which was the occasion that hee stood still, and expecting some strang accident, and loking about what it should bee, hee beheld Saint George entring the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was Armed with his rich and strong Armour, all of purple, full of golden starres, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spaine and Scotland, all on stately Coursers, bearing in their hands foure Silken Streamers of four severall colours. And there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lyon in Sable Field, and the Champion of Ireland likewise carryed his Speare being of knotty Ashe, strongly bound about with Plates of Steele, all which shewed the highnesse of his discent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when Saint George had passed by the Royall Seat whereon the Emperour sate Invested, in whose company were many Princes of great Power, hee rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours faire Daughter sate amongst many gallant Ladies and faire Damsels,

richly

richly apparelled in a Veſture of Gold, to whom hee baled his Bonnet, ſhewing them the curteſie of a Knight, and ſo paſſed by Alcida, who at the ſight of this noble Champion, could not refraine her ſelfe, but with an high and bold voyce thee ſaid unto the Emperour: Moſt mighty Emperour and my royall Father, this is the Knight in whoſe power and ſtrength all Chriſtendome doe put their Fortunes, and this is hée whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princeſſe although Saint George heard them very well, yet paſſed hee on as though hee had heard nothing.

Now when hee was come before the Face of his Adverſary, hée tok his Shield and his Speare, and prepared himſelfe in readineſſe to Juſt, and ſo being both provided, the Trumpets began to ſound, whereat with great fury theſe two Warlike Knights met together, and neither of them miſſed their blowes at their Encounter: but yet by reaſon that Saint George had a deſire to extoll his Fame, and to make his name reſound through the World, hée ſtrook the Gyant ſuch a mighty blow upon his Breaſt, that hée preſently overthrew him to the ground, and ſo with great State and Majeſty he paſſed along without any ſhew of diſdaine, whereat the People gave ſo great a Shout, that it reſounded like an Ecchо in the Ayre; and in this manner ſaid: The great and furious Boaſter is overthrown, and his mighty ſtrength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes proved their Adventures againſt the Engliſh Champion, and every Knight that was of any eſtimation Juſted with him, but with great eaſe he overcame them all in leſſe then the ſpace of two houres. So at ſuch time as bright Phœbus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Liſts the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Speare in his hand, whoſe glimmering point of Steele glittered through all the Court, hee brought with him but onely one Squire, attyred in ſilver Mailes bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of courteſie due unto the Emperour or any of his Knights there preſent,

entred

entred the place, which being done, the Squire that brought the other Speare, went unto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master, doth send unto thée this Warlike Speare, and therewithall hee willeth thée to defend thy selfe to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for hee hath vow'd before Sunne set, to bee either Lord of thy Fortunes or a Vassall to thy Prowesse, and likewise saith that hee doth not only defie thée in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to mortall Battell.

This braving Message caused Saint George to smile and bred in his Breast a new desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer: Friend, goe thy wayes and tell the Gyant that sent thée, that I doe accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soule to heare his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royall Company, and in the presence of so mighty an Emperour: but seeing his stomack is gorged with so much Pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his Defence, and also that shortly hee shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight hood.

In saying these words, he took the Speare from the Squire and delivered him his Gantlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so put himselfe to the standing, awaiting for the Encounter.

At that time hée was very nigh the place where the Emperour sate, who heard the Answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort would defie Saint George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to kéep silence, and to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriors (mounted upon their Stéeds) tarrying the signe to bée made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Coursers, with their Speares in their Rests, with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that they both fayled in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and proud, when hee saw

saw that he had missed his intent, hee returned against Saint George, carrying his Speare upon his shoulder, and comming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before hee could cleare himselfe, hee stroke him such a mighty blow upon his Collet, that his staffe brake in peeces, by reason of the finesse of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his horses crupper.

But when hee saw the great villany that the Gyant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Speare in the same sort, hee went towards the Gyant and sayd:

Thou furious and proud beast, thou scorne of nature, and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap mée treacherously, and to gore mee at unawares like to a savage Boare? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Speare have good successe, I will revenge me on thy inciuility.

And in saying this, hee struck him so furiously on the breast, that the Speare passed thorow the Gyants body, and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently downe dead to the ground, and yéelded his life to the conquest of the fatall Sisters. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondred greatly at the strength and force of Saint George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever weilded Lance, and the very patterne of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sunne had finished his course, having nothing above the Horison but his glistring beames, whereby the Judge of the Turnaments commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Justs should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from his Imperiall Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the noble Champion of England, and desired him, that hee would goe with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which hée could not make any denyall, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended to their places, where Alcida bestowed upon Saint

George her Glove, the which hee wore for her favour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Turnament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistresse, and in their presence they long time fired their chiefe delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfetting in pleasures, and returne to Saint George's Sonnes travelling in the World to seek out Adventures.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautifull Mayden that had betrothed her ſelfe to the Emperours Sonne of *Conſtantinople*: and how ſhe was reſcued by Saint *Georges* Sonnes, and after how they were brought by a ſtrange adventure into the company of the Chriſtian Champions, with other things that hapned in the ſame Travels.

THis renowned Emperour (within whoſe Court the Chriſtian Champions made their abodes) of late yeares had a Sonne named Pollemus, in all vertues and knightly demeanours, equall with any living. This young Prince in the ſpring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blinde Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of meane Parentage, but in Beauty and other precious gifts of nature, moſt excellent.

This Dulcippa (for ſo was ſhe called) being but Daughter to a Countrey Gentleman, was reſtrayned from the Emperours Court, and denyed the ſight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to ſet his affection ſo low, upon the diſplea-

sure of the Emperour his Father: for hee being the Sonne of so mighty a Potentate, and shée the Daughter of so meane a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagréeable to the Lawes of the Countrey: and therefore they could not bée suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to méet together in a Valley betwixt two Hils, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoyd of all suspition) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly sought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her carefull Bed, and attired her selfe in rich and costly Apparrell, as though she had bëene going to performe her Nuptiall Ceremonies.

And in this manner entred shée the Valley, at such time as the Sunne began to appeare out of his golden Horison, and to shew himselfe upon the face of the Earth, glittring with his bright beames upon the silver-floating Rivers. Likewise the calmy Western Winds did very swetly blow upon the grëen leaves, and made a delicate harmony: at such time as the faireſt Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed méeting.

But when shée found not Prince Pollemus present, shée determined to spend the time away till hee came in trimming of her golden haire, and decking her delicate Body, and such like delightfull pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a grëene Bank under the shadow of a Mirtle Tree, shee pulled a golden Calwle from her Head, wherein her haire was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it selfe all abroad her back, and taking out from her Christalline Breast an Ivory Comb, she began to kemb her haire, her hands and fingers séeming to bée of white Alablaster, her Face staynting the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her Body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose love and beauty Mahomet did somewhat doate.

But

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joyes into unexpected sorrowes. For as shee sate in this Divine and Angelicall likenesse, there fortuned to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, stemmed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with Locks of Haire. Hee had two Heads, two Mouthes, and foure Eyes, but all as red as blood. Which deformed Creature presently ranne unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arme, and carryed her away over the Mountaine into another Countrey, where hee intended to torment her, as you shall heare more at large hereafter.

But now returne wee to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appoynted likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love: but comming to the place, hee found nothing but a silken Scarfe, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearefull frighting shee took at the sight of the two-headed Knight.

No sooner found hee her Scarfe, but he was oppressed extreamely, with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murthered by some inhumane meanes, and had left her Scarfe as a token that shee infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart hee breathed forth this woefull lamentation.

Here rest thou neare unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to bee hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my eares heare certaine newes of her untimely death, that I may in death conforte with her.

Frown you glistring Lamps of brightnesse, that gave first light unto this fatall morning, for by your dismall light the pride of earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathfull Planets, descend the luckelesse Horizon, and raine upon my head eternall vengeance, oppresse

my body with continuall misery, as ever you did the wofull King of Thebes; for by my slothfull negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath beene committed.

And for her sake I vow to travell through the World, as farre as ever golden Phœbus lends his Light, filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her Name, and making the Elements resound with Ecchoes of my Lamentation.

In which resolution hee returned home to the Emperour his Fathers Palace, dissembling his griefe in such manner that none could suspect his discontented fortunes, for the strange Accident that unto beauteous Dulcippa had hapned.

And so upon a day as hee was meditating with himselfe, seeing the small comfort that hee took in the Court, considering the want of her presence whom hee so much desired, hee determined in great secret, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

Which determination hee strait wayes put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armory very secretly, an exceeding good Corslet, the which was all russet, and enamelled with black, and embroydered round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carved.

Also hee took a Shield of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was Squire unto an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that hee should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great friendship that hee used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till hee found a convenient time to put it into a Ship very secretly.

So likewise, hee put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with hee gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readinesse,

readinesse, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, withdrew himselfe into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himselfe ready with his Apparell, and when all the people of the Court were at their rest, and in their deep sleep, hee alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Marriners of the Ship, who strait-way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went strait aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very faire, hee commanded to waigh their Anchors, and to hoyse up Sayles, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as hee commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulfed in the maine Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which hee made was very much: and hee commanded his Knights to goe unto the Sea-side, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night. And when it was told them that there was a Barque that haled Anchor, and hoysed Sayle, they supposed strait-way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great griefe and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his woefull heart for the absence of his Sonne, which a long time hee always suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was knowne throrow all Constantinople, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Country were overcome with a generall sorrow.

So Pollemus sayled through the deep Seas three dayes and three nights with a very faire and prosperous fore-wind.

The fourth day in the Evening being calme, and no wind at all, the Marriners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore-Ship, for to ease their wearied bodies. The Prince (who sate upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which strait-way was given him: and when he had it in his hands, hee played and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to bee a most heavenly

melody:

melody: and being in this sweet Musick, hee heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listning and attentive eare to hearken what this sorrowfull creature said, and by reason of the stilnesse of the night, hee might easily heare as it were a woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruell Tyrant, this thy bold hardinesse, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy tyrannous cruelty proffered me.

Then hee heard another voyce which seemed to Answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeeme thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could heare no more by reason that the Barque wherein they were, passed by so swiftly, but hee supposed that it was his Ladies voyce which hee heard, and that shee was carryed by force away. So (laying downe his Lute) hee began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavie and sorrowfull, in that hee knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, hee returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not heare the great lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to mee it seemed) being in a small Barque that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To the which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for hee was still in a sound sleep. To whom the Prince called againe, saying: Arise I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may lanch their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Iupiter, I sweare that I will not be called the Sonne of my Father, if I doe suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same. Mercutio would have replyed unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not

once

once to look upon his face: to be brought with his Armour and buckled it on.

In the meane time the Marriners had lanched their Boat into the Sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty fury, and carried with him his Page and foure of the Marriners for to tow the Barque, and hee commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phœbus with his glistring beames gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat afarre off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Mares upon a side, and it made so great spéed, that with a trice they were with them, and hée saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voyce, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Galley, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the Sonnes of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King againe in his Kingdome.

But now to follow our History: the Prince of Constantinople séeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he received, hee took an Mare in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the water, that he made the slothfull Barque to flie, and laboured so sore at the Mares, that with a trice they were equall with the Gally.

So leaving the Mares, with a light leap hee put himselfe into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being within, he sayd: Now shall you doe that by force, which before, I using great courtesie, you would not yéeld unto.

This being said, one of Saint Georges Squires took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the Honour of Knight hood, by multitudes to assayle him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that hee made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recoyle backwards two or three steps, but hee came quickly againe to himselfe, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that hee made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pittifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought battell, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them, they strove with more courage and strength to finish their battell.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce hee made him to fall to the ground, and therewithall offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himselfe in that sort, hee threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and downe the Gally, breaking their Plancks and Oares, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Marriners; in the meane time these Knights did somewhat breathe themselves, although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new force and strength.

Oh Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot believe to the contrary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battell with mée, and for the great envie hée beares against mee, hee goeth about to dishonour mée. And with these

these words they thickned their blowes with great desperatenesse.

And although this last assault continued more than two houres, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell downe upon the Hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did beleeve verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Visours, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Gally and the Marriners of the Barque, that they should conjoyn together and travell whither Fortune would conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himselfe, with a lowd voyce he said; Oh love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrown in this first Encounter and Assault of my Knight-hood? here I curse the day of my creation, and the houre when first I merited the name of a Knight; henceforth Ile bury all my Honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, hee cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy Sonne of Saint George, now a coward and of little valour; I know not how thou canst name thy selfe to bee the Sonne of the valiantest Knight in the world, for that thou hast lost thy Honour in this last Assault.

This being sayd, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their names and living, and wherefore they adventured to travell; the which when it was knowne, they sayled forward that way whereas the dolorous woman went; so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remayned, till such time as the day began to bee cleare, and straitway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they rowed.

And comming alang, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when that they met with a poore simple Countrey-man, with a new-ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high and broad-spreading Trées, of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said hée) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I doe request you to return again, and proceed no further if you doe estéem of your lives; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the two Headed Knight, and hee is so furious in his tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive. And for proofe of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday hee brought hither a Lady prisoner, who at her first comming on Shoar, hée all to bewhipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pitty her distresse, swearing that every day hee would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to bé his Dulcippa after whom hee so long travelled: the griefe hee received at this report struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swound, and was not able to goe any further. But Saint Georges Sonnes, who knew him to bée a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protested by the Honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and hée safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to séek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves downe under a broad-branched Oak Trée, they passed the Night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beames upon the Mountain tops,

tops, these martiall Knights were not slothfull, but rose up and followed their journeys.

After this they had not travelled scarce halfe a mile, when that they heard a pittifull Lamentation of a woman, whose voyce by reason of her lowd shrieks, was very hoarse; so they stayd to heare from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently, afarre off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of faire and cleare water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her armes backward embracing it, with her armes fast bound behind her. Her skin was so faire and white, that if it had not béene that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have béen an Image made artificially of Alablaster, and joyned to the Pillar.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the place where shee was; but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, hee presently knew her to bée his Lady and lovely Mistresse. For, by reason of the coldnesse of the night, and with her great Lamentation and wéepings, shé was so full of sorrow and affliction, that shée could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so yerned at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost hee could not look upon her for wéeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowfull sigh he said: Oh cruell hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischiefe, that whereas there is such great Beauty and fairenesse, you should use such baseneſſe and villany? shée doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evill intreated.

This woefull Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and back all to bespotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Marriners, hee threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his Armes whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as shee was loosed from those bands, and in the Armes of her Lover. But yet shée thought that shée had béen in the Armes of the monstrous two-Headed

Knight, and therefore shée gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou commest not to succour mée: and therewithall ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but hée was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which seemed to bée in the Woods amongst the Trées.

The rest of the Knights intending to sée what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grasse in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Marriners, and so Saint Georges Sonnes went towards that place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to sée if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when hee came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an trefull look hée cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last hee saw the three Knights comming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untyed from the Pillar where hee left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorrowfull complaint.

The two-headed Knight séeing them in this order, with great wrath hee came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was neare them, he sayd: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your bloods in sacrifice upon my Fauchion? To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and sayd: We bee Knights of a strange Countrey, that at the sorrowfull complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and séeing her to bée a faire and beautifull woman, and without any desert to be thus evill intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will séeme farther to misuse her.

In the meane time that the Knight was speaking these words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his browes with the great anger hee received

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in hearing his speeches, and with great fury hee spurred his monstrous beast, that hee made him to give so mighty a leap, that hee had almost fallen upon the English Knight: who with great lightnesse did deliver himselfe, and so drawing out his Sword, hee would have stracken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftnesse, that hee could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a battle between the two-headed Knight and Saint Georges Sonnes, as ever was fought by any Knights; their mighty blowes seemed to rattle in the Elements like to a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths Anvill.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody goze, and their Helmets bruised with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Fauchion, whereat they grew more inraged, and their strength began to encrease in such sort, that one of them struck an overthwart blow with his trusty Sword upon his knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it cleane asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the earth, and with great roaring hee began to rage and stare like a beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby hee was forced to yeld to the mercy of imperious death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when hee saw all that had passed, with great feare returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerours, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyfull hearts they departed, with conquest, to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Mariners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of this

Banket

Banket the Knights were very glad, and rejoyced much at that which they had atchieved, and commanded that the Lady should bee very well looked to, and healed of her harme received.

So at the end of three dayes, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at roade, that tarried there untill their comming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Marriners hoysed Sayle, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and landed within two dayes journey of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint Georges three Sonnes, what course were best to bee taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith hee, unlesse I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknowne in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of tenne such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should bee covered in a black baile for being knowne, and Pollemus in black Armes, and the other Knights all sutable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about tenne in the morning entred the Palace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sonnes thus spake:

Great Emperour and noble Knights, this Knight that leades the Lady hath long loved her; in their births there is great difference, so that their Parents crosse their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her hee will and hath suffered many hazards. His comming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertfull Lady in the world; himselfe the faithfullest Knight against all Knights whatsoever: which with your Emperiall leave, hee, my selfe, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgement as we shall deserve.

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The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those foure overthrew more than foure hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of the Speares to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to bee of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgement, that the Knight should possesse his Lady, at his request they all discovered themselves.

To describe the delightfull comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the returne of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyred senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the Seven Saints of Christendome.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and prayse-worthy death of Saint *Patrick*, how hee buryed his owne selfe: and for what cause the *Irish-men* to this day, doe weare their red Crosse upon Saint *Patricks* day.

HEre must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had run a long race before these aforesaid thrice honoured Champions had purchased so many right worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance, began to challenge an end of all their worldly Atchievements, and to draw their noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage for Honour to act his last Scene on, thus it followed.

The valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himselfe weakned with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Atchievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and downe the World in poore habiliments, hee came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martiall Atchievements, hee offered up in the name of his Redeemer, devout Orisons, daily making petitions

titions to the Deity of Glory, in the behalfe of his desired peace; a life more delightfull to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewell to the World, hée desired a reclosure to bée made, and to bée pent up in a Stony Wall from the sight of all earthly objects. To which request of this holy Father (now no Souldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a foure-square House of Stone, without either Windowe or Doore, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be séene more alive by the eyes of mortall men. Also appoynting divers of the Countrey to bring him at convenient times, food to maintaine nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a déed of more than common charity, and hee (the receiver) to bée an Honour to their Countrey, by this the severe and strict course of life hee put himselfe to. Thus lived hee the Servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters cold had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knées hard with kéeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-growne and deformed, and the Nayles of his Fingers (as it were) séemed like the Talons and Clawes of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his owne Grave, prepared against the houre of his death to bée buryed in: the which by processe of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When hée had walked (as I said before) thrice twelve Monethes in Divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it séemed) hee layd him downe in the Grave that his owne Nayles had digged: and féeling his Body weak and féeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of Life, hee begun to speak as followeth:

World (quoth hee) thou hast béen long my kinde friend, and hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, making mee famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given mée Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakned the boldnesse of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might bee caracted amongst the rest of our Christian

Champions: for which I have thought my selfe predestinated to a lasting happinesse, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingreth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht Weapon against powerfull Pagan. I need no pompall Traine of Princes to attend my Funerall, nor solemn Chimes of Bels to ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mourners in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my selfe here Buries up my self, and all offices of Lamentations belonging to so sad a businesse, is my own hand Labour. Earth, I embrace thee: thou gentle mould my Bodies Covering, with humility I kisse thee: no difference is betwéen thy cold nature and my Lifes warm substance, we are both one. Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently doe I yéeld my selfe into thy mouldy bosome. I come, I come, sweet Comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These, and such like, were the last words that ever this good Champion delivered: so yéelding to death, the Earth of it selfe as it were buryed up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usuall custome was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the hole where hee had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that Death had prevailed, and the fatall Sisters finished up their Labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance thereinto, and finding what had hapned, how hee had buryed his own selfe, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Countrey, being an Accident of much strangnesse: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdome, they pulled downe the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place, builded in processe of time a most sumptuous Chappell, calling it Saint Patricks Chappell, and in the place where this holy Father had buryed himselfe, they likewise erected a Monument of much richnesse, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificiall sights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many yeares after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly

commonly moleſted with loathſome Diſeaſes, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were reſtored to their former healths. By which means the Name of Saint Patrick is grown ſo Famous through the World, that to this day hee is entitled one of our Chriſtian Champions and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his honourable Atchievements done in his life time, the Iriſh-men as well in England as in that Countrey, doe as yet in Honour of his Name kéep one day in the year Feſtivall, holding upon the ſame a great Solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Croſſe of red Silk, in token of his many Adventures under the Chriſtian Croſſe, as you have heard in the former Hiſtory at large Diſcourſed. Whoſe Noble Déeds both in Life and Death we will leave ſléeping with him in his Grave, and ſpeak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Camber-Britannia.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and the cause why Leeks are by custome, of *Welsh-men*, worne on Saint *Davids* day: with other things that hapned.

SOme certaine Monthes after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable Atchievements, and although Age and Time had almost wearied him away, yet would hee once more make his adventure in the Fields of Mars, and seale up his Honours in the Records of Fame with a noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himselfe for a Knightly Enterprize, hee took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habiliments, for so brave an Enterprize, he began a Journey-home towards his owne Country, accounting that his best joy, and the soyle of his most comfort. But long had he not travelled, ere hee heard of the distresses thereof: how Wales was beset with a people of a savage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdome: and how that many Battels had bẽn fought to the disparage-

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ment of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himselfe with true resolution, hee went forward with a courageous minde either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the way as hee travelled, hee drew into his Ayd and Assistance, all the best Knights hee could finde, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainments as befitted so worthy a followship. But this meanes before he came upon the Borders of Wales, hee had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendome could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battell, entred the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corne consumed with Fire: yea, every thing so out of order, as if the Countrey had never bèn inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved minde to sée the Region of his Birth-place so confounded, and nothing but uproares of murder and death sounding in his eares, hee summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battell Array, to travell high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them People of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complayning of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to sée, their joyes so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldned to nothing but revenge. The rest of the Knights that came with Saint David, perceiving their Forces and Numbers to encrease, purposed a present on-set, and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountaines, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assayment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion, being then their Generall and Leader, called his Captaines together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Martialists, or never to be Canonized the Sonnes of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our

names

names in obscurity: let not chill feare, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: wee are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagan power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdomes, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent blood. To Armes, I say, brave Followers, I will bee the first to give death the on set, and for my Colours or Ensigne doe I weare upon my Burgonet (you see) a greene Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if wee win the Victory) hereafter be an Honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worne by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof, which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royall Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a greene Leek upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the Battell, and by that meanes the Champions Followers were known from the others. This was not long adoing before Saint David and his Companies beheld descending from the Mountaines, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberlesse, People of such mighty statures, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely incouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steele, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and his Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keene Darts, and Arrowes shot from their quick Bowes, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sunne also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the noble Champion wonne a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carkasses, the Grassy Fields changed from green into red colour with the mingled blood that ran from Horse and man thus murthered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battell

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to weare grāne Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himselfe excepted, who being Victor, in the highest pride of his glory was last vanquished. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his Honour that was the only Darling of Honour! Help me Melpomene to bewayle his losse, that having wonne all, lost his deare life, a life that the whole World might well have misse of. Oh fatall chance! for comming from the battell, over-heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery hee was forced to yeeld unto death, to the great griefe of all his Knights and Followers, who for the spaces of forty dayes mourned for him in great heavinesse, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the Honour of his Name they ordayned a custome, that the day of his Victory should be canonized, and called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise bee worne by all well-willers to the same Countrey, certain grāen Leeks in their Hats, or on their bosomes, in true honour of this noble Martialist, which is still a prayse-worthy Custome in these our Northern Climates. Which time-belowed Souldier wee will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and goe forward in our other intended Tragicall Discourses.

CHAP. XIX.

How Saint *Dennis* was beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdome of *France* received the Christian Faith.

SAint Denis, being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which hee had not seen in many yeares, and purposing a toylsome Travell to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his minde, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood: and so parting, they to their Princely Pavilions, and hee to his restlesse Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with Habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Martialist in all Arabia, in which Countrey hee was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfie his desires, hee travelled day by day toward the Kingdome of France, without any Adventure worth reporting, till hee arrived upon the Borders of that faire Countrey that hee had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome hee expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remayning in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order, who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and thinking the same

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to be a diſparagement to his Knight hood and the reſt of that Order, conſpired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a ſhall overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and ſaid, that there was come into his Kingdome a ſtrange Knight, a falſe Believer, one that in time would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the worſhip of a ſtrange God: and that in deſpight of him and his Countrey, hee would eſtabliſh a falſified opinion: and that hee wore upon his Breaſt the Chriſtians Croſſe, with many other things contrary to the Lawes of his Kingdome.

Upon theſe afore-ſaid falſe informations, the King grew ſo enraged, that without any more conſideration, hee cauſed the good Knight Saint Denis to be attached in his Bed-Chamber, otherwiſe a ſcore of the beſt Knights in all France had not been ſufficient to bring him Priſoner to the Kings preſence: before whom being no ſooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cauſe hee adjudged him ſpeedy death, and by Martiall Law (without any further Tryall) to receive the ſame.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a moſt noble reſolution, nothing at all diſmayed, and knowing his cauſe to bee good, and that hee ſhould ſuffer for the Name of his ſweet Redeemer, hee moſt willingly accepted of the ſame judgement, ſaying: Moſt mighty, but yet cruell King, think not but this thy exceeding Tyranny will bee requited in a ſtrange manner: thy cenſure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whoſe Colours I have worne from mine Infancy, and this my death ſeales up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou ſweet Countrey where I firſt took life, receive it againe as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy boſome, is the beſt gift I can beſtow upon thee. Farewell Knight-hood, farewell honourable Adventures and Princely Atchievements. Never may this dauntleſſe arme brandiſh Weapon more in the Honour of the Chriſtians Croſſe: for death awaiteth at my back to cut off all ſuch noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereunto.

Those speeches being uttered, hee was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrayned to yéeld his body to the fatall stroak, where his Head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion liveless, but the Elements brest with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which strange and fearefull spectacle the King himselfe grew so amazed, that hee deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that hee had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which hee so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to bee proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to bee built in remembrance of this great man. And likewise in the place where hee suffered, hee caused with all spéed to be built an Hermitage of relefe, for poore Pilgrims to finde succour in, and such as travelled in the Honour of that God, in whose name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint Iames the Spanish Champion, and how he dyed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of the tyrannous death that the Spaniſh Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the ſame in a ſtrange manner: and of other things that hapned.

HEre, gentle Reader, with a ſad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spaniſh Champions death, who by Tyranny and cruell dealing of the Infidels, was likewiſe made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and ſo enfeebled his ſtrength, that hee was no longer able to mannage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour, wherefore reſolving to ſpend the remnant of his dayes in peace, he deſired leave likewiſe to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the others did, hee quickly obtained, and ſo leaving Conſtantinople, he put himſelfe to Travell toward the Countrey of his firſt being, not decked in his ſhining Armour, nor mounted on his Spaniſh Gennet: but poore and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furniſhed with Gold and Jewels of an meſtimable valus, which hee had ſowed up in the patches of a ruſſet Gaberdine, better to travell with: where inſtead of a bright ſhining Curtle-Axe, his Pilgrims Staffe ſerved him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glittring Steele, hee covered his Head (now as white as Thiſtle down with Age) with a Hat of gray colour, broached with a broad Scallop-ſhell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green

pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told him the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that Time and Age bestowed upon.

In which manner travelling many a day and night, giving still as he went to the poore and needy, such small peeces of silver as he well could spare; hee arrived at last upon the Confines of Spaine: wherein Honour of that God, for whom he had foughten so many Battels, hee builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappell, to this day bearing the name of Saint Iaques Chapell: and for the maintenance thereof purchased divers Lands adjoyning; with Quirisers to sing day and night therein Allelujah to his Redeemer.

This Celestiall gift and glorious Custome so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Champion wonne greater admirations than the high Tilts of their Countreys King, who being then a cruell Tyrant, and a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good Saint Iaques, with the whole Quire of his Celestiall Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappell which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty; a death of more terrour than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to see the Bed of his Creation, was not halfe so cruell. But to be short, hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies putrified, and in time consumed away to dust and mould. Whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, inflected such a Light in the Chappell, that it shined day and night with such a glorious Brightnesse, as if it had beene the glorious Pallace of the Sunne: and likewise, continually was heard therein (though no creature remaining) such a Quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had beene the sound of Celestiall Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eye and eare, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the Tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murthered: but especially the noble S. Iaques,

that

that they purposed to hold him for their Countryes Saint and Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashness, and his Commons hate against him for his deeds doing, took such an inward conceit of grieve, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet sleeps of eternity, and passe on further to more deathfull Accidents.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the honourable and worthy death of the *Italian* Champion, how in the heigth of pleasure in his own Countrey, Death by a Propheſie ſeized upon him.

AFter all theſe aforeſaid proceedings, Nature the common Nurſe of us all, ſo wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragicall Enterprize, and leaving S. George with S. Andrew, reſting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Conſtantinople, where they lately atchieved ſo many prayſes of Knight-hood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by courſe of nature, that his dayes were not many, purpoſed there to ſet up his lives reſt, and in death to finiſh up all Earthly troubles. So comming after long Journeys to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefeſt pomp and glory, won great deſire in the Champions minde to ſee the Monuments of the ſame.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the Streets with great admiration, and fed his eye with many delightfull objects. Firſt, with great wonder hee ſtood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their famous Emperours, Conſuls, Orators, and Conquerours, things which yeelded him great pleaſure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a moſt miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Propheſies inrolled, as alſo the beginning and ending

ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Iupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and ſuch like, with their manner of worſhip. The next that hee ſaw was the Houſe of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthineſſe. Next unto it ſtood an ancient Priſon (an old rotten thing) where the man lay, that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and ſuccour him, but was ſearcht, yet was kept alive a long ſpace by ſucking of his Daughters breaſts. After this he ſaw Pompeys Theater, reputed one of the nine Wonders of the World: the Emperour Nero's Tombe maintained with diſgrace, for the offence hee did in ſetting Rome on fire. To conclude, hee ſpent many dayes in viewing the Martyrs Tombs, and other Reliques brought from Ieruſalem. Amongſt many other delightfull ſights, hee came into a Chappell dedicated unto himſelfe, called The Honour of Saint Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alabaſter Pictures, the true formes of all the Champions of Chriſtendome, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battels, their Impriſonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantment and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Patron of this Chappell ſhould ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witneſſes of the ſame Portraytures which in golden Letters were ſubſcribed over the Chappell Doore or entrance. All which when Saint Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inſpiration himſelfe to bee the man, with a meek minde embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappell, but remained kneeling in the ſame upon the bare Marble, making his Priſons of repentance to the eternall Deity, till pale Deſtiny had cut off the threeds of his old dayes.

And thus being converted to mouldy earth, the Emperour cauſed him to be Intombed in the ſame Chappell: and over his Grave to ſet a magnificent Chaire, in which Chaire for many yeares after, the Roman Conquerours received their Laurell rewards of Martiall Victory, under whoſe Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: ſo with high Honour and Fame, both lived and dyed this prayſe worthy Champion Saint Anthony of Italy.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdome of Saint *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what meanes *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.

SAint George and Saint Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained betwéen them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would néeds part them, and breake their united Fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that hee burned with desire to sée his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being: so leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sonnes, in great jollity of minde hee travelled month by month, week by week, day by day, till time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdome of Scotland: where having not bén in many yeares before, hee received such entertainment as if hee had bene the greatest Emperour of the world: for all the Stréets and Passages as hee went, were furnished with people of the best regard, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home; especially the King himselfe, who for the love and honour hée bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and Proclaymed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Turnament to bee holden for the space of fiftéen dayes: in which time all the Nobility and Martiall Knights of Scotland performed such well approved Atchivements,

Atchievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Jerusalem could equall them in the least regard: but Saint Andrew being now grown Aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sate as a Beholder, censuring of the best deserver, and gave such due commendations as befitted so gallant a Company: and for a fare-well of such time-honoured Pastimes, hee desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soule, and to wash away with the water of true penitence, all the blood hee had spilt in his Travell about the World, in the maintenance of Knight-hood: a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present, hee departed up to a Mountaine farre remote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the space of a yeare, studying Divinity, and the commands of his Redéemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of people inhabited, by which meanes hee was much admired, and supposed to bee sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evill tidings. Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtle Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they Worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of Reward, bore it to the King, déeming they had done a Déed of much deserved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty when the King saw, with much griefe hee lamented the losse of this good man, and with all speéd in revenge of his death, raysed a power of his best resolved Knights of Warre, putting every one to the Sword, both woman, man, and childe, that in any manner consented to the Champions Martyrdome: and after in processe of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where hee died, causing the whole Kingdome to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christened in the right Beliefe of this holy Father. This was the last Déed of Saint Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint *George*: how hee received his death by the sting of a venemous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entituled our English Patron of Knight-hood.

NOw droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy; Saint George is summoned to the Barre of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sonnes, Guy, Alexander and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his minde, that hee could not rest nor sleep: sometimes supposing his companions were in great distresse: other while how they had won the chiefest goale of Honour, little needing his Knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sonnes together, hee went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all foure depart with his leave and liking; for Knightly adventures had challenged them all to appeare in some forraign region where noble Atchievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey his Destiny

Deſtiny had not yet revealed to him. So furniſhing them all foure in Habiliments of ſhining Stéele, they left Conſtantinople, as it were guided by Fate, untill they came into England, then called Britaine, whoſe chalky Cliffes Saint George had not ſéen in twice twelve yeares, and now comming with a ſwéet imbracement to his native Countrey, he gave his three Sonnes thereinto a moſt joyfull welcome, ſhewing them (to their great comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleaſant proſpects of the Fields as they paſſed, untill they came within the ſight of the City of Coventry, where he was born, and received his firſt being: upon whoſe gliſtring Pinnacles no ſooner caſting his eye-ſight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his pleaſurable Delights with a dolefull Report, how upon Dunſmore-Heath, as then, remained an Infectious Dragon, that ſo annoyed the Countrey, that the Inhabitants thereabout could not paſſe the Heath without great danger: and how that fiftéen Knights of the Kingdome had already loſt their lives in adventring to ſuppreſſe the ſame. Alſo giving him to underſtand of a Prophesie, That a Chriſtian Knight never born of Woman, ſhould be the Deſtroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accompliſhing the Adventure, ſhould be holden for an eternall Honour to the Kingdom. Saint George no ſooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs, his native Countrey received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himſelfe to be the Knight, grew ſo incouraged, that hee purpoſed preſently to put the Adventure in tryall, and either to free his Countrey from ſo great a danger, or to finiſh his dayes in the attempt: ſo taking leave of his Sons and the reſt there preſent, hee rode forward with as noble a ſpirit, as he did in Ægypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So comming to the middle of the Plaine, where his infectious enemy lay couched in the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a ſtrange inſtinct of nature knowing his death to draw neare, made ſuch a yelling noyſe, as if the Element had burſt with Thunder, or the Earth had ſhak with a terrible exhalation: ſo comming from his Den, and ſpying the Champion, hee ran with ſuch fury againſt him, as if hee would have devoured both man and horſe in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon ſuch way, that hee miſt him, and with his ſting

ran full five foot into the Earth: but recovering, he turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost born his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting as you see in the Picture of Saint George, with his Lance goring him thorow in divers parts of the body; and withall contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slaine and beweltred in his venomous gore, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the deep strokes of the Dragons sting, which hee received in divers parts of his Body, that bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak, yet retayning the true nobleness of minde, he valiantly returned Victor to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conquerour, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, hee was forced in his Sonnes armes to yeld up his last breath, for whom his three Princely Sonnes long lamented, making the greatest moane that ever was made in any Kingdome, and againe they were so seconded with the griefe of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepheard, mourned for him for the space of a Moneth: which heavie time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a vertuous and noble Prince, advanced Saint Georges three Sonnes to noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlaine of his Houlhold. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to bee Captaine Generall of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to bee his Cup-bearer, and Controuler of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, hee ordained for ever after to bee kept a solemne Procession

about

about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chiefe Nobility of the Countrey, upon the 23 day of April, naming it Saint George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdome, that the Patron of the Land should bee named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that hee had fought so many Battels in the Honour of Christendome. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternall peace with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: so God grant we may doe all.

Amen.

FINIS.

Finis

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